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## A Compliment from Ireland

"THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE is published by The MacLean Publishing Company in Canada, at Toronto, Montreal and Winnipeg. It seems to realize the ideal that Mr. W. T. Stead proposed to himself better than Mr. Stead himself has done in his Review of Reviews. He, too, proposed to reproduce for busy people the cream of the world's magazines; but he is too original a man, he has too much of his own, to be merely a reproducer. Every page is sure to be studded with Steadisms. His magazine is not the less interesting for that, but it is the less able to give with adequate fullness the best articles of the periodicals of the previous month. The Busy Man's Magazine keeps more steadily—that is the best adverb, and the possible suspicion of a pun must not make us fling it aside—keeps more steadily to its purpose of reproducing for busy men and women the best articles from the current magazines of the world. The form, too, of the magazine is much more pleasant, of a convenient size and shape, and the type fairly large and readable. In the last pages are given the contents not only of the current magazines, but of the four weekly members of the Spectator, the Saturday Review, and some other weekly journals. Some half pages and quarter pages that would otherwise have been left blank, are filled with short extracts, sometimes one sentence only, which have evidently been chosen with great care, and please us as much as any part of The Busy Man's Magazine. For instance, this from Father Basil Maturin: 'I am what I think, even more than what I do, for it is the thought that interprets the action. It is behind the veil, in the silent world of thought, that life's greatest battles have to be fought and lost or won, with no human eye to witness, no voice to cheer or encourage.' This good thought is only slipped in to fill a quarter page at the end of a very arch and brightly-written little story, 'The Brink of Destruction,' the only intrusion of the sort among many solid and useful papers."

—The Irish Monthly, August, 1906.

## THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

(Formerly "Business")

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## Inside With the Publishers

It is just a year ago since The Busy Man's Magazine was first issued in its present form by the MacLean Publishing Co. As month by month has slipped by, improvements have been made in the publication, until with the present issue we can say that the magazine is pretty nearly what we have been aiming at. Only those who are familiar with the mechanism of a publishing house can understand the difficulties we have had to encounter. They have been by no means few or small. However, we can assure our readers that the time of trial is over. General satisfaction has been expressed on all sides and we feel assured that our efforts have not been in vain.

In the present number we have made an innovation in the matter of illustrations. Whenever possible we intend to illustrate such stories as we shall reproduce in future issues. While an illustration is by no means a necessity, yet it is an improvement and we take it that our readers will appreciate the brightness which will be added to our pages by the use of occasional illustrations.

The classified index of contents which we introduced in the August issue, and continued in the September and October issues, has been well received. A magazine which sets out to systematize magazine reading should itself be systematic and, for this reason, such an index is a necessity. Of course, the contents vary considerably from month to month, and consequently the same classification cannot always be followed. Whenever possible we will stick to the sub-divisions already selected.

We would like our readers to do what they can for us in the way of

interesting their friends in the magazine. Several subscribers have won our gratitude by the very real interest they have shown in its progress. If they will remember that every new subscriber means so much more power behind the editorial chair, they will realize that any interest they may show will be returned in an improved and enlarged magazine. A form is provided elsewhere in this issue on which names of likely subscribers can be written down. To all such we will be pleased to forward sample copies.

It always affords us pleasure to record the kind words of appreciation of our readers. This month the number of compliments we have received is larger than ever.

Mr. E. J. Freysing, manager of the Freysing Cark Co., Toronto and Montreal, says: "The Busy Man's Magazine is the finest publication of its kind I have yet seen. The man whose business is of such a nature as to keep him constantly at his desk has not the time to look through several magazines. When, perhaps, he can snatch fifteen or twenty minutes to himself he wants a magazine that will reproduce the best articles from the leading journals. Every article in The Busy Man's Magazine I find of great interest, and another good quality of this magazine is that its articles are not too lengthy. I look forward to a great future for this magazine."

Mr. G. F. Ronald, superintendent of the Carter-Crume Co., Toronto, says: "I have as yet only received one copy of The Busy Man's Magazine, but I found it so interesting that I sent it to a friend in England, as I think it is far ahead of all British magazines."

# THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XII.

OCTOBER, 1906.

No. 6

## Concerning Mr. Augustine Birrell

BY SPENCER LEIGH HUGHES IN M. A. P.

There is a lightness of touch and a clarity of sentiment about the closing sketches of public men by this writer that make his contributions to M. A. P. delightful reading. In the sketch of the British Minister of Education, he has brought out the salient features of his character with great skill, illustrating them by anecdotes and quotations.

I AM deeply, loathly conscious that owing to what a deposed Emperor of Brazil once called, in a moment of inspiration, "the imperiousness of circumstances," Mr. Birrell has become a party question, and I know also that among my readers there are some who belong to one party, some who belong to the other party—and many cheerful happy people, whom may Heaven bless, who belong to no party at all, and who care not two straws about any or all of the parties which for some mysterious reason exist in this country. And so I have no doubt it is the case that some of my readers regard Mr. Birrell as a hero, others think he is the incarnation of the Evil One, while not a few may yawn when they see his name and ask: "Who and what is this Mr. Birrell we hear so much about?" Let me, therefore, try to present the man in such a way as may not be offensive to anyone.

To begin with—what does he look like? Well, he is a man of sturdy build, rather short, thick-set, with a good square head covered with crisp

hair rapidly turning grey under the storm and stress of public life, and with a pair of eyes in which shines and twinkles through his spectacles the light of unconquerable humor. For, he is a humorist—he cannot escape from the grim fact. It is his own fault—it is his own glory—and it is perhaps the most dangerous reputation that a man in public life can gain. James Beattie has asked,

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb  
The steep where Fame's proud temple  
shines afar?

The difficulties in climbing that steep are added to enormously when the climber has rashly let it be known that he is not a dull man, for that means to many that he is not a safe man. Mr. Birrell has many gifts, but I have always regarded his gift of humor as the most conspicuous of them all—and I say this well knowing that he will not thank me for saying it.

Sometimes I have suspected him of

WHICH counts is the good life; there is no other worth living. But whatever is good, is good for something beyond itself; goodness in the abstract, goodness isolated and unrelated, does not exist. Goodness implies a goal, an object, a something on which to expend its energy. The good life is the life that reaches out, that fulfills itself, in ministrations to other lives. The life that counts is the life that serves; the life that counts most is the life that serves most.

Samuel Valentine Cole

trying to conceal the fact that he sees the quaint side of things—I mean during recent days when he has found himself on the front bench and entrusted with the conduct of great and serious affairs. But he cannot help himself, for humor, like murder, will out. The other night I heard him making an impassioned speech in defence of his Education Bill. He was wound up to concert pitch. His resounding voice filled the House, and he smote that much-enduring box as it has not been smitten since the days when Mr. Gladstone indented it with the mark of his signet ring. Whether Mr. Birrell was right or wrong in the views he was literally roaring at the House is a matter which does not concern me here and now—but it was obvious to the least intelligent hearer that he was desperately in earnest.

In the midst of his harangue about denominational and undenominational education he paused for a moment. I could see well enough that some curious train of thought had suddenly presented itself to him, and I knew he could not resist the humor of whatever it was that danced across his brain. It seemed as though he tried for a moment or two to resist the temptation—and then he took the House into his confidence. On one side were the advocates of Board schools, on the other side the advocates of clerical schools, fiercely and hotly opposed—and yet he made them join in a common laugh. For he said that he knew a member of the House who had been blessed with five daughters. Three of them had been sent to Board schools and two of them to Church schools. The three who had gone to the Board schools were to-day confirmed and communicating members of the Church of England—the two

who had gone to Church schools were stern and uncompromising Nonconformists! And members of all sorts of belief and of every party leaned back and roared with laughter when they found how their pet theories concerning what must happen had been mocked and contradicted by what had happened.

I have often wondered lately how he feels as he sits there in that serene light which befits upon the Treasury Bench and blackens every blot. For Mr. Birrell has said things, in his ungenerate days, about that front bench, and about those who sit thereon. Was there over a less respectful simile in the whole history of parliamentary criticism than this employed by Mr. Birrell only a few years ago? He is describing front bench performances on a great occasion, or what is known as a full-dress debate.

On such occasions the House of Commons has reminded me of a great drying ground where all the clothes of a neighborhood may be seen fluttering in a gale of wind. There are night-gowns and shirts and petticoats so distended and distorted by the breeze as to seem the garments of a race of giants rather than of poor mortal man; even the stockings of some slim maiden, when puffing out by the lawless wind, assume dropsical proportions. But the wind sinks, having done its task, and then the matter-of-fact washerwoman unpicks the garments, sprinkles them with water, and ruthlessly passes over them her flat-iron, and, lo and behold! these giant's robes are reduced to their familiar, domestic and insignificant proportions.

A reputation for humor is not the only obstacle Mr. Birrell has had to surmount. He has made a name as a writer of books, and also as a character. Seldom, indeed, does a man

with a literary reputation come to the front, or, at any rate, remain at the front, in the House of Commons. I do not say that the House looks on them as old Osborne, in "Vanity Fair," regarded "littery fellows"; but there is a curiously persistent view—a settled conviction—among ordinary members that a man who writes books cannot be a practical man. It is true that John Morley on one side and Mr. Balfour on the other have made their mark in literature, and they have both been in the front rank of statesmanship for years; but I verily believe that their literary performances have hindered rather than helped them in their political careers. Poor Mr. Morley has now and then protested against the manner in which men will describe him as a amusing Utopian dreamer, at home only in the academic cloister. And when any man is hunting round for a stone to fling at Mr. Balfour, the assailant never fails to call him a philosopher—a deadly term of reproach in the world of politics—and the very names of the right-hon. gentleman's books, "A Defence of Philosophic Doubt," and "The Foundations of Belief," have been hurled at him as if they were in themselves something for which he ought to apologize.

And so with Mr. Birrell—many and many a time he must have groaned as he has heard allusions to "Gibber Diets." Not long ago he referred to it in public as a book written "in a misguided moment." Probably no reviewer or leader-writer has for years written about the right-hon. gentleman without using the phrase "Birrelling" or "Birrellism"—terms that must by this time make the unhappy man groan in spirit. Moreover, as fate has ordained it that his recent public labors have to do with

what some call religious, and others call irreligious, education, it is only natural that his critics have talked about religion, irreligion, and Birrelligion. It has turned out, however, that Mr. Birrell has managed, somehow or other, to live down the damaging fact that he is an author.

The right-hon. gentleman is a devoted Johnsonian; he is a member of the Johnson Club, and, in spite of that fact, he has read both Johnson and Boswell extensively. I hope his constituents in particular, and the public in general, will not lose confidence in him when I say that I have seen him on homed premises with a long clay pipe in his mouth. At the club suppers he takes his part in the modest festivities and in the talk about Johnson and kindred topics—or he did until called away by the cares of this world and the deceitfulness of office, talks and argues about the right of entry, extended facilities, Cowper-Templeism, denominational education, and so forth. Probably during recent hot nights in the House—not figuratively and literally—Mr. Birrell has now and then felt that he would like to slip away from the contentions of Parliament to indulge in a pipe and a chat about Johnson. The great Doctor once remarked, "Sir, I would rather a man broke my bones than talked to me of public affairs," and such a view may well be held at the end of a Session by the Minister on whose shoulders most of the work of the Session has rested.

I well remember one meeting of the Johnson Club at which certain guests were present in addition to the members. One visitor was an alderman—a silent man at first, but a good listener. He just listened and gave no sign. We had all made speeches, all in glorification of Sam

Johnson, and had all chanted the praises of Boswell's immortal book, and then it occurred to someone that we ought to give the alderman a chance to say something, so we drank his health. He rose, and speaking with great deliberation, he said that he had been surprised, nay, amazed, to hear all this about Dr. Johnson, and especially about Boswell's book. "I once tried to read that book," he began, with manly simplicity, "but I could not get on with it." Here there was a burst of cheering, and, thus encouraged, the honest alderman added: "I could not see anything in it,"—another great cheer so inspired the alderman that he made a clean breast of it, saying with marked emphasis, "indeed, I thought the book was so-and-so not from beginning to end." Of course this was really blasphemy, but we all gave the worthy gentleman an ovation—and I remember with what animated approval Mr. Birrell beamed on that critical alderman.

It is even so to-day in the House. Mr. Birrell is not shocked or madened by speeches addressed to him which are as contrary to his views as were the terrible sentiments of the heterodox City man. I verily believe that he has learnt that most difficult of all lessons—how to suffer fools gladly. And to a man of his temperament, while there is much to try and to afflict in the House of Commons, there is also much to entertain. Here is a passage from a speech delivered before Mr. Birrell reached the front bench, when he was explaining how forlorn is the position of the back-seat man compared with the front bencher, and when he further pointed out that there are gradations even on the front bench:

Between the leaders of the House

who bag all the best moments and the humble under secretary or civil lord there is a great gulf fixed. These latter gentry are not allowed to speak at all, except on matters relating to their departments, or when they are told off to speak by the leader. Nothing is more amusing than to notice the entire eclipse of some notorious chatterbox who has been given some minor post in an administration. Before he took office he was chirping on every hough—after he has taken office he frequently has to hold his tongue for a whole session. Poor fellow! He will sometimes buttonhole you in the lobby and almost tearfully complain of the irksomeness of office, and tell you how he longs for the hour of emancipation, when once more his voice, like that of the turtle, shall be heard in the land.

All this is horribly true, as many a suppressed and suffering gentleman knows full well. There is not much that misses the keen eye of Mr. Birrell in that strange arena, the House of Commons, and it must be well for some of the performers that he does not say all he thinks. Indeed, if some prying fiend of science ever invents something of the nature of a mental X-rays, some hateful method of revealing a man's inmost thoughts, I believe the House of Commons would have to close its doors,—nay, all public life would be impossible. Such a disaster has not yet overtaken us—and among those who without any deceptive intention think a great many things which they do not say is, doubtless, Mr. Augustine Birrell. But while he may not say all he thinks, I am convinced that he thinks and means all he says, for whether he is right or wrong in his views and aims, there can be no doubt whatever about his honesty.

## Thomas Ogden's Smoke Sale

BY WILBUR D. NISBET IN AMERICAN MAGAZINE

It was just another case of mistaken judgment. Manager Ferguson saw no good in Thomas Ogden and was just preparing to dismiss him, when a combination of fortunate circumstances gave Thomas an opportunity to show what he was in him. Then it was not only the manager who saw the merit but the readers of this story also. The man who did things and made them better. The result was that Thomas Ogden was made.

THOMAS OGDEN had been put upon the approach to the toboggan slide. Two months as a clothing salesman, two more as a hat salesman, and a short try-out in the men's furnishings had demonstrated that nature never had meant him to be the intermediary between his fellow men and their garments. He could sell things to his personal friends; but the mysteriously hypnotic quality which enables a man to induce a perfect stranger to purchase something he doesn't altogether want had been omitted from Tommy's make up. So he had been started for the toboggan, but he did not know it.

The other salesmen knew it; Miss Renlow, the interesting and pleasant bookkeeper, knew it; and it would have been a kindness to warn him. But then, we are never willing to hear bad news to a fellow-worker, are we? Ogden had been given the preparation of the advertisements of the store, or part of that task, in connection with his other work. Manager Ferguson had two avenues of exit for employes whom he wished to let down easily. One was to request them to assist him in writing "on the floor." Frimmer was already tottering along the greased plank as floor-walker, consequently the manager put Ogden on the companion plank—the ad-writing. Most large stores employ an advertising manager on a regular salary. All he has to do is to prepare the ads, ar-

range for proper display and space, and see that all the other advertising literature is ready at the proper time. But in this clothing store matters were differently arranged. The manager had the advertising to look after, and he wanted to do so, for he felt that he was the Atlas on whose shoulders sat the little world of salesmen, customers and "men's wear" in which he lived, moved and had his being. Then, away back yonder, fifteen years ago, when the store was established, its director was the man who was now the resident partner. A young man then, he had opened his campaign for business with the most amazing line of advertising ever seen up to that date, and he was still the best clothing advertiser in the country. That is, he was when he was at home. As resident partner he did not have to be there very much; the store could run itself. He had rheumatism and dyspepsia and a good part of his time was spent in travel in search of that elusive but desirable commodity—health. Ogden had heard of him, but had never seen him. There was another resident partner, who was in and out from time to time, but Blackwell was The Resident Partner—the Man Who Did Things and Made Them Happen. His name was not to be spoken in ordinary tones. He was Mr. Blackwell and you did well to utter his name with an awed face and a most respectful air.

So, Tommy Ogden, genial, earnest, enthusiastic Tommy was "on the



skids," as Forty-Eight confided to Twelve, and didn't know it. And, in the inmost recesses of Ferguson's mind it was known that the act of decapitation would be performed on the first day of August, when there would have been a month of dull business as a better excuse than any other. July is ever the terror of the retail clothier. July and January are months that he wishes were not on the calendar.

Come we now to the morning of the Glorious Fourth. The store was to be closed all day. At 5 a.m. Thomas Ogden is discovered hurrying along the street to be at the station in time to catch a train that will carry an excursion party to The Shades of Death. The Shades of Death, gentle reader, is one of the prettiest natural beauty-spots in the United States, no odds what impression you have from its name, and it is located in Indiana. And it would be doubly attractive on this particular day because Miss Renlow was to be one of the excursionists.

However, again, Thomas Ogden did not go to the Shades of Death, albeit Manager Ferguson and nearly all the others of the store family went. Ogden was passing the store when he smelled smoke. More than that, through the bright morning sunlight, he saw smoke, and it was curling from one of the basement windows.

"Someone has dropped a firecracker where it fell into the basement," he told himself as he raced to the fire-alarm box on the corner. Smashing the glass in the key-door and pulling the hook were acts that happened unconsciously, and he stood and waited for the clanging gongs that should tell him the fire department was on its way.

"Good work," he muttered, when

from afar up the asphalt street he heard the rattle of an opening door and the clatter of hoofs. Then it was hingley-hangety-clang! on four streets at once, for an alarm from the business district early on the morning of the Fourth is something that induces earnest haste in the firemen. The chief's wagon swooped to the box and Ogden shouted:

"Right down there at the clothing store, chief!"

Now clothing that is stacked up in a basement smoulders, and does not blaze. The fire had eaten along through one table of coats.

"Won't need any water," the chief remarked. "You boys can get action with the chemicals all right."

He went upstairs and sent the hose-wagons and steamers back to their houses. Ogden stayed with the chemical crew and the captain until the burning clothing had been tossed and tumbled about and thoroughly drenched with the extinguishing compound. Then they, too, went upstairs and found the watchman standing in the doorway keeping out a crowd of curious folk who had assembled. It was now nearly half after six o'clock, the celebration had begun, and the reverberations of firecrackers were filling the air.

"I've missed the excursion," Ogden observed to himself. "Now what's to do?"

The watchman solved the problem for him.

"Well, I guess I can turn this place over to you till your boss comes down," he said to Ogden.

"The boss isn't in town. He's gone to the Shades of Death with an excursion, but you needn't look up. Tommy added, thinking quickly. "I'd have to stay here all day, anyhow, under the circumstances. There's a lot of work to do now."

Ogden sat down to think. As assistant advertising man it clearly was his duty to assume the initiative in this crisis. The store was filled with smoke; the windows were grimy with it. The public would know there had been a fire. Under such circumstances it was the time-honored custom and prerogative of clothiers to have fire sales.

"But we haven't had enough stuff turned to advertise a fire sale," Ogden said to himself. Then the inspiration came to him. He went to the shipping room, got huge sheets of wrapping paper and a marking brush and paint. On the paper he printed: "Smoke Sale." One of these placards he pasted in each window. Beneath each of them he pasted other placards advising the public to "Watch the Papers To-morrow."

If there was to be a Smoke Sale, necessarily the stock would have to be ready to sell. He did not know what sort of price reductions Ferguson would want to make, but he did know there was plenty of stuff in the basement—held-over Winter and Spring stock, for instance—that might be worked off under the stress of low prices and alluring argument in the ads. To the basement he went, but the smoke was still too thick there for him. So he came back, and concluded to move some of the goods on the tables in the sales-room and make space for the marked-down stuff. He tugged and lugged it. Trousers, vests and coats he took to rear tables and rearranged in bigger stacks. By the middle of the morning he had four long tables clear. Then he sat on one of the tables and swung his legs boyishly and smiled with satisfaction.

"There's some fun in this thing of being monarch of all you survey," he mused. "Wait a minute, though!

There's got to be some newspaper ads to-morrow morning."

He sat at one of the tables, with paper before him, to write an advertisement announcing a smoke sale. It should be a bare statement that one would occur, because he could not give any price figures or particulars of its time of beginning. He had made a rough draft of such an announcement when he heard some one fumbling at the latch of the doors.

"Had a fire here?" asked a man, walking in with an air of interest. The stranger was a middle-aged man, who used a cane when walking, whose eyes were keen, and whose mouth was consoled by a thin mustache that drooped at the corners as though he were in the habit of tugging at it.

"Yes, sir," Ogden replied, wondering if the caller were a reporter.

"Getting ready for a sale?"

"Trying to, but I'm alone. The force is off for the holiday."

"Um—just so," commented the stranger. "You the manager?"

"No, sir. Mr. Ferguson is the manager. My name is Ogden."

"Work here?"

"Yes, sir."

"How do you happen to be here alone?"

Ogden told him all about it, and then asked:

"Are you a detective?"

"No. I happened along, saw there had been a fire and looked in. See you've got the front tables fixed for the sale stock."

"Yes. You a clothing man?"

"Yes."

"Working anywhere?"

"Of and on."

"Say," Ogden asked eagerly, "why can't you get to work and help me

put things in shape for this smoke sale?"

"Smoke sale?"

"Sure. Fire sales are old stories. There's a chance here to make em up with a new one. These goods are all right, except that every thing in the house will smell of smoke. July business will be deadlier than a smackerel, anyhow, in spite of cut prices, but with the argument that there isn't anything the matter with the goods except the smell of the smoke that will disappear when they are in the air a few hours, there's no reason why we can't catch all the business in town this month."

"Good idea, Mr. Ogden."

"But there's no one to help me fix this stock up, and it ought to be practically ready for pricing by tomorrow. It'll mean a whole day saved. Want a job helping me?"

"You're not the manager. How can you hire anybody?" asked the stranger.

"I'll—I'll guarantee you wages. How much do you want?"

"Whatever's right."

"All right. Shuck your coat and get to work and we'll fix it satisfactorily when Ferguson gets here tomorrow. Come on to the basement."

"You're a funny kind of a man, to want to work on the Fourth when everybody else is having a good time."

"Great Scott! Who's going to have any more fun than I will? This is the first chance I've had to play boss since I came here and I like the feel of it."

The stranger laughed softly at this and took off his coat.

"You'll help me, then?"

"I'll have to, I suppose."

"All right. Say, what's your name?"

"Jones."

"All right, Jones. Now, you help me bring up enough stock to cover these sales."

Jones proved his assertion that he was a clothing man. He knew even better than Ogden how to handle goods. He granted somewhat, and swore under his breath at times when his elbow struck the wall of the basement stairway, and he limped just the least bit, but when it came to putting the coats in orderly stacks he was a past master, and Ogden told him so.

"You know your business, Jones," he said as they clumped down the stairs for a fresh load, to begin filling the third table.

"I ought to, but I haven't hustled like this for a good while."

"Work here, and you'll have to hustle. When anything is to be done it has to go through with a whoop."

"There's a good bit of old stuff down here," Jones said abruptly. "Why not dump some of it on those tables?"

"How do you know it is old?"

"By the lot-marks."

Ogden saw nothing strange in this. The store was one of the "one-price" kind, and did not use the cryptic price-marks and cost-marks of some of the others. But each coat bore on its price-tag a certain number representing its lot. Not only did this number indicate where to look for its original cost in the books, but according to its numerical value was the age of the garment to which it applied. Thus, a garment with a lot-mark of 9,855 you might know, if you were versed in the store affairs, was much older than one numbered 4,432. This being instinctive with a clothing man, it was perfectly natural that Jones should know the oldest stock of the back-number stuff in the basement.

"Yes," Ogden said. "Let's put some of it up there; then in the ads say it is stuff that has been carried over a season or two, and for that reason, as well as the smoke, the sale price is a tremendous cut in value."

"That ought to sell the stuff."

Ogden went to the restaurant at noon and brought back enough sandwiches and pie and coffee for their luncheon, and the two men worked until after 3 o'clock fixing the suits on the tables. Then Ogden said:

"Now, I've got to slam up some kind of an advertisement for the morning papers."

"You want to make it a corker," observed Jones.

"I wish I could take plenty of space, but Ferguson will kick if I use more than our regular hundred lines double column."

"If he kicks, he's a fool. If I were you I'd take half a page anyhow."

"Half a page! Say, Jones, do you know what advertising space costs?"

"If you want to have a successful sale you don't want to know what the space costs. It's the big talk you make at the start that counts. Take half pages in the morning papers."

"I wish I dared."

"By thunder! If I dared to take possession of a whole store, and get the goods ready for a special sale without consulting the owners or manager, I'd have nerve enough to do the right kind of advertising."

"Yes. And then get canned."

"They don't can men for doing the right thing at the right time, Ogden. It's for doing it at the wrong time."

"Well, how do you like this for an ad?"

Ogden showed him what he had prepared. Jones looked it over thoughtfully, and observed:

"Well, it's an ad. It tells what is going to happen. But——"

"But what?"

"Your sand seems to have run out. This ad hasn't the backbone you have. You ought to be yourself in an ad."

"But that's all they want to know—that there is going to be a big sale."

"Not nowadays. They want to know why, as well as what, and when. Fear that up and give it to 'em straight from the shoulder. Tell 'em the truth. Some folks believe a lie in an advertisement, but all of them believe the truth."

"There aren't any lies in this."

"There isn't enough truth. Here, write one from my dictation, just to see how it will read."

Tommy listened and wrote while Jones talked.

"Smoke Sale." That's for the big display line clear across the page—have the printers put it in horse-sale type. Then go on and say 'Somebody got too patriotic early yesterday morning and dropped a lighted firecracker into our basement. The whole force was on a picnic, but the assistant advertising man' (that's you, Ogden) 'was on his way to the excursion train when he saw it. He pressed the fire button and the department did the rest. No real damage done. Only smoke. Well, what does smoke do to clothes? It smells them and it sells them. One-third off for smoky clothes. That's our policy. A horizontal reduction of one-third in the already low prices.' (There, put that in display). 'Air is a sure cure for that smoky smell. Smoke doesn't hurt

quality, style or fit. It only hurts prices.

Pick out your suit and it's yours for two-thirds its price, smell and all.

"It's the smelling that dots the

have a fit if I dared to print this ad. Don't you see, I haven't the authority."

"You've got it to-day."

"Ferguson would—"



"Paused in their efforts to celebrate and smile approvingly."

selling' (Display that.) 'Dere open at eight o'clock' "

Ogden shook his head as he wrote the last word.

"That would make a smashing ad in half a page," Jones remarked.

"Oh, Ferguson would cut up and

"Ferguson be—he's jiggered!"

Jones was persuasive. Besides there was common sense to the proposition. There was no reason why the prices should not be reduced as Jones had suggested. There was every reason for beginning the sale

at once. The public likes firms that move on the jump.

And then there was the incentive of taking the initiative of running things for once. This is a great big appeal to a young man. And Ogden had worked—worked like a dog, he thought—to get things in shape for the sale. Why shouldn't he take the only remaining responsibility and launch the sale properly?

"If Ferguson wants to kick, he'll kick about what you have done so far," Jones smiled, easily. "If I were you I'd swing in and have things ready for him to handle when he comes to work to-morrow."

"I'll—I'll do it if it throws me!" Ogden exclaimed.

He marked the ad for half a page, indicating the few display cases, and, at Jones' suggestion, ordered that the body of the ad set in a large, plain Roman-faced type, with plenty of white margin and plenty of space between the lines.

"That'll be an eye-catcher," Ogden said, after he had copied the ad.

"The store won't lose any money, at that," Jones observed. "Getting this stuff out of here in July will be like picking money off of trees."

"You stay here and keep your eye on things while I run around to the Herald and Pioneer offices with this copy and arrange for space," Tommy ordered.

"All right. Anything for me to do while you are gone? Any heavy lifting?" Jones asked, genially.

"I guess not. Take it easy. But don't smoke," Ogden laughed. "And while I'm out I'll arrange at headquarters for a detail of police to watch the store front to-night, although you and I will board up those basement windows before we leave."

"Now," said Tommy later, as

they put on their coats and prepared to leave, "you show up here in the morning and I'll speak a word for you to Ferguson, and try to get him to put you on during the sale, if you want the job. Anyway, I'll pay you out of my own pocket for to-day's work if Ferguson kicks about allowing you to bill."

"Thank you. I'll try to be on hand, but my legs are aching like the dunc now and it may be I'll not feel like getting out to-morrow. If I can come, I will, though. You may depend on that."

"It'll be a good chance at a permanent situation for you," Ogden urged.

They walked down street, stopping to admire the effect of Tommy's "Smoke Sale" placards in the show windows. Little knots of people paused in their arduous efforts to celebrate the nation's natal day to read the placards and smile approvingly.

"Looks to me as if you'd hit on a good idea," Jones said.

"I hope so. To-morrow will tell, though."

Ogden was dead-tired and he slept until after 8 the morning of the fifth, when he should have been on duty at the store at that hour. He leaped into his clothes and rushed breakfastless for a car, buying a morning paper on the run. And the first thing he looked at was his half-page ad. There it was, spread blazingly across the last page, screaming "Smoke Sale" to all the world. He was not the only man reading the ad. It was being talked of by the others on the car—and talked of in the right way.

The sidewalk approaching the store was blocked. Two policemen had guarded the store all night; now ten officers were keeping the crowd in

line. The heart of Thomas Ogden beat tumultuously in his breast.

"Maybe I've done wrong, but I surely have brought in the people," he muttered, as, entering the rear of the store, he shoved his way through crowded aisles, where busy salesmen were pulling out clothing to show to busier customers. He wormed a pathway to the clock and tazed in his time.

"You're nearly an hour late, Mr. Ogden," same in Ferguson's voice.

"Yes. I worked so hard yesterday I overslept myself."

"I haven't time to tell you what I think of your hard work," said the manager in icy tones. "The trade has to be handled now, no matter whether I approve of the way it has been secured or not. Our first duty is to attend to our patrons. I shall have something to say to you later in the day."

"Why, I thought I was doing the right thing!"

"It might have been all right if you had consulted me. But—"

The exasperated Mr. Ferguson hurried to the front of the store to aid the bewildered Frimmer in untangling the crowd. It wasn't a crowd, it was a mob. It wanted hats and shirts and neckties and underwear and suits—and overcoats. Yes, overcoats on the fifth of July! It picked things up and held them to its nostrils and said:

"By ginger! It is smoky!"

And then it got its size and paid the price, deducting one-third. Even the displeasure of Ferguson could not dim the joy of Ogden in beholding this rush and jam to get the things he had promised. He got into it himself, and helped sell anything and everything. But all the while he was wondering what sort of an ad he should prepare for the

morrow, or whether Ferguson would insist upon preparing the ad himself. He wondered if Ferguson would call the sale off! This was so appalling a thought that he produced a child's sailor hat in response to a request for a black Stetson from a patriarchal gentleman who immediately accused him of having been drinking.

Once during the morning he got near enough to Ferguson to ask:

"Did a man named Jones ask you to give him a job as extra salesman?"

"Man named Jones? All the Joneses in this part of the state have been in here this morning, but none of them has applied for a job," sarcastically replied the manager.

"But this was an old clothing man. I hired him—"

"You hired him!"

There was scorn, there was contempt, there was everything hot in the voice of the manager.

"I mean I hired him yesterday to help me get the stock in shape. He said he would be on hand this morning."

"No. He hasn't shown up. But if he comes in I'll make him get to work. I hope you'll have some one to share the blame with you tomorrow."

"Blame? To-morrow?"

"Yes. Mr. Blackwell came to town this morning." The manager mingled reverent awe with his accusing voice. "He telephoned me asking where the dickens we are up to, and saying he'll get around to-morrow when there isn't such a crowd. He couldn't get-into-his-own-store-to-day!"

The manager went away again, and left Ogden mopping his brow. Well, he thought, Mr. Blackwell needn't get so all-fired chesty if he couldn't get into his own store he-

cause it held so many customers. This was an event sufficiently exceptional to be its own excuse. He found his way back toward the hookkeeper's desk, and approached Miss Renlow with an air of fine unconcern.

"Have a nice trip yesterday?"

"Oh, Tommy Ogden! Whatever have you done?" she demanded.

That from Ferguson! I did what I thought was right. It wasn't my fault if the blamed old store caught fire and gave me a chance to help Ferguson move out some of the stuff that has been 'spilled' till it looks like red ink had been spilled all over the price-tags."

"Well, goodness me! You needn't



"Produced a child's sailor hat in response to a request for a black Stetson."

"What have I done?"

"O—o—oh! Mr. Ferguson is raving, raving, yelling mad clear through. The idea of your taking things in your own hands and putting that terrible big advertisement and cutting prices this way, and— and—O—o—oh! Tommy Ogden!"

"Oh, rats! I've had enough of

get so huffy about it. Everybody but Mr. Ferguson thinks you did just right. I think it is simply splendid!"

Which soothed and sustained the faltering soul of Ogden to a most considerable extent. There was a lull in the rush at noon and he went out and had his breakfast. He hur-

ried back to the store, though, and, finding Ferguson unoccupied, asked him what they should have in the ad for next day.

"You're doing it," Ferguson answered, savagely. "Understand me. I wash my hands of this. I know what Mr. Blackwell will think of it. You started it, now go on with it. You can do it all—until to-morrow."

With which darksome remark he went on about his business. And Ogden, brazened by the foreboding that the portion of the deliberate sinner was to be his, went to his little desk in the rear of the office and prepared yet another half-page ad in which he advised the public that

"We may cut, we may shatter the price as we will

But the scent of the Smoke Sale will cling to it still!"

And he further urged the people to buy what they wanted and all they wanted that very day, for at the rate things were going, the life of the sale might be exceeding short. Then he went out with his copy for the newspapers, passing the eagle-eyed Ferguson on the way but stopping not for his suggestion and criticism as on other occasions and with other ads.

To the Herald and the Pioneer offices he went again and left his half-page ads. While returning to the store, he purchased the afternoon papers, and there were his half-page ads of the morning, reproduced, glaring and blaring at him! He had forgotten the afternoon papers entirely in the turmoil of the morning, what with sleeping too late and with the jumbling business at the store. He almost ran to the counting-room of the Evening Globe.

"Who ordered this half-page?" he

asked, stabbing it with his forefinger. "Telephone order from the store, I think," answered the clerk.

At the Evening Star counting-room he learned the same, and then he hastened on to the store, trying to figure it all out. But it wouldn't figure out.

Next day he got to the store on time, and there was the same big crowd of customers on hand at the opening of business. More than that, above the head of every employee of the store hung the shadow of the knowledge that Mr. Blackwell would be on deck that day. There were pitying glances for Ogden. Even Ferguson's sourness was tinged with sympathy when he spoke to Ogden. But Ogden had got past the point of caring. He was living a life of half-page ads and big sales, of crowded aisles and pushing customers. And he felt that the wires which controlled all this had been for two days in his fingers. There were other clothing stores! Let this one punish him for his temerity in arranging the smoke sale. He had in his breast the suddenly born confidence in himself that made him able to believe that he didn't care two hoots whether he held his job or not, because he could find another and fill it. He took a customer and began finding a suit for him. As he bent over a stack of coats he raised his head and saw coming along the aisle toward him the man whom he had pressed into service on the Fourth.

"Why, hello there!" he said, stepping toward the man, not noticing that immediately in the rear of the stranger loomed Ferguson, whose face was frozen with horror. The stranger smiled oddly.

"How's the game leg this morning?" Ogden inquired. "You're just in time. You ought to have been

here yesterday. We surely did have all the town in to see us."

"I heard you did," the man answered.

"You bet! Say, I'll speak to the manager for you, and—"

Ferguson by this time had crowded around between Ogden and the stranger, and extended his hand.

"Good morning, Mr. Blackwell."

"How'd'y-do, Ferguson. Shaking things up a bit, aren't you?" responded the Resident Partner. Ogden leaned against the stack of coats and tried to understand it. Finally he lifted his hands weakly, and laughed a queer, helpless laugh.

"I may as well tell you at once, Mr. Blackwell," said Ferguson, with a frowning glance toward Ogden, who was still dumbly gazing at the Resident Partner, "that I have had nothing to do with this sale. It is—"

"But I have," came the whiplike words of Hiram T. Blackwell, the

Man Who Always Made Things Hum.

"I have, Ferguson. And you would better be jumping around here keeping things in shape instead of making excuses for the greatest stroke of business that ever was turned in this store. Mr. Ogden, come back to the office. There's a day's pay coming to me—and a raise for you. And there's another smoke ad to write for to-morrow."

Ferguson stood transfixed, full of chagrin and unuttered swear words, and all the salesmen turned from their customers for the moment and gazed in muddled wonder at Thomas Ogden, who, uplifted by the knowledge of the recognition of a good deed well done, was walking into the private office of the Resident Partner and smiling at some jocose remark of that much-feared individual.

And Miss Remlow, beholding Tommy's happy face, dropped her handkerchief into the big inkwell, so great was her astonishment.

There is very little saving virtue in simply abstaining from things that we consider wrong. The really saving virtue lies in doing something positive that will help to subdue wrong things. That is the real criterion of character.

# The Love Story of the Spanish King

BY C. N. AND A. N. WILKINSON IN MCGRAW'S MAGAZINE

It is refreshing to read about such a royal romance as that of King Alfonso of Spain and Princess Ena of Battenberg, were the principle. That it is a love match is plainly evidenced by the character of the prince. He is a prince who is not a prince in the ordinary sense of the word, but a prince who is a prince in the sense of the word. The writers of this article had special opportunities to acquaint themselves with the story, and so their narrative can be considered as strictly accurate.

MOST royal romances are made to order, and exist merely in the mind of the journalist whose duty it is to impress upon a sentimental public the fact that a certain prince has fallen in love with a certain princess whom he is about to marry.

As said witty Princess Victoria (sole unmarried daughter of King Edward and Queen Alexandra), "Most of us marry because it's convenient. Alfonso and Ena are marrying because it's inconvenient."

This way of putting it is a merry exaggeration. But, as a matter of fact, none of the powers wished Alfonso XIII and Princess Victoria Eugenie of Battenberg to make a match, and there is where the romance begins.

Naturally, Queen Christina (an Austrian of the Austrians) would have preferred that her son marry a very Catholic Austrian princess. Indeed, she had one carefully picked out, and an understudy or two ready to fill the part, in case the first choice should fail to please. Her own marriage had been one of convenience; but the boy, brought up so carefully by his mother, had a surprising individuality of his own which nobody had counted upon—despite signs of firmness of character, not to say obstinacy, in childhood.

Sensational journalists have announced that the King of Spain was extremely eccentric, if not deficient in intellect; but exactly the opposite

is true. He is exceedingly clever, though too impatient of restraint to be much of a student. He bids fair, as his character develops with experience, to show his mother's diplomatic tact, mingled with an engaging impulsiveness all his own, which wins hearts as he never could. He is quick to make decisions, is really interested in the welfare of his people, and his selfishness is merely the selfishness of high-spirited youth, eager to do everything that is really worth doing. He is easily moved through his affections, though it is all but impossible to influence him in any other way except through his sense of justice. The King has a boyish fashion of imposing his own will on every one around him. He does this so gaily, so smilingly, (if not in one of his "sombre moods of pride") that even people who have decided to oppose him find themselves pleased that he should do as he likes.

"What, marry her nose to my Hapsburg mouth! It would be a crime," was his remark to an intimate friend, concerning an Austrian princess. No other on the list pleased him better; and the two or three possible German candidates were crossed off in the same way. "I want to be happy, and then I shall know how to make others happy," he said to the same friend of his youth.

It was at this period that he took a fancy to things English, which for some years had not been quite the

fashion in Spain. He went in for motoring, hunting, cricket, and tennis; and was so far interested in America that he engaged a young American of his own age to teach him American slang, at which he became so adept that he used greatly to astonish his friends. This put it in the minds of those nearest him, that, since it would be well for the dynasty that the King should soon marry, an English princess might be to his taste.

The matter was informally discussed, as such matters are when a royal match is to be made, and in the end it was arranged that, when King Alfonso paid a proposed visit to England, he and Princess Victoria of Connaught should meet and see what they thought of each other.

Of course they had seen each other's photographs, though nothing had been said to the princess of the plan. As she had never seen the King himself, with his illuminating smile, his humorous eyes, intellectual forehead, and the chin which as a child he kept "pinching into shape" to make it resemble that of Philip IV, she judged him very ugly. She is well dressed and smart, with the air of being pretty, and the King was prepared to admire her. All bade fair to go smoothly. When the King went to England, a party was arranged in honor of the royal visitor. All the princesses from far and near had to be invited, Princess Ena among others—nobody thought of her as a possible danger.

To be sure, she is an extremely pretty girl, with hair of "guinea gold," which she wears charmingly in waves and soft coils. She has beautiful dark brows and lashes, and violet eyes which seem dark in contrast with her yellow hair. Besides

all this, her complexion is as perfect as roses and cream; and she has the high spirits of her father, Prince Henry of Battenberg, whom Queen Victoria used to call "Our Sunshine." But then she was not, until after her engagement, a Royal Highness, as the Princess of Battenberg were the children of a morganatic marriage; and Prince Henry would not have been allowed to marry Queen Victoria's daughter had he not bribed his royal mother-in-law by promising to live always with her.

Princess Ena had been greatly admired on her presentation at Court only a few months before the King of Spain's arrival, when she was not yet eighteen; but she was not to be thought of as a match for a king. It was supposed, when the time came for her to marry, that some German prince would be found, who would be glad enough to marry such a pretty girl, made an heiress by her rich and devoted godmother, the ex-Empress Eugenie. She had traveled nowhere, had seen nothing, and was still the tomboy who had been the chum and willing slave of her brothers.

So she was asked to the party, to be a figure in the background, while another more fortunate princess played leading lady. She is a shy girl, rather self-conscious with strangers, like her mother, who has a most undeserved reputation for haughtiness. She was eager to meet the King, because of the great interest he had taken since childhood in Spanish history. To please her godmother she had studied Spanish, and she admitted to a friend that she looked forward to seeing the King. But since it was as the King of Spain, not as a young man

and a possible husband, that she thought of him, she was perfectly natural and unembarrassed on meeting him.

"Who is that?" asked the King, at first sight of Princess Ena, looking at her very intently. When he was told, he did not rest until he had been introduced, and was able to talk to her.

Before an hour had passed, every one foresaw what was going to happen—every one but Princess Ena herself. "How nice he is to talk to," she said to her most intimate friend, a charming English princess. "And what a nice smile he has. I did like to make him laugh."

After that, King Alfonso did not lose a day in letting King Edward and King Edward's sister, Princess Henry of Battenberg, know what was in his mind. His mother, Queen Christina, was also communicated with. He soon found that on all sides there was opposition to his wishes.

Queen Christina had her heart set on a ready-made Catholic daughter-in-law, and besides it was clear that to marry Princess Ena would be a misalliance for the young King. King Edward did not wish his niece to enter a family which was not pleased to receive her; and Princess Henry disliked her only daughter being forced to adopt the Catholic religion.

One friend at Court the royal lover had, however—Empress Eugenie, who was delighted with the idea of the marriage, for which she had already longed, without believing that it could take place. As she had ardently desired Princess Beatrice to marry the Prince Imperial, she had always felt an especial interest in the children of her widowed favorite.

In a few weeks, by sheer force of will, the young man of twenty had

got his way, and had permission to propose to Princess Ena. By this time, the girl well knew what was in the air, though nothing definite had been said to her; and she was chafed by her brothers, because she had always insisted that she would marry a "dark man or no one," and she "wished it might be a king."

A visit was arranged for her and her mother to Princess Frederica of Hanover (who herself made one of the most romantic marriages on record) at the Villa Mourisot, close to Biarritz; and it was there that King Alfonso was formally accepted.

The young King has been called "the demon motorist," because when he drives an automobile he forgets everything but the wild joy of speed, and it is necessary to clear the way for him before he starts.

"Remember, your Majesty, if you have no wife and family, we have," said one of his friends who traveled with him from Madrid to meet Princess Ena at Biarritz. Each morning at eight o'clock he left the Villa Miramont at San Sebastian where he lived during his fiancée's stay across the border, to motor to the Villa Mourisot. At his rate of speed, the journey took exactly an hour. Having arrived, the King would make a round of the jewelry shops, flower shops, and sweet shops, choosing something himself at each place. He would wash off the dust of travel at the Hotel du Palais (where he kept a suite of rooms) and then, armed with his offerings, would hurry to the Villa Mourisot. The Royal lovers usually spent the whole day together, and though they were invariably well chaperoned, Spanish people of the old-fashioned sort lifted their eyebrows at such a modern courtship. It was infra dig, said they, and a shocking thing that the

fiancées should be photographed with their hands clasped together. King Alfonso only laughed at such frumpish criticisms. He stopped all day and every day at the Villa Mourisot; dressed for dinner at the Hotel du Palais, flew back to dine with the three princesses; stayed till eleven o'clock, and then gaily motored off to the royal villa at San Sebastian—where, by their way, as bride and groom the royal pair will spend much of this Summer and early Autumn.

It was during this happy visit at Biarritz that an amusing little incident took place. Princess Beatrice was reminding the King of his first visit to England, as a very small boy, and how he turned somersaults one evening before being sent to bed. Queen Victoria had laughed heartily, and had exclaimed, "We ought to try and arrange it that he shall be my grandson some day."

Afterwards, when she had gone with her mother to Paris, he appeared quite unexpectedly at Versailles, and surprised the princesses. "I don't know how it is, but I cannot keep away," he explained. He had traveled strictly incognito, and remained only twelve hours.

Later, in Madrid, he received a letter from his betrothed, in answer to one from him telling of renovations he had been making in a castle and glorious garden of Southern Spain, where he hoped that they might spend part of their honeymoon. "How I long to see a big orange tree actually growing and blossoming out of doors," said Princess Ena, in her reply. And that same day the King had a large orange tree in full blossom dug up, placed in a great tub, well covered, and sent to Versailles on a railway

truck by "grande vitesse." This tree the princess duly planted in the garden at Versailles; but wrote to the King, "It was nicer planting out pine trees when we were together at the Villa Mourisot."

During his trip to the Canary Islands, King Alfonso sent a long telegram to his bride-elect every day; and in one he said: "I am keeping that promise to be more careful of myself." (The promise in question, by the way, was given at Biarritz, apropos of his demoniacal motoring.)

Two large boxes full of presents from the Canaries accompanied the King on his flying visit to England, which he made directly after landing in Spain and attending the grand ceremonies of Holy Week in Seville. Also he took the princess a number of heirlooms, gifts from himself as well as from his mother, who is more than resigned now to welcoming her daughter-in-law.

"I am never so happy as when I am giving her a present," the King told a friend. And when one day in the Isle of Wight, an old peasant (mistaking him for an ordinary individual) remarked that the Princess Ena was a very pretty girl, he answered: "Yes, I've seen her. She is the prettiest girl there is and will make a glorious queen."

He was not content until his fiancée had shown him the corner of the garden which had been her favorite playing place as a child; the spot where she once had a dangerous fall from her pony; her pet window of the nursery; her battered toys. And he asked to be taken to call upon her old nurse, to whom he carried a gift and said so many kind things that the poor woman broke into tears, in the midst of her smiles.

# Sir Robert Hart, a Power in China

NEW YORK EVENING POST

It is a remarkable story, that of Sir Robert Hart. Born in Ireland in 1838, he became in course of time one of the most powerful men in China. Granted by both Chinese and British, all manner of honors were bestowed upon him. As consular-general he has made the Chinese customs service what is perhaps as it is possible to make it. His modesty alone has kept him from obtaining the world-wide fame which he well merits.

WHEN it was announced two months ago that Sir Robert Hart was to sever his connection with the Chinese Customs Service, those who are familiar with Oriental politics and finance realized that the most powerful single hand in the Far East was about to be withdrawn from its grip on that part of the world. Though less known to fame than many a recent hero of the Orient, this Britisher has for nearly half a century wielded an influence not even second to that of the Dowager-Empress of China, or the Mikado of Japan. Whatever advance has been made by his adopted country, in business, or diplomacy, or science, has been partially attributable to his genius; and until the rise of the faction that has caused a native regime to supplant his sway, he was a sort of financial dictator of the Flowery Kingdom, as well as a confidential censor of the Imperial Government in matters of foreign policy and trade.

The "Wizard of the East" he has been called, for out of nothing he created an organization equalled by no system of its kind on earth. Having entered the Maritime Customs Service as a representative of Great Britain, which by treaty exercised a control over the foreign commerce of the largest of empires, he built up a machine that collected the revenues, governed the municipalities along 4,000 miles of coasts, maintained a fleet of ships and gunboats for the protection of trade, regulated a mag-

nificent chain of coast lights, and controlled all the commerce linking the empire with the rest of the world. To him the Government at Peking looked for its only steady and honestly reported revenues, depending upon the customs receipts to make good war indemnities and later to pay the State's general expenses. To his judgment was entrusted the arrangement of all the big foreign loans negotiated in Europe, and in the last decade preceding 1900 he had risen to such importance that his advice was necessary before the court entered into any important agreement with another nation.

But with all his power, Sir Robert Hart has been distinguished for his moderation and his modesty. He has not seemed a seeker after vast wealth or glory, although he achieved both. Out of the percentage allowed to him from the collections of revenues, it has been said, he might have amassed the greatest fortune in existence; but his liberality to the 5,000 subordinates, whose salaries he had to pay out of his allowed allowance, showed that he was bent on the upbuilding of a perfect system, rather than the accumulation of a private estate. The man who did his work promptly was sure to be promoted in accordance with his work, and down to the bottom ranks the rate of wages in the customs service was as high as the machine was effective.

As the system grew, its helmsman worked unceasingly. But he worked

far from the limelight's glare. Hardly 10 per cent. of the 5,000 customs employees, including about 900 foreign-born, have ever seen him. Many of them have known him only as the I.-G. That means inspector-general. In his little office, at Peking, the I.-G. spent his time, or the most of it. For months he would not leave it. But there was not one of the 5,000 but knew that I.-G. could detect any infraction of rules or carelessness, even if the dereliction had been committed at a port a thousand miles away.

The secret service of the I.-G. was as wonderful as the Russian third section. It used to be said that a little white bird always hovered over the wing-door of the customs. When the time came the bird would fly to Peking. Then there would come to the bureau chief one of Sir Robert Hart's dreaded T.L.'s, or threatening letters. In the T.L. there would be a reminder that certain things must be done or cease to be done, and this was followed by long references to sections in the books of rules issued by the I.-G. These volumes accumulated until each set made a small library. All of them, it is said, were written by the I.-G. himself and people who have seen them say it is marvellous to realize the gigantic industry and mastery of details exhibited by the author. In the forty or more volumes lies hidden the history of the Chinese customs. Perhaps Sir Robert will some day yield to the entreaties of the purchasing publishers and write a book of memoirs giving to the public all of that story, with its delights of tragedy and romance and Oriental intrigue.

Besides his work in the little office, the I.-G. had another task. It was his trained orchestra of Celestials.

This band, composed entirely of natives, was the only Eastern orchestra ever trained to play Occidental music, and in Peking the highest honor a European visitor could receive in bygone days was an invitation to one of the musical entertainments at the inspector-general's residence. Incidentally, the guests found Sir Robert as charming a host as he was picturesque in his Chinese costume—the dress he adopted many, many years ago, before the world at large had heard much of him, before his occasional biographers began to describe him as "more Chinaman than Briton."

That he became to all intents a Chinaman ought not to seem extraordinary. Had not his ancestors up to the third generation back been ennobled by imperial decree? And did he not receive all the highest native honors, including the Red Button, the Double Dragon, the Yellow Jacket, and the Peacock's Feather? His British decorations—he became a C. M.G. in 1880, a K.C.M.G. in 1882, a G.C.M.G. in 1889, and a baronet in 1891—were a recognition of his elevation to the state of mandarin of the first order. Before he was anything of a great man in the eyes of Europe, he had a position of impregnability in China, and all the jealousies of less renowned natives were of no avail to displace him until recent events changed the whole political aspect of the East. Now that he is going, it is hinted that the powerful Japanese influence alone caused his dethronement, that his first and only defeat in China resulted from a secret interference from Tokio. But that is something nobody on the outside knows positively, and it may be that the apparent attempt to end England's rule of China's commerce may result in such



international complications as will restore him to his old authority.

That authority was well-nigh absolute. "How does he do it?" students of Oriental politics once asked. "He is the customs service himself," was the answer, "and there's not a cog in all the machinery that he does not control every day of his life." Like a mysterious engine, that, unseen, supplied the power, influencing every wheel, large and small, near and far, he kept in touch through his secret service with all the hundreds of clerks, surveyors, examiners, native boat crews, skilled foreign officers, watchmen, interpreters, and laborers, who one and all regarded him as the incarnation of wisdom, almost of supernatural power. The plans for the coast lights were his own, perfected under his direct orders. The building and manning of the fleets were his own ideas, with only the routine carried out by subordinates. The system for safeguarding the river's channels he organized between times, and when the Chinese Government instituted its postal service, he was called upon to do the work, which was accomplished as though it were a mere incident, though the customs were increasing with the days. The wonderful power of organizing, however, knew no limits with the inspector-general, and so firm was his system in its detail workings, that he appeared able to take on any number of new burdens.

When he first took hold of the Maritime Customs Service in the early sixties, it had included only five ports, and the employees were mostly adventurers. To-day, the customs workers are of the most exclusive and best-educated class employed by any vast system of the world. The candidates in each important case have been nominated by the I. G.

personally. He was constantly rigorous in his requirements about educational qualifications. Preferring Englishmen and Americans, but holding to his theory that the force should be cosmopolitan, he gathered around him a staff including university graduates in numbers, and for the most part gentlemen by birth and training, with a scattering even of the British aristocracy. The consular officers became, in fact, a sort of aristocracy of the China coasts, without, however, possessing any "pull" with the I. G., whose only consideration in advancing his subordinates continued to be their efficiency.

Sir Robert is an Irishman by birth, having first seen the light of day in Portadown, Armagh, in 1835. He was educated in Queen's College, Belfast, being graduated in 1854, and entering the British consular service in the same year. In 1858 he was secretary to the Commission of the Allies at Canton, and the next year found him entered in the Chinese Maritime Customs Service as deputy commissioner.

It was in 1863 that he became inspector-general of the Maritime Service. The employment of foreigners to collect the customs had begun in 1853, when Mr. (later Sir) Thomas Wade began to assist the native collector at Shanghai, the only port in the service. Mr. Wade was replaced by H. N. Lay in 1864, and the system had been extended to five ports by 1858. Five years after that, however, Mr. Lay got into trouble and was replaced by Hart, who had practically been in charge from 1861. The service immediately began to grow, and, as if by magic, it soon sprang up to be the financial backbone of the empire. In spite of wars and rebellions, its scope increased, and

honors were showered upon its head until he was powerful enough to offset the hostile efforts even of Li Hung Chang, viceroy of Tientsin, who tried to have a German installed as inspector-general. The German, Detring, fell with Li in 1895.

Meanwhile, within a few years after taking office, Sir Robert had almost stopped piracy and smuggling along the coast, besides accomplishing the other reforms already mentioned. When, in 1885, he was asked by Great Britain to become its minister to China, succeeding Sir Henry Parkes, he refused at the earnest entreaty of the Dowager Empress, who proceeded to give him more decorations. Later, after the Boxer troubles, in the course of which he was reported as among the dead in the British consulate, she placed him in charge of all the customs, native and

foreign. The bitterness of certain factions of nobles against him naturally increased, but he was never in any real danger of personal violence, as he always kept around him a native guard entirely devoted to his interests, and through his secret service he was constantly posted on the trend of affairs at court and elsewhere.

The pulse of China was at his command and there was no apparent likelihood of its beating under other orders until the issuance of the Imperial decree of last May appointing Tieh-liang and Tang-Shao-Yi administrators of the entire customs of the country, and placing Sir Robert's staff under their control. It was prophesied then that the British autocrat would never consent to serve China in a subordinate capacity.

Be inspired with the belief that life is a great and noble calling; not a mean and grovelling thing that we are to shuffle through as we ease, but an elevated and lofty destiny.—W. E. Gladstone.

# The Romance of Welsh Coal

CHAMBERS JOURNAL.

All the important events of the world have been questioned of Welsh coal stand away for us as one of curiosity, for it has been demonstrated over and over again, that a few bags of Welsh coal would start a big blaze over another fire, more so than any other kind, because of its smouldering quality. The output of Welsh coal increases yearly, and has now reached enormous proportions.

THE most remarkable thing about Welsh coal is that its value should not have been discovered until comparatively a recent day. The frugal Welsh farmers of a century or so ago never dreamt that beneath the mountains on which they reared a hardy race of sheep there lay wealth surpassing Aladdin's. Nor did they imagine that the 'black stuff' in the ravines would make a better fire than peat. The wise old monks, however, had discovered as early as the thirteenth century that with this black stuff they could make a glowing fire, but the knowledge they possessed did not become a common possession for centuries afterwards. Wales was then, even more so than when George Borrow wrote of it, a wild country, with lonely wildernesses in which men were seldom seen. The monks lived a self-contained existence in secluded spots, and for long the secret of the coal was known only to them. Even as recently as a century ago peat fires were common in Wales; for, speaking generally, the inhabitants did not at that time suspect the existence of the rich store of precious coal that lay beneath their mountains; while to the average Englishman of that day Wales was an unknown country, 'a mountainous wilderness peopled with a strange folk who spoke a foreign language.'

And so the Welshman remained in undisturbed possession of his coal until it was passed what is known as the London Smoke Act. Then it was that there arose a cry for smokeless coal.

That cry for some time went up in vain; but at length it was whispered on the London Exchange that somewhere down in Wales there was a coal that gave off practically no smoke. From this point the development of the Welsh coal-trade reads like a romance. London merchants talked of an expedition to Wales to discover the smokeless coal much as we to-day might talk of an expedition to some unknown part of Africa or Greenland. It was not a matter of a simple railway journey of a couple of hundred miles. It meant the fitting up of a ship and a voyage to a practically unknown land, with a grave doubt as to how the explorers would be received by the 'barbaric' inhabitants.

Among those who talked of this expedition was, however, at least one resolute man who had set his heart on the undertaking, and who was not deterred by the thought of possible dangers. This was Mr. Lockett, manager for a firm of coal-sellers. But Lockett was not himself rich enough to fit out a ship, and he met with much ridicule and many rebuffs from the merchants to whom he appealed for financial assistance. Lockett was not, however, the man to be easily turned from an object upon which he had set his heart, and ultimately he secured the co-operation of a merchant named Duke, a far-seeing, enterprising man, comparing in this respect with the smartest men in the city to-day, who subsequently became Lord Mayor. Lockett and

Duke, after due deliberation, sailed in a sloop from London to Cardiff, not then, as it is to-day, one of the largest exporting ports in the world, but a tiny village with a few old-world creeks suggestive of smugglers and pirates. There is no record of the duration of the voyage or of any adventures that may have been associated with it.

The next we hear of the two adventurers narrates their arrival at a little inn in Cardiff. In the room into which they were shown a fire was burning brightly, and this at once attracted their attention. Lockett immediately became enthusiastic, and going to the coal bucket, placed on the fire more coal. As he observed the resultant bright glow his eyes sparkled, and he exclaimed to his companion, "We need go no farther." He was, however, a little out of the reckoning. "Where do you get this coal from?" he asked the landlady. "From Merthyr, sir," was the reply. The landlady explained that Merthyr was more than 20 miles away, and that the only way to get there was to walk or drive. "But how is the coal brought down to you?" demanded Lockett. "Oh," was the reply, "it comes down on the backs of mules."

Next day the Londoners were in Merthyr. Merthyr then was a collection of a few houses encircling a pit. To-day it is the centre of a teeming population, and recently was granted a charter of incorporation. The explorers were highly amused at the picture which presented itself to them at Merthyr Pit. Outside a tiny hut near the mouth of the pit sat a trim little Welsh widow. Fastened upon her head was a small wicker basket, into which she placed the money as she received it from the purchasers of her coal. This was Mrs. Lucy

Thomas, the owner of the pit and the "mother of the Welsh coal trade." With difficulty the Londoners kept their countenances, for the quaint spectacle of the little widow with a wicker basket fixed to her head, and her pit in the background, was highly comical. With becoming commercial gravity, however, they entered into negotiations with Mrs. Thomas for the purchase of all the coal she could raise. The widow was a little suspicious of her visitors, and gave them to understand that not a single piece of coal should they have that had not first been paid for on the spot. That was her way of doing business she explained. The Londoners were at length able to surmount this difficulty, and to place down enough solid gold to purchase a sloop-load of coal. This coal had to be shipped at Cardiff, to which place it was taken on the backs of mules. In this year (1830) there sailed from Cardiff the first cargo of Welsh coal. The price of the coal, bought at four shillings a ton at the pithead, was in London eighteen shillings a ton. The cost of conveyance from Merthyr to Cardiff and thence by water to London was a large item; nevertheless, when these charges had been met, Lockett and his companion were handsomely rewarded for their enterprise. Thus ended the first notable episode in the development of the Welsh coal industry.

Far more important, however, as subsequent events proved, was the arrival in South Wales of a young north-country engineer named John Nixon. Nixon, as he worked in the neighborhood of Newcastle-on-Tyne, heard a rumor that down in South Wales a valuable coal had been discovered, and that there were likely to be in that neighborhood very great developments. Adventurous and an-

terprising, the young north country man set off for South Wales, bent upon making his fortune. He had no capital, but he had engineering skill and knowledge, and, above all, boundless energy and perseverance. As it happened he needed all these qualities, particularly that last named, for it was only after many struggles, disappointments, and privations, and the passing of many years, that the fortune he sought came to him.

Soon after his arrival in South Wales he stood one day near the engine at Penynyddarren Pit, and watched the stoker throw coal on the fire. The bright glow and the intensity of the heat amazed him. "Look," he cried enthusiastically to a companion, "what great heat, and no smoke from it, either! We have no coal like that in the north of England." This incident powerfully influenced the young man's future career. Work he had obtained with ease, but his advancement was not commensurate with his ambition. So disappointed did he become with his rate of progress that he finally forsook South Wales and tried his luck in France. But there also he met disappointment; and one day, as he thought moodily over his progress and prospects, that picture of the glowing fire at Penynyddarren Pit flashed suddenly upon him, and simultaneously there came to him an idea. "I will open a market for Welsh coal in France," he said.

Nixon was pre-eminently a man of action, and for him to resolve was to do. Soon he was back in South Wales endeavoring to secure the co-operation of the colliery-owners there in the launching of his scheme. He addressed himself first to Mrs. Lucy Thomas, but she was quite satisfied with her output of one hundred and fifty tons a day, then re-

garded as a phenomenal amount, for which she had a ready sale at remunerative prices, and she would have none of Nixon's project. Nor did he meet with better encouragement from the other pit-owners to whom he unfolded his plans. Disgusted and disheartened, he at length turned his back on Wales, resolved never again to set foot in it.

But that picture of the glowing fire at Penynyddarren Pit haunted him, and the idea of opening in France a market for Welsh coal had taken such complete possession of him that he could not banish it from his thoughts. Hearing eventually that a Mr. Powell had opened a pit in Aberdare Valley, and was anxious to secure a market for his wares, Mr. Nixon visited him, and spoke so enthusiastically and eloquently on opening a market in France that Mr. Powell consented, though somewhat reluctantly, to join in the undertaking. The agreement they came to was that Mr. Powell was to supply the coal at the price Nixon was able to obtain for it from French customers, and that Nixon was to be paid sixpence on every ton exported to Havre, and ninepence to every ton sent to the west of France.

Newcastle coal was at that time used exclusively on the lower reaches of the Loire, and was considered to be of excellent quality. Welsh coal which was now commanding in England a higher price than any other, was still unknown to the French.

Nixon began with great ardour to canvass for orders for Welsh coal; but the reception he met with was very disheartening, and such as would have deterred from further efforts a less determined man. French people refused point blank to have anything to do with the new coal Nixon, however, amid the disappointments,

preserved a genial exterior and gradually made friends. Among these was a gentleman in the Government service, who, after being much importuned by the irrespressible Nixon laughingly consented to allow the north countryman an opportunity of "demonstrating the superiority of Welsh coal." The experiment took place in a Government factory, and was watched with amused interest by a select party. Perspiring, and striped to the waist, Nixon himself acted as stoker, for to obtain the best results from Welsh coal it is necessary that it should be stoked by some one who understands its peculiarities. The result of the trial was a complete triumph for Nixon. He forthwith obtained an order for Welsh coal, and by-and-by it altogether superseded Newcastle coal in the Government factories.

Nixon was not, however, the man to rest on his oars. On the contrary, this victory spurred him on to capture other fields. By his persistence he eventually induced the French naval authorities to give a trial to Welsh coal. Again Nixon assumed the role of stoker, showing the French naval firemen how Welsh coal should be stoked. The result was another victory for the Englishman. Not only was Welsh coal found to be more economical, but it was observed that by reason of the almost entire absence of smoke, warships were able,

without being seen, to get into closer touch with an enemy than was formerly possible. From that time forth the French naval authorities would have no coal other than that from Wales, and our own and the other leading navies of the world have since followed suit. A naval battle means increased work and wages for the Welsh collier, in the past, during such a war, Welsh engineers have slept on their engines, and stokers worked day and night for high wages.

Since Mr. Nixon opened a market for Welsh coal in France, the export to foreign countries of this valuable coal, a prime necessity, as Mr. Balfour once stated, to our navy, has increased in a phenomenal manner. How serious is this ever-increasing output of a coal admittedly of vital importance to our most powerful arm either of defence or offence will be realized from the following figures, which show strikingly how great the increase has been: in 1854, 8,500,000 tons; in 1864, 10,070,000 tons; in 1874, 16,490,532 tons; in 1884, 25,563,166 tons; in 1894, 33,418,344 tons; in 1903, 45,730,415 tons. The output, it will be seen, is five times greater than half a century ago. The figures of 1905 show a slight falling off as compared with 1904, which was an exceptional year owing to the special requirements of the navies of Japan and Russia.

Every time you crowd into the memory what you do not expect it to retain, you weaken its powers, and you lose your authority to command its services.

# A Pilgrimage to Ste. Anne

SUN MAGAZINE

Only we are more interested in seeing what outsiders have to say about places, which are destined to us, than in making descriptions written by our own neighbors. It is the way about Ste. Anne de Beaupre. The magazine guide books and articles in Canadian publications seem common place. We like to hear what strangers from other countries have to say. In the following sketch a New Yorker gives his impressions.

THERE is but one place on the American continent where one can travel on a blessed trolley line. The rails are blessed, the ties are blessed, the cars are blessed, the road-bed is blessed, and for all one knows the conductors and motormen too.

It is the sacred trolley line which carries the pilgrims from Quebec to Ste. Anne de Beaupre which has thus been blessed, the rail and fuse, by a Cardinal. They say that there have been accidents on the blessed trolley line, which seems incongruous; but certainly no twenty mile run in the country is prettier.

All the way to Beaupre the traveler has the St. Lawrence on the right. Sometimes the river is running the same way as the car, that is down, as a river ought to, and sometimes it is going the other way. When it is flowing up country and there happens to be a wind it breaks on the shore in little whitecaps, like an inland sea, with a funny little imitation of surf booming on the coast. The salt water does not get up to Quebec, but the tide rises eighteen feet nevertheless, the waters of the river being piled up by the tides below.

On the left of the trolley line are quaint little French villages all the way, with names as quaint as they. One is named Guardian Angel.

Any one, however, who expects to find a primitive rural church at Beaupre will be disappointed. It is an immense and magnificent structure

of gray stone. The great grounds about it are laid out in formal French gardening style, with gravelled walks, flower beds and large statues of saints.

In front of the church and connected with it there is a long, covered stone portico with seats and tables, where frugal pilgrims may eat the luncheons they have brought. Pilgrims from New York could help being reminded of the signs at Coney Island, "Basket Parties Welcome."

In other ways the village reminds one of seaside resorts. There is the same atmosphere of entering to the tourist over all. There are cake and hotel runners at the gate of the church grounds. The one long street is lined with hotels. One may count five of these named Ste. Anne. The same indifference to duplication of names prevails throughout French Canada, where favorite saints are concerned. In Montreal there are two St. Jean streets, three St. Johns, two St. Hyppolites, two St. Elizabeths, two St. Georges, two St. Alphonses, two St. Patricks, two St. Pauls, two St. Louis.

Beaupre is full of little shops, into which one can stop directly off the sidewalk, and all of them, and the hotels as well, are full of souvenirs of the place, quite in summer resort style. One wonders how they can keep afloat, however, for all the business in this line seems to be done in the church store in the basement of the basilica. That is crowded at all

times, and money is passing over the counters in a stream.

The mementoes are all of Ste. Anne and her daughter, the Virgin, in some shape. It is the old familiar figure of the mother and child, only in this case the child is a girl. One of these figures, oft repeated, is quaintly attractive. It is a statuette of Ste. Anne teaching the little Ste. Marie to read. She holds a scroll, the alphabet, in her hand, and the alphabet is in English.

On the bases of the pillars of the church, outside, there are inscriptions to good Ste. Anne, "Good Ste. Anne, Grandmother of Jesus," one of them reads.

A row of chapels extends the whole length of the auditorium on either side. Each is maintained by a different society. Then they show a glass case full of the more valuable objects which have been left by visitors. There are heaps of bracelets, opera glasses and lozenges, and the number of pistols would indicate a large proportion of visitors from the Far West. Two massive jewelled crowns have been made of the rings and other ornaments left. Most precious of all the gifts preserved in the chalice, stiff with gold embroidery, presented by Anne of Austria, who said to have worked it with her own hands.

"She was very pious, wasn't she?" said a woman in the tourist party of which the writer was a member.

"Oh, yes," said the priest who was acting as guide, "you know she got her child from Ste. Anne. She had been twenty-two years married when Louis XIV. was born."

The church, or rather the cathedral, for it was raised to the dignity of a basilica by Pius IX, is very richly decorated with a picture of Ste. Anne and the Virgin, by Le-

brun, over the altar. Exquisite organ music sounds dreamily through its spaces. At all hours except early morning, in summer at least, hundreds are passing in and out, which gives a curious impression when one surveys the wide empty country spaces round about.

At fixed hours there are services and it is said that for the benefit of pilgrims from "the States" these services are in German, Italian, Dutch, Flemish and Spanish, as well as in English and French.

The one heard by the writer was in English. The speaker closed by urging most earnestly the purchase of some memento.

"Do not leave," he said, "without buying a memento of good Ste. Anne. The 50 cents it costs you will never be missed, and it will be a thousand times repaid you in the care the good Ste. Anne will have over your health, your children and your business."

In obedience to this injunction the pilgrim from New York bought a little life of Ste. Anne, printed in Quebec, in French. The speaker was right. The 50 cents invested has never been missed and has been fully repaid by a perusal of the little book. It does not mention authorities, but it gives the whole history of Ste. Anne's life from birth to death with a wealth of detail.

Well down in front of the altar is a pedestal bearing a round box covered with glass; and in this box is the little object which has built this great altar out among the fields: the knuckle bone of St. Anne. It is impossible in the dim lit church to see the object in the box, but a continuous succession of men and women kiss the glass all day long.

The story of the shrine is a romantic echo of the Middle Ages. Some

Breton sailors early in the seventeenth century got caught in a storm. They vowed a sanctuary to Ste. Anne if she would save them, and when they came to port, just down there on the river bank, they walked up through the woods and built a little wooden shrine. This is the fourth church that has been erected on the spot. The miracles began from the very first, though the knuckle bone and the rock from the grotto where the Virgin was born did not arrive until later.

The age of faith still reigns across the border to a degree startling to the unregenerate from this side. At the Holy Stairs, for instance, he rubs his eyes and wonders for a moment if he has dreamed himself into the middle of a historical novel. They go up and down the Holy Stairs all day, every day in the year, on their knees. They are just plain wooden stairs, but in the rise of each one are set relics, let into

the wood and covered with glass. There are twenty-eight steps and two relics to each. On each step each pilgrim pauses to say a prayer and then stoops to kiss a relic.

The faithful all about this region make vows to Ste. Anne to visit her shrine on foot and walk fifteen or twenty miles and back again to keep the vow. Sometimes they vow such a pilgrimage for ten years to come, or some other stated period; and they keep the vow unless death intervenes.

There are crutches a-plenty heaped at the front door of the church. There are cases full of glasses left by near sighted persons. The priests who guide the tourist parties about the place tell of many and miraculous healings. The standard Quebec guidebook, an English publication, says the miracles are "ofttimes reported daily during the pilgrimage season."

The powers of man have not been exhausted. Nothing has been done by him that cannot be better done. There is no effort of science or art that may not be exceeded; no depth of philosophy that cannot be deeper sounded; no flight of imagination that may not be passed by strong and soaring wing.

## The Dream That Failed to Come True

BY W. W. JACOBS IN STRAND MAGAZINE

Alf Simms, nephew to George Hatchard, had expectations which were threatened by the advent of a new housekeeper into his uncle's household. The housekeeper had done as the old man Alf endeavored to relieve the situation by means of a very clever device but unfortunately he failed to make more of his ground and his old colleagues at the critical moment.

TALKING of marrying again reminds me o' something that 'appened to a young fellow I knew named Alf Simms. Being an orphan 'e was brought up by his uncle, George Hatchard, a widowed man of about sixty. Alf used to go to sea off and on, but more off than on, his uncle 'aving quite a tidy bit o' 'ouse property, and it being understood that Alf was to have it arter he 'ad gone. His uncle used to like to 'ave him at 'ome, and Alf didn't like work, so it suited both parties.

I need to give Alf a bit of advice sometimes, sixty being a dangerous age for a man, especially when he 'as been a widower for so long—he 'as had time to forget wot being married's like; but I must do Alf credit to say it wasn't wanted. He 'ad got a very old 'ead on his shoulders, and always picked the housekeeper 'imself to save the old man the trouble. I saw two o' 'em, and I dare say I could 'ave seen more, only I didn't want to.

Cleverness is a good thing in its way, but there's such a thing as being too clever, and the last 'ousekeeper young Alf picked died of old age a week arter he 'ad gone to sea. She passed away while she was drawing George Hatchard's supper beer, and he lost ten gallons o' the best hitter ale and his 'ousekeeper at the same time.

It was four months arter that afore Alf came 'ome, and the first sight of the new 'ousekeeper, wot opened the door to im' upset 'im terrible. She was the right side o' sixty to

begin with, and only ordinary plain. Then she was as clean as a new pin, and dressed up as though she was going out to tea.

"Oh, you're Alfred, I s'pose?" she ses, looking at 'im.

"Mr. Simms is my name," ses young Alf, starting and drawing 'isself up.

"I know you by your portrait," ses the 'ousekeeper. "Come in. 'Ave you 'ad a pleasant y'ye? Wipe your boots."

Alfred wiped 'is boots afore he thought of wot he was doing. Then he drew 'isself up stiff agin and marched into the parlor.

"Sit down," ses the 'ousekeeper, in a kind voice.

Alfred sat down afore he thought wot 'e was doing agin.

"I always like to see people comfortable," ses the 'ousekeeper; "it's my way. It's warm weather for the time o' year, ain't it? George is upstairs, but he'll be down in a minute."

"Who?" ses Alf, hardly able to believe 'is ears.

"George," ses the 'ousekeeper.

"George? George who?" ses Alfred, very severe.

"Why, your uncle, of course," ses the 'ousekeeper. "Do you think I've got a household of Georges?"

Young Alf sat staring at her and couldn't say a word. He noticed that the room 'ad been altered, and that there was a big photograph of her stuck up on the mantelpiece. He sat there fidgeting with 'is feet—until the 'ousekeeper looked at them—and

then 'e got up and walked upstairs.

His uncle, wot was sitting on his bed when 'e went into the room and pretending that he 'adn't heard 'im come in, shook hands with 'im as though he'd never leave off.

"I've got something to tell you,

keeper to marry you, I s'pose?" ses Alf, looking at 'im very hard.

His uncle shook his 'ead. "I never asked 'er; I'd take my Davy I didn't," he ses.

"Well, you ain't going to marry



"Oh, you're Alfred, is 'pose?" she ses."

Alf," he ses, arter they 'ad said "How d'ye do?" and he 'ad talked about the weather until Alf was fair tired of it. "I've been and gone and done a foolish thing, and 'ow you'll take it I don't know."

"Been and asked the new 'posse-

her, then?" ses Alf, brightening up. His uncle shook his 'ead agin. "She didn't want no asking," he ses, speaking slow and mournful. "I just 'appened to put my arm round her waist by accident one day and the thing was done."

"Accident? How could you do it by accident?" ses Alf, firing up.

"How can I tell you that?" ses George Hatchard. "If I'd known 'ow, it wouldn't 'ave been an accident, would it?"

"Don't you want to marry her?" ses Alf, at last. "You needn't marry 'er if you don't want to."

George Hatchard looked at 'im and sniffed. "When you know her as well as I do you won't talk so foolish," he ses. "We'd better go down now, else she'll think we've been talking about 'er."

They went downstairs and 'ad tea together, and young Alf soon seen the truth of his uncle's remarks. Mrs. Pearce—that was the 'ousekeeper's name—called his uncle "dear" every time she spoke to 'im, and arter tea she sat on the sofa side by side with 'im and held his 'and.

Alf lay awake arf that night thinking things over and 'ow to get Mrs. Pearce out of the house, and he woke up next morning with it still in his mind. Every time he got 'is uncle alone he spoke to 'im about it, and told 'im to pack Mrs. Pearce off with a month's wages, but George Hatchard wouldn't listen to 'im.

"She'd 'ave me up for breach of promise and ruin me," he ses. "She reads the paper to me every Sunday afternoon, mostly breach of promise cases, and she'd 'ave me up for it as soon as look at me. She's got 'exaps and 'exaps of love-letters o' mine."

"Love-letters!" ses Alf, staring. "Love-letters when you live in the same house!"

"She started it," ses his uncle; "she pushed one under my door one morning, and I 'ad to answer it. She wouldn't come down and get my breakfast till I did. I have to send her one every morning."

"Do you sign 'em with your own

name?" ses Alf, arter thinking a bit.

"No," ses 'is uncle, turning red. "Wot do you sign 'em, then?" ses Alf.

"Never you mind," ses his uncle, turning redder. "It's my handwriting, and that's good enough for her. I did try writing backwards, but I only did it once. I wouldn't do it agin for fifty pounds."

"If 'er fust husband was alive she couldn't marry you," ses Alf, very slow and thoughtful.

"No," ses his uncle, nasty-like: "and if I was an old woman she couldn't marry me. You know as well as I do that he went down with the Evening Star fifteen years ago."

"So far as she knows," ses Alf; "but there was fear of them saved, so why not five? Mightn't 'e have floated away on a spar or something and been picked up? Can't you dream it three nights running, and tell 'er that you feel certain sure he's alive?"

"If I dreamt it fifty times it wouldn't make any difference," ses George Hatchard. "Here! wot are you up to? 'Ave you gone mad, or wot? You poke me in the ribs like that agin if you dare."

"Her fust 'usband's alive," ses Alf, smiling at 'im.

"Wot?" ses his uncle.

"He floated away on a hit o' wreckage," ses Alf, nodding at 'im, "just like they do in books, and was picked up more dead than alive and took to Melbourne. He's now living up-country working on a sheep station."

"Who's dreaming now?" ses his uncle.

"It's a fact," ses Alf. "I know a chap wot's met 'im and talked to 'im. She can't marry you while he's alive, can she?"

"Certainly not," ses George Hat-

chard, trembling all over; "but are you sure you 'avon't made a mistake?"

"Certainly sure," sees Alf.

"It's too good to be true," sees George Hatchard.

"O' course it is," sees Alf, "but she won't know that. Look 'ere; you write down all the things that she 'as told you about herself and give it to me, and I'll soon find the chap I spoke of wot's met 'im. He'd meet a dozen men if it was made worth his while."

George Hatchard couldn't understand 'im at first, and when he did he wouldn't 'ave a hand in it because it wasn't a right thing to do, and because he felt sure that Mrs. Pearce would find it out. But at last 'e wrote out all about her for Alf; her maiden name, and where she was born, and everything; and then he told Alf that, if 'e dared to play such a trick on an unsuspecting, loving woman, he'd never forgive 'im."

"I shall want a couple o' quid," sees Alf.

"Certainly not," sees his uncle. "I won't 'ave nothing to do with it, I tell you."

"Only to buy chocolates with," sees Alf.

"Oh, all right," sees George Hatchard; and he went upstairs to 'is bedroom and came down with three pounds and gave 'im. "If that ain't enough," he sees, "let me know and you can 'ave more."

Alf winked at 'im, but the old man drew himself up and stared at 'im, and then 'e turned and walked away with his 'ead in the air.

He 'ardly got a chance of speaking to Alf next day, Mrs. Pearce being 'ere, there, and everywhere, as the saying is, and finding so many little odd jobs for Alf to do that there was no time for talking. But the day art-

er he sidled up to 'im when the 'ousekeeper was out of the room and asked 'im whether he 'ad bought the chocolates.

"Yes," sees Alfred, taking one out of 'is pocket and eating it, "some of 'em."

George Hatchard coughed and fidgeted about. "When are you going to buy the others?" he sees.

"As I want 'em," sees Alf. "They'd spoil if I got them all at once."

George Hatchard coughed agin. "I 'ope you haven't been going on with that wicked plan you spoke to me bout the other night," he sees.

"Certainly not," sees Alf, winking to 'imself; "not arter wot you said. How could I?"

"That's right," sees the old man. "I'm sorry for this marriage for your sake, Alf. O' course, I was going to leave you my bit of 'onse property, but I suppose now it'll 'ave to be left to her. Well, well, I s'pose it's best for a young man to make his own way in the world."

"I s'pose so," sees Alf.

"Mrs. Pearce was asking only yesterday when you was going back to see agin," sees his uncle, looking at 'im.

"Oh!" sees Alf.

"She's took a dislike to you, I think," sees the old man. "It's very 'ard, my fav'rile nephew, and the only one I've got. I forgot to tell you the other day that her fust 'usband Charlie Pearce, 'ad a kind of a wart on 'is left ear. She's often spoke to me about it."

"In-deed!" sees Alf.

"Yes," sees his uncle, "left ear, and a scar on his forehead where a friend of his kicked 'im one day."

Alf nodded, and then he winked at 'im agin. George Hatchard didn't wink back, but he patted him on the

shoulder and said 'ow well he was filling out, and 'ow he got more like 'is pore mother every day he lived.

"I 'ad a dream last night," sees Alf. "I dreamt that a man I know named Bill Flurry, but wot called 'imself another name in my dream,

his uncle; "but wot was Joe Morgan and his missis in it for?"

"Witnesses," sees Alf.

George Hatchard fell over a footstool with surprise. "Go on," he sees, rubbing his leg. "It's a queer thing, but I was going to ask the Mor-



"He patted 'im on the shoulder and said, 'ow well he was filling out.'"

and didn't know me then, came 'ere one evening when we was all sitting down at supper, Joe Morgan and 'is missie being here, and said as 'ow Mrs. Pearce's fust husband was alive and well.

"That's a very odd dream," sees

gans 'ere to spend the evening next Wednesday."

"Or was it Tuesday?" sees Alf, considering.

"I said Tuesday," sees his uncle, looking over Alf's 'ead so that he needn't see 'im wink agin. "Wot

was the end of her dream, Alf?"

"The end of it was," ses Alf, "that you and Mrs. Pearce ses both very much upset, as o' course you couldn't marry while 'er fast was alive, and the last thing I see afore I woke up was her bones standing at the front door waiting for a cab."

George Hatchard was going to ask 'em more about it, but just then Mrs. Pearce came in with a pair of Alf's socks that he 'ad been outside trying to leave in the middle of the door instead of chucking 'em under the bed. She was so unpleasant about it that, if it hadn't be' been for the thought of wot was going to happen on Tuesday, Alf couldn't ha' stood it.

For the next day or two George Hatchard was in such a state of nervousness and excitement that Alf was afraid the housekeeper would notice it. On Tuesday morning he was trembling so much that she said he'd got a chill, and she told 'im to go to bed and she'd wake 'im a nice hot mustard poultice. George was afraid to say "no," but while she was in the kitchen making the poultice he slipped out for a walk and cured 'is trembling with three whiskies. Alf nearly got the poultice instead, she was so angry.

She was unpleasant all dinner-time, but she got better in the afternoon, and when the Morgans came in the evening, and when she found that Mrs. Morgan 'ad got a nasty sort o' red swelling on her nose, she got quite good-tempered. She talked about it nearly all supper-time, telling 'er what she ought to do to it, and about a friend of hers that 'ad one and 'ad to turn teetotaler on account of it.

"My nose is good enough for me," ses Mrs. Morgan, at last.

"It don't affect 'er appetite," ses George Hatchard, trying to make

things pleasant, "and that's the main thing."

Mrs. Morgan got up to go, but arter George Hatchard 'ad explained wot he didn't mean she sat down agin and began to talk to Mrs. Pearce about 'er dress and 'er beautifully it was made. And she asked Mrs. Pearce to give 'er the pattern of it, because she should 'ave one like it herself when she was old enough. "I do like to see people dressed suitable," ses she with a smile.

"I think you ought to 'ave a much deeper color than this," ses Mrs. Pearce, considering.

"Not when 'im faded," ses Mrs. Morgan.

Mrs. Pearce, wot was filling 'er glass at the time, split a lot of beer all over the table cloth, and she was so cross about it that she sat like a stone statue for pretty near ten minutes. By the time supper was finished people was passing things to each other in whispers, and when a bit o' cheese went the wrong way with Joe Morgan he nearly suffocated 'imself for fear of making a noise.

They 'nd a game o' cards arter supper, counting twenty nuts as a penny and everybody got more cheerful. They was all laughing and talking, and Joe Morgan was pretending to steal Mrs. Pearce's nuts, when George Hatchard held up 'is hand.

"Somebody at the street door, I think," he ses.

Young Alf got up to open it, and they 'eard a man's voice in the passage asking whether Mrs. Pearce lived there, and the next moment Alf came into the room, followed by Bill Flurry.

"Here's a gentleman o' the name o' Smith asking arter you," he ses, looking at Mrs. Pearce.

"Wot d'you want?" ses Mrs. Pearce, rather sharp.

"It is 'er," ses Bill, stroking his long white beard and casting his eyes up at the ceiling. "You don't remember me, Mrs. Pearce, but I used to see you years ago, when you and poor Charlie Pearce was living down Poplar way."

"Well, wot about it?" ses Mrs. Pearce.

"I' coming to it," ses Bill Flurry. "I've been two months trying to find you, so there's no need to be in a hurry for a minute or two. Besides, what I've got to say ought to be spoke gently, in case you faint away with joy."

"Rubbish!" ses Mrs. Pearce. "I ain't the fainting sort."

"I 'ope it's nothing unpleasant," ses George Hatchard, pouring 'im out a glass of whisky.

"Quite the opposite," ses Bill. "It's the best news she's 'eard for fifteen years."

"Are you going to tell me wot you want, or ain't you?" ses Mrs. Pearce.

"I'm coming to it," ses Bill. "Six months ago I was in Melbourne, and one day I was strolling about looking in at the shop windows, when all at once I thought I see a face I knew. It was a good bit older than when I see it last, and the whiskers was grey, but I says to myself—"

"I can see wot's coming," ses Mrs. Morgan, turning red with excitement and punching Joe's arm.

"I ses to myself," ses Bill Flurry, "either that's a ghost, I ses, or else it's Charlie—"

"Go on," ses George Hatchard, as was sitting with 'is fists clenched on the table and 'is eyes wide open, staring at 'im.

"Pearce," ses Bill Flurry.

You might 'ave heard a pin drop. They all sat staring at 'im, and then

George Hatchard took out 'is handkerchief and 'eld it up to 'is face.

"But he was drowned in the Evening Star," ses Joe Morgan.

Bill Flurry didn't answer 'im. He poured out pretty near a tumbler of whisky and offered it to Mrs. Pearce, but she pushed it away, and, arter looking round in a 'elpless sort of way and shaking 'is 'ead once or twice, he finished it up 'imself.

"It couldn't 'ave been 'im," ses George Hatchard, speaking through 'is handkerchief. "I can't believe it. It's too cruel."

"I tell you it was 'im," ses Bill. "He doated off on a spar when the ship went down, and was picked up two days afterwards by a barque and taken to New Zealand. He told me all about it, and he told me if ever I saw 'is wife to give her 'is kind regards."

"Kind regards!" ses Joe Morgan, starting up. "Why didn't he let 'is wife know 'e was alive?"

"That's wot I said to 'im," ses Bill Flurry; "but he said he 'ad 'is reasons."

"Ah, to be sure," ses Mrs. Morgan, nodding. "Why, you and her can't be married now," she ses, turning to George Hatchard.

"Married?" ses Bill Flurry, with a start, as George Hatchard gave a groan that surprised 'imself. "Good gracious! what a good job I found 'er!"

"I s'pose you don't know where he is to be found now?" ses Mrs. Pearce in a low voice, turning to Bill.

"I do not, ma'am," ses Bill, "but I think you'd find 'im somewhere in Australia. He keeps changing 'is name and shifting about, but I dare say you'd 'ave as good a chance of finding 'im as anywhere."

"It's a terrible blow to me," ses George Hatchard, dashing his eyes.



"I know it is," sees Mrs. Pearce; "but, there, you men are all alike. I dare say if this hadn't turned up you'd ha' found something else!"

"Oh, 'ow can you talk like that?" sees George Hatchard, very reproachful. "It's the only thing in the world that could 'ave prevented our getting married. I'm surprised at you."

"Well, that's all right, then," sees

was Charlie Pearce right enough; scar on 'is forehead and a wart on 'is left ear and all."

"It's wonderful," sees Mrs. Pearce. "I can't think where you got it all from."

"Got it all from?" sees Bill, staring at her. "Why from 'im?"

"Oh, of course, sees Mrs. Pearce.

"I didn't think of that; but that only makes it the more wonderful, doesn't



"Bill Flurry got up and went out on tip-toe"

Mrs. Pearce, "and we'll get married after all."

"But you can't," sees Alf.

"It's bigamy," sees Joe Morgan.

"You'd get six months," sees his wife.

"Don't you worry, dear," sees Mrs. Pearce, nodding at George Hatchard; "that man's made a mistake."

"Mistake!" sees Bill Flurry.

"Why, I tell you I talked to 'im. It

it: 'course, you see, he didn't go on the Evening Star."

"Wot?" sees George Hatchard.

"Why, you tell me yourself—"

"I know I did," sees Mrs. Pearce, "but that was only just to spare your feelings. Charlie was going to see on her, but he was prevented."

"Prevented?" sees two or three of 'em.

"Yes," sees Mrs. Pearce; "the

night afore he was to 'ave sailed there was some silly mistake over a diamond ring, and he got five years. He gave a different name at the police station, and naturally everybody thought 'e went down with the ship. And when he died in prison I didn't un-deserve 'em."

She took out her 'andkerchief, and

while she was busy with it Bill Flurry got up and went out on tip-toe. Young Alf got up a second or two afterwards to see where he'd gone; and the last Joe Morgan and his Missis see of the happy couple they was sitting on one chair, and George Hatchard was making despatch and 'art-sending attempts to smile.

## The Lure of the North Pole

BY COMMANDER R. E. PRARY IN PALE MAIL

As Commander Prary points out the curiosity of most people who visit the North Pole covers its with the cold, the darkness, the silence and the hunger, and many questions are asked on these points. For people, however, curious to visit the North Pole only in order to win the big five hundred men to risk their lives in vain attempts to reach it.

BEFORE attempting to give an idea of the charm, the attraction, of the North Pole and Arctic exploration, let me try to answer the question—What is the North Pole? And in doing so, I imagine that I shall give some information that will be new, even to the oldest and best-informed of my readers.

The North Pole is the precise centre of the Northern Hemisphere, the hemisphere of land, of population, of civilisation. It is the point where the axis of the earth cuts its surface. It is the spot where there is no longitude, no time, no north, no east, no west—only south; the place where every wind that blows is a south wind. It is the place where there is but one night and one day in every year—where two steps only separate astronomical noon from astronomical midnight. The spot from which all the heavenly bodies appear to move in horizontal courses, and a star just visible above the horizon never sets, but circles for ever, just grazing the horizon.

More than this, the North Pole is

the last great geographical prize which the world has to offer to adventurous man: the prize for which the best men of the strongest, most enlightened, most adventurous nations of the earth have been struggling unsuccessfully for nearly four centuries: the trophy which the grandest nation of them all would be proud to win.

Next after this definition of the Pole, perhaps it is well to take up very briefly the four things which, it may be said, go to form the conception of the Arctic regions in the minds of the greater number of people. These four things are the cold, the darkness, the silence, and hunger. The first questions almost invariably asked me by strangers are in regard to these four things, and the questions are usually in the order given.

In the far North, when winter settles down in earnest, the very air seems frozen, and is filled with tiny little frost crystals; tempered steel and seasoned oak and hickory become brittle, soft iron becomes hard as steel, molasses and hard are cut with a hatchet, petroleum turns white and

grows thick like ice-cream, and one's breath turns instantly to ice. Yet my readers should understand that the cold alone is not the greatest hardship of the Arctic regions, nor is it a thing which alone should interfere with Arctic work. Heat and cold, as we know, are relative; and the climate of New England may seem as unendurable and as great a terror to a native of the tropics as does the winter cold of the Arctic regions to the native of New England.

And my readers should also understand that a well, sound man, woman, or child, if properly fed and properly clothed, can live and endure the severest cold of the Arctic regions just as comfortably as we live and endure the cold of our Northern winters here at home. It is only when the cold joins forces with an Arctic blizzard, the drifting snow and the wind, the winter demons of the North, that all attempts to work or travel must be given up, and men and animals are compelled to burrow in their snow shelters until the storm is over.

The darkness of the Arctic regions is another thing which is very generally misunderstood. The "Great Night" of the Pole is at once the grandest, the sternest, and perhaps the most trying of all natural phenomena on the Globe. It is something which, when once experienced, is never to be forgotten. How many can really form a true idea of this, even when I say that the night is weeks and months in length?

Try to imagine, if possible, what it would be for each of the inhabitants of Great Britain, if every year the sun set early in October, not to rise again until the last of February. This is about the average night of the Arctic regions; though, as I have al-

ready said, at the Pole itself this night is six months long—from September 21st to March 21st. This "Great Night" is what often drives men crazy in the north. This is the great, the unescapable drawback to Arctic work. Six months' long, irritating, crushing weight of darkness.

But do not think, as so many, that the entire year is a period of greater or less darkness in the Arctic regions. Just as the winter is a period of intense and almost unendurable darkness, so the summer is a time of continuous, brilliant, and at times blinding sunlight.

The silence has been a favorite theme with more than one Arctic traveller and writer—the unbearable silence of the Arctic regions. In my own experience I have not found this silence. If one's camp or winter headquarters is near the sea, the rising and falling of the great sheet of ice under the influence of the tides results in the continuous cracking, creaking and groaning of the ice, which never entirely ceases; and if the camp is in the interior, the chances are that during the greater portion of the time the wind and drifting snow keep up an incessant hiss and rustle.

This is in the winter time. In the brief summer, the cries and whirling wings of countless sea-birds, the sound of the numerous Arctic brooks, the lapping of the waves against the ice and rocks, keep the air alive with an incessant murmur.

Yet there are at times brief periods of utter silence, and when these occur the silence, to me, is not repellent, but fascinating, in its qualities of absoluteness and purity.

Hunger and starvation have played an important part in many Arctic expeditions; yet it should be remember-

ed that they have played an equally prominent part in expeditions in what are considered more favored regions. Carelessness or mismanagement, or inexperience, or carefully considered taking of chances, may make them a serious menace anywhere in the world. In regard to hunger, as in regard to darkness, how many of my readers know what real hunger is, or can form any true idea of it? I do not mean the hunger of the man who has slowly starved to death inactive, till he is semi-conscious, and life is but the faintest spark. Such hunger I have never known.

What I do mean is the hunger which a man feels who has for weeks been working to his limit, in the biting air of the Arctic regions, on half-rations or less, till he is only a gaunt machine of bones and sinews; the hunger of a man whose heart and lungs and muscles are working overtime, whose stomach is thin as a sheet of paper, but whose blood is still red and hot, and every drop of it calling for meat. That is the hunger which leads a man to jump on hear or musk-ox that he has just killed, lift the skin with his knife, and fill up on the delicious, raw, warm meat, without waiting for the useless luxuries of fire or salt. The hunger which, when a dog dies in harness, makes a man stand off the other dogs, till he himself has eaten.

Yet, while these Arctic regions, with their cold, their darkness, their privations, labor and starvation, are shudderingly repellent to the invalid, the aged and the timid, to the man or boy of health and ruddy blood they have possessed from time immemorial the strongest fascination of any portion of the globe. No other field appeals so strongly and universally to brain and blood as these dar-

zing, dangerous, mysterious areas. The mystery, the novelty, the challenge, the hugeness and the cleanness of it all stir to its utmost the man's blood in us.

What lends charm to our youthful excursions more than the novelty of penetrating to new places? The travel instinct, the Wanderlust as the Germans call it, is innate in nearly all animals; man is no exception. It is the call of the old fire, wild life, when the world was young and men were only animals.

First and foremost among the spells of the Arctic is the nature call. Though her ribs are gaunt and protruding with the cold and starvation of centuries, nowhere else does one get so close to the great heart of Mother Earth as up there in that dead white borderland between this world and interstellar space which we call the Arctic regions. There is to be found the realization of the fable of Antæus, that mighty son of Poseidon, to whom every contact with earth gave new strength and vigor. Nowhere else is the air so pure, so where else the sunlight so brilliant or the darkness so opaque, nowhere else the storms so furious. There is to be found the iceberg, the glacier, the eternal ice, and the savage mountains. There is the walrus, the nar-whal, the musk-ox, the polar bear and the white wolf, there the Eskimo and his dogs. There is the "great day" and the "great night," with Polars in the very centre overhead.

Then there is the feeling of ownership, the right of possession which the man earns who lifts a new land or a new sea out of the darkness of the unknown, and fires it for ever upon the chart!—the feeling that the savage splendid scene before him is his because he has earned it by work

of brain and body, won it by sheer force of clear head and clean muscle.

How can I make you understand this better than by asking you to conceive a picture I have in my mind of a pile of stones, two men, a flag, and four dogs. Give your imagination play for a moment and try to realize that, though the flag is gone and three of the dogs are dead, the pile of stones is still standing there, shrouded for six months in the gloom of the "great night," standing in blinding sunlight throughout the "great day" of the Arctic regions, battered by storms and scourged by driving snow, the most northerly of all permanent records of man's wanderings. And this pile of stones means that for nearly a thousand years Norseman and Dane, Briton, German and American, have crept painfully northward along the shores of the great Arctic island-continent of Greenland, until at last, in the closing year of the nineteenth century, the Stars and Stripes wrested its savage nothern headland out of the mist and gloom of the Polar night.

And there is more than this in the picture. There, on that most northern land, the most northerly known fixed point on the face of the earth, never trodden before perhaps by human foot, were gathered the representatives of three great races—myself the Caucasian, Henson the Ethiopian, Angmalaktok the Mongolian. Then there are the dogs, four of them, members of my own team—the "Old Guard" as I called them.

I could talk to you by the hour of these splendid creatures who have made Arctic work possible. How can I bring home to you what they are? Descendants of the Arctic wolf, they are wolves themselves when the sight or hot scent of bear or musk-ox

starts the blood lust flaming in their eyes. At other times they are companions, assistants, abject slaves, giving their lives to turn aside from their master the murderous rush of infuriated polar bear or musk-ox bull, or working for his sake till they drop dead in their harness without a sound; and when, in the bitter darkness of the "great night," starvation grips a village in its bony grasp, they yield their lives to feed their master's children.

But I am wandering from what I had in mind—to call the roll of these four of the "Old Guard." Pankipah-pah died of the Eskimo dog disease at Etah; Maktaksoah was tossed and killed by an infuriated musk-ox bull west of Discovery Harbour; Ingerpahpu, dearest of all my dogs, had the life cuiled out of him by a wounded polar bear at the head of Sawyer's Bay. Thakarktoksoah, the gray king, leader of my own team in all my Arctic journeys during the past four years—with me on the long sledge journey around the northern end of Greenland—with me on the journey out upon the polar pack to 84 degrees 17 min. N. Lat., was the keel and faithfullest and most affectionate of all my dogs. Once his back was nearly torn off by the claws of a polar bear, later two holes were punched in his chest by the horns of a big musk-ox; yet he survived these accidents, was later victor in many a hard-fought struggle with both bear and musk-ox, and finally was brought home by me, together with his queen, and both are now in the Bronx Zoological Park in New York, sure of full rations and no hard work for the rest of their natural lives.

Do you wonder that, when I think of the glittering prize still waiting

to be won up there beyond the barrier of ice and cold and darkness, I often have a feeling of contempt for all the petty surroundings of our civilized life, and long to be up there

again with my faithful dogs and loaded sled before me, working my way across the Polar pack towards that on which for sixteen years I have set my heart?

## The Utilization of Waste

BY HENRY C. NICOLA IN MOODY'S MAGAZINE

It is more surprising to find how these quantities of refuse, the chemicals, have evolved are for apparently the great waste refuse of manufacturers. The amount of it is saved annually by the utilization of waste is sold up in the nation and equals nearly seven times the annual production of gold in the United States.

SUCH remarkable progress has been made during recent years in the elimination of waste that it would seem that there was little left in this direction for the ingenuity of man and the creative force of science to accomplish. It has for years been the open boast of the Chicago packer that nothing of the hog escapes but the squeal. The refiner of oil can boast with equal truth that nothing escapes from the crude oil which he refines but the smell, and there are many other industries where the elimination of waste has been carried to a point of fully as great efficiency as that shown in either the packing or oil industry.

It is to the chemist that we largely owe this tremendous addition to our annual increment of wealth. Thirty years ago, for every ton of finished product turned out by our manufacturers there was from one to several hundred pounds of materials which were thrown away as waste. Not only was this so-called "waste material" considered valueless, but the disposition of it was often a source of considerable expense and annoyance to the manufacturers. Owing to the wonderful progress of chemical knowledge during the last

quarter of a century, and the constant finding of new revelations and uses for substances of all kinds, a complete revolution has been wrought in nearly every branch of the manufacturing industry. Instead of this waste material being a source of expense to manufacturers, the experiments of chemists have shown how it can be converted into products which have a high marketable value, and it is no exaggeration to say that the value of products annually manufactured out of materials which thirty years ago were thrown away as waste to-day amounts to fully \$500,000,000—a sum equal to nearly seven times the annual production of gold in the United States.

Sawdust was for years looked upon as an absolutely waste material, and was either dumped into a stream of flowing water or thrown into a heap where it could be conveniently disposed of. During the last few years a process has been discovered, however, which has resulted in giving sawdust a value far above solid lumber. By this process, which combines the use of hydraulic pressure and the application of intense heat, the particles of sawdust are formed into a solid mass capable of being molded

into any shape and receiving a brilliant polish that is fully as beautiful as ebony, rosewood or mahogany. Ornaments of great beauty can be made in this way closely resembling carved woodwork. In the manufacture of such ornaments the only materials mixed with the sawdust are alum and glue. Imitation marble can be manufactured from a mixture of the finer grades of sawdust with ivory waste, waterglass and glue. The substance thus produced can take a high polish and resembles the finest marble. In Norway acetic acid, wood naphtha, tar and alcohol are produced on a commercial scale out of sawdust.

Successful attempts have been made to utilize the needle-shaped leaflet of the pine tree to produce an article of commercial value for textile and other uses. Factories have been erected, both in this country and in Europe, that convert the pine leaflets into what is called "forest wool," which has proven to be a suitable material for stuffing mattresses and articles of furniture in place of horse-hair, for manufacture into hygienic articles for medicinal use, and for articles of dress, such as inner vests, drawers, shirts and chest protectors. In the opinion of chemists the principal use of sawdust in the future will be in the production of sugar and alcohol. Sawdust is practically pure cellulose, which is easily convertible into sugar and alcohol.

For many years bituminous coal operators used to cast aside slack as waste. Later it was sold for five cents a ton, and the operators were glad to sell it at that price. To-day slack commands at the mine 75 cents a ton, or within five cents per ton of the price of run-of-mine coal, and the sale of this by-product now adds

many thousands of dollars a year to the profits of the large bituminous operators. The increase in the price of slack is due to the demand for fine coal which has arisen from the makers of cement. At first cement manufacturers bought lump coal and then pulverized it to fit for their purpose. One of the most enterprising manufacturers of cement some years ago began experimenting with slack, and he soon discovered that it would answer his purpose fully as well as lump coal and greatly reduce the cost of manufacturing cement. This manufacturer is now said to consume 140 tons of slack daily.

There are in the Allegheny Mountains numerous cliffs which are composed of almost solid quartz rocks. Until a few years ago it was thought that these cliffs were absolutely worthless, when a process was discovered by which it is possible to manufacture these quartz rocks into glass. As a result of this discovery these huge cliffs have assumed an important economic value. The rocks are first blasted and then broken into small pieces, which are in turn then ground into a powder. This powder is shipped to glass manufacturers, who convert it into glass by melting it in a furnace and adding the proper ingredients. By greatly reducing the cost of manufacturing the lower grades of glass it is claimed that this discovery has opened up an entirely new field for the glass industry. It has been known for years that coffins, tombstones, bricks, tilings and similar articles could easily be manufactured out of glass. Nearly a decade ago experiments showed that railroad ties—ties which will virtually last forever and which are entirely proof against decay—could successfully be manufactured out of glass. No serious

attempts were made to manufacture any of these articles on a commercial scale, however, as the cost of manufacture under the old conditions existing in the glass industry was prohibitive. Now that a process has been discovered for utilizing these cliffs of quartz rocks, however, it is claimed that glass manufacturers will be able to rapidly extend their field of operations, and there are even some enthusiasts who predict that the time will come when people will live in houses made out of glass bricks, walk on floors made out of glass tilings, sit in glass chairs, sleep in glass beds and be buried in glass coffins.

Thirty years ago the Chicago packer made little attempt to utilize the waste products of the abattoir. The blood was allowed to drain away, and the disposal of heads, feet and tankage was a source of considerable expense, men being paid to cart the waste away and bury it. Gradually industries began growing up in the vicinity of the slaughtering houses using as their raw material the waste products of the abattoir. The packing houses later absorbed these industries, and during recent years the manufacture of valuable by-products out of the material formerly thrown away as waste has been one of their largest sources of profit. Each large packing establishment now has its combinations to render more valuable and extensive the already long list of by-products. The products of the grey brain matter of the calves are now employed in affections of the nervous system, such as nervous debility, nervous exhaustion, agoraphobia, St. Vitus' dance, mental disorder and insanity. The blood of the slaughtered animals is coagulated and manufactured into hutons, and is also utilized

in the production of alcohols for the use of the calico printer, the sugar refiner, the tanner and others. The bones of the animals are used for a score of different purposes, being manufactured into knife and toothbrush handles, chessmen, combs, heads of brushes, mouthpieces of pipes and various other articles. Black hoods are used in the manufacture of cyanide of potassium for gold extraction, and are also ground up to make fertilizer for florists, grape growers and others. Among the other articles manufactured out of the former waste products of the abattoir are glue, flypaper, sandpaper, gelatin, kinsglass, curled hair, hairties, wool felt, hair felt, laundry soap, soap powders, glycerine, ammonia, bone meal, pepper, poultry food, men's foot oil, and a score of other products. The annual value of the by-products of the packing industry all of which are manufactured out of what was considered a waste material thirty years ago, is approximately \$200,000,000.

Prior to 1860 the disposal of cottonseed was a matter of great concern to both the ginser and the community. In the cotton plant two-thirds of the contents of the ripe boll is seed while only one-third is fibre. For years the fibre was used in the manufacture of cotton, while the seed was thrown away as worthless. The seed was usually dumped to a remote place to rot or hauled into a stream of flowing water. With the growth of population and the increase of cotton culture this careless method of disposal of cottonseed became a great nuisance, and its low commercial rating is vividly indicated by a law passed in Mississippi in 1857 providing that every cotton ginser shall—

"Forfeit and pay the sum of \$20

for every day he or she shall neglect or refuse to remove or destroy the cottonseed as aforesaid, to be recovered by warrant in the name of the state before any justice of the peace of the proper county for the use and benefit of said county. No person who shall be the owner or proprietor of any cotton gin shall be authorized to throw or permit to be thrown the cottonseed from such gin into any river, creek or other stream of water which may be used by the inhabitants for drinking or fishing therein; and any person offending herein shall forfeit and pay for such offense the sum of \$200."

Out of this product, which was deemed a nuisance in 1857, there was manufactured in 1900, as shown by the last census, by-products having a value of more than \$12,800,000. More than a score of products are to-day manufactured out of cottonseed, including better, paper, fertilizer, cotton batting, cattle feed, soap, lard, cottonolene, crude oil and salad oil. The latter which is thus artificially manufactured is as pure and wholesome as the best dairy product. The oil manufactured out of cottonseed resembles olive oil so closely in its properties that Professor Morgan, of the University of California, says it is practically indistinguishable except by chemical means, and even here the most delicate series of tests is required to distinguish between the two with certainty, no single test being adequate. Indeed, cottonseed oil has become such a strong competitor of olive oil that in Southern France the farmers are abandoning the cultivation of olive groves. Competent authorities say it is doubtful if olive oil will ever again recover its old-time place, as cottonseed oil is being produced in increased quantities from

year to year and is rapidly gaining in the estimation of the public.

Whatever may be thought of the methods whereby the Standard Oil Company early succeeded in crushing out all competition in the oil industry, there can be no question of the remarkable business ability of the men who organized this corporation—an ability that amounted to almost a genius for avoiding all wasted energy and utilizing every possible means for reducing the cost of manufacture and increasing the profits of the oil industry. Nowhere was this business ability more strikingly shown than in the manner in which the Standard Oil Company early began to utilize the waste materials of the refiner in the manufacture of valuable by-products. During the early days crude oil was refined and everything but the refined oil was thrown away as necessary waste; but no sooner had John D. Rockefeller entered the oil fields than he began looking for means whereby the waste products could be profitably utilized. The Standard Oil Company had hardly been organized before it sent its agents to Europe to engage the leading chemists of England and Germany and a large sum was spent in the erection of one of the most complete chemical laboratories in the world. It is doubtful if any capital ever invested in any manner ever reaped a larger return than the money which the Standard Oil Company expended in the erection of this chemical laboratory and in the employment of the most expert chemists in this country and Europe. John D. Archbold, vice-president of the Standard Oil Company, is authority for the statement that for the last ten years more than one-half of the profits of the company have been made out of

the manufacture of by-products. Indeed, so important has this branch of the Standard Oil Company grown, that if the company was to-day in a position where it was forced to choose between its refined oil and its by-products it would choose the latter. The company could throw into the ocean every drop of refined oil as fast as it was manufactured, and would still be able to pay handsome dividends to its stockholders simply through the sale of its by-products. The secret of most of these by-products is guarded jealously and the processes by which many of them are

manufactured are to-day entirely unknown outside of the laboratories of the Standard Oil Company. Some idea of the extent and character of these by-products, however, can be gained from the fact that the Standard Oil Company manufactures more than 260 remedies which enter into materia medica alone. Not once in a dozen times does a druggist compound a prescription in which one of the by-products of the Standard Oil Company does not enter. Among the leading by-products are gasoline, naphtha, paraffine, lubricating oils, vaseline products and aniline dyes.

## Honesty, Perseverance and Success

**S**UCCESS is a safe. It is different from the ordinary private safe. Its contents are yours by right if you can open it, and, unlike the steel safe, dishonest methods will avail you nothing. There are two instruments necessary, and you have them at your command. These instruments are Perseverance and Honesty.

With these you can accomplish anything. Without them nothing.

Some people think they will attain their object quicker by throwing away honesty. They tried it. They fancied they were getting along famously. Perhaps they did get on for a time, but their progress was but short-lived. Without honesty perseverance is of no use, except to land you in trouble.

No business built on dishonest methods, or into which dishonest dealing was allowed to creep, ever prospered.

Don't throw away honesty.

Perseverance and honesty are the two instruments by which the door of Success can be opened. Sometimes you will get disheartened and discouraged. The forces opposed to you will be like the chilled steel of the safe.

The chilled steel of circumstances can never withstand Perseverance. Let honesty and perseverance be your watchwords.

# The Work of a Press Clipping Bureau

SUNDAY SUN

For people are familiar with the everyday work of the press clipping bureau. But many know that such institutions exist, nor do they know for what purpose they are created. Abundant light on the subject is afforded by a perusal of the following reprinting article, which not only explains the purpose and system of the bureau, but gives particular examples of the problems with which it must grapple. For the information of readers, it might be stated that there is a Canadian branch in operation in Toronto.

NINETY newspapers a day is the task of the girls who read for one of the oldest press clipping bureaus in New York, and they read every item in each paper, including the advertising. Moreover, as they read they carry the names, wants and wishes of 3,000 subscribers in their minds and underscore the salient word in every item which should go to a customer.

This bureau has certain rules in hiring its readers. It takes no elderly person, no person who says she is fond of reading or has made scrap books all her life, and no school teacher. It wants no literary tastes at its reading desks, and not too much education.

It wants persons who will read mechanically, with lightning speed and with no interest in what they read aside from the word they are looking for. After trying all sorts of people, the type found most satisfactory is the girl who has left school at 14 to go to work in a factory or dry goods store. In either of those places she would get from \$3 to \$8 a week. In the clipping bureau she may run her wages up to \$20 a week, as the star reader of this bureau has done, and average \$12 or \$15 a week, as most of them do.

All of them work by the piece, receiving so much for every clipping marked. Sometimes they are a little too mechanical, as when the patron who subscribes for everything concerning hanks gets choice items con-

cerning sand hanks, but it is better to have them that way than to have them getting interested in what they read and lingering over their task.

Eight hundred dailies a day are read in this office, and in addition every publication, weekly and monthly, in the United States which has a circulation of 5,000, making 5,000 in all. The amount of surface information which these girls get to carry around in their heads concerning the matters in which the 3,000 subscribers are interested is remarkable. The strangest and most unexpected scraps of knowledge will drop up among curly headed fifteen-year-olds whom one would not accuse of an idea beyond chocolate and peekaboo waists.

These girls read for all sorts of queer things. There is a hodge and button house capitalized at \$1,000-000 which has built its business in the last twelve years on the clippings furnished it by these girls. It takes everything relating to the organization of societies, or their parades, processions, meetings. It gets 1,000 items a day and its bill is \$400 a week. Its literature goes to the addresses provided in these clippings, and its publicity scheme has proved good.

A house that makes church bells takes everything relating to new churches, appropriations for new bells, etc. Another firm has for years taken everything relating to scales. A company insuring against burglars, which took everything re-

lating to bank robberies for twelve years, recently cancelled its order, as it found that there was no profit in this branch.

Society news in the papers is carefully scanned. Notices of engagements are clipped for jewelers, florists, stationers, furniture dealers and hundreds of other merchants. The most profitable branch of the business is the commercial, but the largest number of customers is made up of those who subscribe for personal mention. Personal vanity plays little part in this, however. It is dictated mostly by commercial reasons.

On this list are playwrights, actors, prize fighters, politicians, authors, and all sorts of men in public life. Some of them are anxious for newspaper mention and some are anxious for its absence.

The income from this source is extremely irregular. It has happened that a man would not have an item for months, and then suddenly in one month his bill at the clipping bureau has leaped from nothing to \$1,000. This sudden bill movement may be a source of pleasure or quite the opposite to the subject—one never can tell.

Sometimes authors subscribe for clippings on subjects which they intend to write upon. One author has for two or three years been collecting all clippings which describe the heroism of girls, as shown in reports of fires, accidents and the like. Then there are the obviously crank collectors.

One man has for years collected everything printed on vegetarianism. His bill this Summer has been pretty heavy. Another man pays for all items relating to any raceality discovered among spiritualists, or among priests and ministers of the

gospel. Periodically he publishes a deadly parallel in a spiritualist paper, obviously to the discredit of the church people, as there are many more of them than of his own cult.

Another man has collected for years everything published on Lincoln, and another everything published against vaccination.

The American Medical Association collects statistics relating to injury and loss of life at Fourth of July celebrations. The principal of a school in New England buys all items concerning persons who have made donations to schools or academies in New England, with the obvious purpose of affording them an opportunity to extend their benevolence.

Interesting comparisons are supplied by the clipping bureau regarding the articles printed in the newspapers about the deaths of prominent men. No other man in America ever had so much printed about his death in the newspapers as McKinley. Carl Schurz has received thus far 12,000 obituary notices, more than any other man since McKinley. John Hay and Joseph Jefferson had 10,000 each, and Mark Hanna, 8,000.

The most expensive thing to buy in a clipping bureau is a "back search," a search for the notices of a past event. For that a charge of 10c. for each paper read is made, whether anything is found or not. The bill may easily run into thousands of dollars, and it is never entirely satisfactory, as many papers are inevitable lost.

A month after the San Francisco catastrophe the Southern Pacific road decided that it wanted everything that had been published on the subject, and turned in an order to that effect to a New York bureau. The bureau has just forwarded a dry

goods box containing 15,000 clippings.

One of the most curious back searches ever ordered was started by Harmsworth, the London newspaper owner. He began his career with a little periodical called *Answers*. He placed an order with a clipping bureau for all original jokes and funny stories published in American papers. He was getting a pretty heavy service, naturally, when one day a letter arrived from him to the following effect:

"Last December you furnished us with the following joke:

"Einstein's place has burned down."

"Too much inflammable material?"

"No; too much insurance."

"It is necessary to locate the origin of this joke and mail us a copy of the paper immediately."

The manager of the bureau cabled to his London agent, asking the cause of Mr. Harmsworth's sudden demand, and received in response the cablegram:

"Local Einstein suing."

The manager wrote to every joke-smith he could hear of in the United States and posted the joke in every press club, with an inquiry as to its origin. After a while he got a letter which read:

"I know—'cause why? I wrote it myself. How much is it worth to show you its original publication?"

For \$5 a copy of the periodical originally containing the much-sought joke was obtained and despatched to the London publisher.

The first clipping bureau in the world was started in Paris in 1879 by a Frenchman named Cheri. There are now forty clipping bureaus in the United States, of which ten are in

New York. There are clipping bureaus in every country and every language on earth sufficiently advanced to have newspapers.

Gen. Joe Wheeler ordered a complete newspaper history of the Spanish War in twelve great volumes. A New York firm presented to every regiment that went out of New York to that war a scrapbook history of the action of the regiment, and the books are now preserved in the various armories. Forty-two books of clippings were made of McKinley's obituaries. One man ordered twelve sets to present to twelve different persons.

Relatives and friends of Henry B. Hyde ordered ten sets of his obituary notices, in twenty great volumes, including items from insurance papers in China, Japan, India, and other countries, some of which cost \$50 apiece to obtain. Mrs. Collis P. Huntington had under consideration the making of a \$10,000 scrapbook of Mr. Huntington's obituary notices when the clippings were destroyed by fire.

The first scrapbook to attract public attention was the enormous volume ordered for presentation to Admiral Dewey on his return from the Philippines. Including its table it cost \$3,100 and is the most valuable scrapbook ever made. It is now in the Smithsonian Institution.

Under the auspices of the German-American committee on a memorial to Carl Schurz a scrapbook is being prepared of that statesman. This will contain letters on the life and character of Mr. Schurz from almost every prominent man of the day, and will be a mine of autographs and personal sentiments for future historians.

## From Engine Cab to Editor's Desk

WORLD'S WORK

Young men of ambition will find much to encourage them in the career of John A. Hill, who today the owner of three of the most influential trade publications in America. Born on the farm, he had ambitions to be an engineer. Eventually he attended an engineering school. But his experience on the railroad was merely a stepping stone to still better things.

ONE day in the early eighties a Denver & Rio Grande passenger train ran into an engine at a small Colorado station. A freight train was waiting on a side track and the engineer of the freight train who saw the collision was summoned as a witness at the investigation held at the division superintendent's office at Pueblo. When the freight engineer appeared at the trial, the division superintendent, who was a cross little man, snapped:

"What's your name?"

"Hill," replied the witness.

"What have you been doing?"

"Running No. 207 for two years."

The little man looked up quickly then he said:

"You are a d— good man. This is the first time I ever heard of you."

It was his characteristic way of complimenting him for attending to his business and not hanging around division headquarters.

The freight engineer was Mr. John A. Hill. He had a union card in his pocket when he stood before his chief in Pueblo; he carries one to-day when he is head of the Hill Publishing Company of New York, publishers of the three largest trade publications in their field. Yet he stands for the open shop and he made a fair-minded declaration of the principle to his employees, during the printer's strike, which attracted wide attention.

He was born on a farm in Vermont. His parents moved to Iowa.

When he was eight years old he herded five hundred sheep. Then the Hills moved to Wisconsin where John had five terms of schooling "between husking and planting time." It did not amount to one full term. One day he smuggled a Wild West story into the bleak country school house and his teacher caught him reading it.

"You stay after school, John Hill," she said. John was prepared to be thrashed and waited in trembling. But the teacher said to him, "You can only learn things by reading, not studying. But read the right kind of books." So she lent him a romance of travel. His father would not allow that kind of book or a novel in the house; so the boy hid it and read it at night, holding a candle over the pages in his garret room. That book was the first of many.

One day the boy saw an engine go puffing and panting through a nearby village. He resolved to be an engineer. Mechanics of all kinds had appealed to him. But the first job he could get was in a small printing office. The shop was so far from his home that he slept in it. When he was seventeen he was foreman. All the while he read every book on mechanics that he could lay hands on. He became a self-taught machinist. In the early eighties he went to Colorado to set up machinery in a state that was in the making. That did not pay and he got a job as fireman on the Denver & Rio Grande Rail-

road. The "Santa Fe war" when two great railroads had been at grips for rights of way had just ended. Trains were still traveling aresnals; every station was a small fort. It took nerve and courage to stick to the cab at that time, but Hill had those qualities.

The ambition to be an engineer was still with him. He said to himself: "To become an engineer I've got to be the best fireman on the road." In six months he was an engineer. The Denver & Rio Grande was a single track road. It skirted yawning canyons and climbed dizzy mountains. To quote Mr. Hill: "If you made one slip you'd be gathered up in a spoon somewhere."

Once the brakes refused to work in Fremont Pass, the highest in the Rockies, and the engine started "wild" down the steep incline. It was the unwritten law to jump in this emergency, but Mr. Hill stuck to his cab. To reverse at once meant blowing up his steam box and certain death. But in those thrilling moments when he raced down to the valley he began to reverse a little at a time. He did not lose his head. The engine slowed up and came under control.

Just about this time, he was put temporarily in charge of the roundhouse at Pueblo. The day after he took charge the master mechanic said to him: "Hill, you're all right."

"Why?" asked Mr. Hill.

"Well, you didn't call me once last night. All the other fellows used to call me out every time anything went wrong."

When he became a fireman, Mr. Hill joined the Brotherhood of Firemen. He joined because all the other firemen joined it and because it had an insurance feature and some

social attractions. Soon he was elected president of the union. One day he said to his fellow members:

"We talk too much about people. Let's get down to something that will do us good. Discuss questions and find out all about them."

The result was a class to study among the firemen, that increased their efficiency and hastened their chance for promotion.

Then he became engineer on the engine that hauled the snow plow. The trips were irregular and he had more time to study technical subjects. He began to write for the American Machinist (the ambitious young engineer was to own the publication within ten years). He thought he saw a chance for a newspaper in Pueblo; so he left the engineer's cab and became editor of the Daily Press. But the love of the road was stronger, and he went back to an engine after a year.

Meanwhile he had transferred his union membership from the Brotherhood of Firemen to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, an organization where character was as much a requisite for admission as being able to handle the throttle. In 1888 he was offered the editorship of the Locomotive Engineer, published in New York. Again he stepped from the cab to an editorial room—this time to stay.

What Mr. Hill did in taking the position was typical. He said: "I have to deal in figures a great deal in technical articles. Figures don't stick, but a story does." He wrote stories about technical matters and made them so simple that every engineer could understand them and somewhere in them he concealed mathematical facts.

His experiences on the road had taught him that the systems of train-

ing engineers was bad. The plan in vogue was to let a fireman work along until there was a vacancy among the engineers. Then the superintendent asked, "Who has been firing the longest?" and the oldest fireman in service got the job. "Now," said Mr. Hill, "if that fireman had served under a grouchy engineer who did not teach his fireman anything about the mechanism of the engine, the fireman incompetently assumed a responsible job." He devised a plan for what he called "progressive examination of firemen"—providing for specific subjects to be studied each year by candidates for positions as engineers. It increased their efficiency and made them more valuable. The great railroad system soon adopted it.

When he became editor of the Locomotive Engineer, he withdrew from the Brotherhood, but his old co-workers made him an honorary member of the order.

Mr. Hill conducted his magazine, just as he had railroaded, with an unconquerable desire to do things that other people thought were impossible. He wanted to cut off the return privileges of the magazine; the business manager said it was ruinous for a trade journal to try it. Mr. Hill said, "Try it." It succeeded. He formed the Hill Publishing Co., sold the Locomotive Engineer and bought the American Machinist. Subsequently the company acquired the Engineering and Mining Journal and a controlling interest in Power.

He has made the development of the individual the very basis of his business. He is the best example himself. He is now the business head of the company. "I never interfere with the editors," he says; "they are supposed to know their work. We have no 'policy.'"

The body has its claims—it is a good servant; treat it well, and it will do your work; attend to its wants and requirements, listen kindly and patiently to its hints, occasionally forestall its necessities by a little indulgence, and your consideration will be repaid with interest. But task it and pine it and suffocate it, make it a slave instead of a servant, it may not complain much, but like the weary camel in the desert, it will lie down and die.—Charles Elam.



# Land Speculation in the North West

BY T. J. TOBIN

One of the outstanding factors in the history of the development of the Canadian West is the open stream land, which has gone on there ever since the resources of the country were first made known. Whether or not the speculation has been detrimental to the growth of the West is a debatable question. As my note may seem to have made someone point out of their disclaim in North West land.

"LAND is the true basis of all wealth"—one may quickly follow up and test the exactness of this reasoning. It is exact. He finds that the line of thought pursued carries him through an instructive series of conditions, exposing the fundamental principles of commercial life. As the nucleus from which evolves, directly or indirectly, all industrial activity, he pastures great areas under crop, covered with forest or placed with the mine shaft. Tracing the products in their various courses, he examines the superstructure of commerce, revealing its vitality from Mother Earth, the whole co-operating with a perfection directed by the best powers of science.

The accepted application of the fact that land is the true basis of all wealth presupposes that the land must be cultivated. There, however, its utility as a medium between man and wealth does not cease, or, rather begin. Generally speaking, it has to pass through the speculative era before it embarks upon that commercial field where it produces according to the Divine intent, and spreads its benefits universally. The manipulation of land for gain without production—always undesirable, and often pernicious—may be studied with interest, and in it many phases will be found. This form of speculation has essentially a solidly not present in the majority of enterprises in which the goddess of fortune is asked for a large order of blessings on short notice, for as any agent of land

will tell you, "it can't fly away." The fact that some mining properties did not have wings in early youth and a disposition to use them has been often deplored.

In land speculation, as Canadians experience it at the present time two fields stand out noticeably—the mining and western farm land. The effects of the former belong to a certain degree, localized we may leave it to justify or disprove itself, and turn to the latter, with its broad national influences, and its existence backed by the most substantial conditions.

From what time does land speculation date? Did it find its inception with the downfall of feudalism, and the popularity of conquest by force of arms? It is a new form of conquest—that of the dollar.

Take the present day instance of Western Canada as an example. Not so very long ago our maps showed that immense tract, lying between the Great Lakes and the Rockies, as simply Prince Rupert's Land, and the popular idea saw little in it but a fair trading ground for the Hudson Bay Co. The awakening came and from a territory that was scarcely considered in the affairs of state has emerged 650,000 square miles of fertile country, the value of the soil of which is greater than all the mines in America, from Alaska to Mexico, taken together with the entire forest growth of Canada. It is a great natural heritage, and wealth and energy have been freely invested, with assurance of large returns.

The speculator was among the first on the ground when Canada's new era opened. A few of his seeds of gold covered large territories and he has reaped many fine harvests, with prospects of many more. In the early days he stalked half-dressed scrip with a few dollars, and, perhaps, a few bottles of whisky to make a bargain doubly attractive. Each piece of scrip entitled him to select 160 acres from the Government lands anywhere within 600,000 square miles of the finest country that lies out of doors. He watched for the location of townships along the new railways, and secured in many cases very valuable property, afterwards divided into town lots and sold at big prices.

Before the real merits of this new country had taken hold of the farmer from the States or Canada the speculators were on the ground buying areas of the choicest wheat land in the world—almost treeless, and ready for the plow—at \$1 and \$2 per acre. The country appeared so immense, and the problem of settling it so stupendous that subsidies of millions of acres to the railways were not considered ample honors to these enterprisers, but were augmented by millions of dollars cash. Was such a proceeding an example of good judgment? Perhaps the end has justified the means.

The operations of the speculators did not embarrass the great influx of settlers to any great extent while homesteads within reasonable distance of the existing railways and projected lines lasted. But the time came when it was discovered that the greater part of the desirably located land still unoccupied was in the hands of the railways and land companies organized to act as their selling agents, independent land companies, syndicates and wealthy pri-

ate individuals. The settlement and cultivation of the homesteads naturally enhanced the value of the land around and the speculators found their assets multiplying without expending either money or effort. When the new settlers faced the problem of going back 40 or 50, and sometimes 100 miles from a railroad or town for free grant land, or buying at the speculators' prices, the market began to ripen for the gathering in of profits and the advance of prices.

The greatest influx into our west has been from the United States. The thrifty Yankee from Minnesota, the Dakotas, and, eventually, many other states, found that he could sell out his property at from \$75 to \$100 per acre, go across the line into "Canada," buy ten acres for every one that he had at home, and better land, besides securing 160 acres free for each of his sons and himself. He moved quick and is getting rich fast. He has become a good Canadian and spends a good deal of his spare time endeavoring to convince his neighbor from Ontario that back-settling isn't the best way to plow.

In 1905 the fever for speculation in western farm lands took hold of numbers of Ontario men with money. They bought generally in blocks of 5,000, 10,000 or 20,000 acres. The land they would personally select, and they could, therefore, guarantee its quality. Being men of standing they found no difficulty in retailing their holdings to friends going west to settle, at \$0 and \$10 per acre, where the representative of a land company would be liable to interest them in a proposition at a cheaper price. They considered the certainty of quality worth the difference. Most of this land was purchased at \$6 and \$6.50 per acre, with a small cash payment, the balance at 6 per cent, extending

over several years. The interest liability was transferred to the retail purchasers, and the cash payment made sufficiently large to let the speculators out, with a good piece of their profit besides. Then they re-invested.

This Spring there was a veritable rush of speculators, usually in syndicates of four and five. The wholesale price had jumped to 87 per acre at the beginning of the year, but the retail price had advanced proportionately. So great was the eagerness that large blocks were purchased without being seen, although there was a certain amount of protection afforded by twice the desired amount of land being reserved for selection. The price of option up to June 1 was 50 cents per acre, to be forfeited if the land did not suit, and the intending purchaser did not wish to go further with the deal. The chance of getting poor land was small. The term "land office business" was exemplified in the fullest degree. Before long one company controlling a very large territory had to announce that its entire holdings were tied up for selection. This gave competitors who still had land for sale a splendid opportunity, and the law of supply and demand operating at once sent the wholesale price to \$7.50, then to \$8 and \$8.50, and finally even to \$9 and \$10 for first-class land in desirable locations. The retail price ranges generally from \$10 to \$15 per acre.

The land referred to above is all raw prairie untouched by the plow. Improved land is another matter. In some districts it is almost impossible to buy a good farm for anything like a reasonable figure. The owners are making money and generally do not care to sell. On the contrary, they are putting their spare cash into

more land as close by as possible. And this has given rise to a condition worth dwelling upon.

A settler going into the west usually puts all of his money—with the exception of enough to make the way clear to his first harvest—into land. He knows that it will never be so cheap again, and that this is the last great west. Very often he puts all he has into his farm and relies on his credit to see him through for the necessities of life. Where he shows honest endeavor the merchants are willing to keep him on their books until he gets his first crop. But here is the drawback to this system: the proceeds of his wheat received, the settler gets the fever for speculation and he prolongs his credit. The volume of business on paper has become so great that the merchants and wholesalers have had to tighten up somewhat, with the result that the west is getting down to a snare pace than heretofore existed.

To go through the west is to get the land fever. It seems to be in the air, and one breathes in the seductive exhilaration of dollars won by the rapid transit route. Land is being turned over rapidly, and real estate agents are a multitude. They are everywhere and many have made comfortable fortunes. The men who devote their whole time to this work have competitors in every citizen who knows where there is a piece of land to be bought handy, and who can pick up a purchaser. One dollar an acre is the standard rate of commission on retail sales, or \$6.40 on every section. The attractiveness of the proposition may be gauged when it is known that the majority of sales are of 320 and 640 acres. Even the women are not exempt from the fever. One lady from Minnesota organized parties of homeseekers last

Summer and brought them to land for which she had an agency. Her commissions netted her \$10,000.

There is money in it for the speculator and money in it for the farmer who buys from him. Both should be happy. The price is climbing, but it will have to go much higher before speculation will be discouraged. It is predicted that all good land will double in value within the next ten years. Likely it will. Inferior land in Ontario is worth more than that. One railway company seems resolved on waiting for better terms, for, last Spring, its holdings were put at a figure somewhat above the market. There was an outcry that this was done to enhance the value of the company's stock and the Government of one of the western provinces was asked to protest.

Some idea of the degree to which the speculative fever is contagious, may be abstracted from the fact that complaint was made at a church assembly recently that some western ministers neglected their pastoral duties to dabble in land.

The most rapid play in the western speculative field has, of course, centered in towns and city lots, and in some cases the need of bringing strong influences to bear on the market, with a view to steady prices, is being felt. Abnormal inflation of values does not give a young municipality the chance to attract the population that it should have. Many fortunes have been made as the result of purchases made before the great influx of settlers started. In Regina, ten years ago, a young man had an opportunity to buy two lots at 85 apiece. He somewhat reluctantly secured one of them. He sold it a short time ago for \$20,000. The writer is informed that a quarter-section on the outskirts of Calgary,

bought for \$23,000 last Winter, was divided into building lots and sold at a profit of about \$60,000. In Edmonton the other day a fifty-foot lot in central location realized \$40,000 on \$800. This is the highest figure that has yet been reached.

Let us return to the question of farm lands. Has speculation been a drawback to the west? Undoubtedly it has. Large tracts have been tied up in the best localities at times when settlers were clamoring for entry, and were willing to pay what they considered a fair price. The speculator knew he had a sure thing, and he hung on till he got his figure. Large blocks of land are held at the present time in just this way. The injustice to the settler is apparent, but who can blame the man who had foresight enough to get on the ground early, and back up his faith with dollars?

Who were the original owners of the land? The people of Canada. They entrusted this great heritage to the Government. Now, admitting that the building of railways was worth the enormous land subsidy it received, is there anything to be said in condemnation of the governmental policy that has been pursued since? A few months ago land was sold to a large company at less than the market price by a good deal, and will, no doubt, be turned over within a short time. This company's profits will be a burden that numbers of settlers will divide among them, and find very heavy, though they be spread over five or six years. Perhaps other such deals have been put through.

"Land graft" has an ugly sound, principally because of the application that it has to the peopling of the American west, where one man is known to have acquired millions of acres, chiefly by fraud. No parallel

case is to be found in our Great West, but it is said, nevertheless, that choice plums have been dropped into hands that were able to pass them on at an immense profit. Such transactions were dishonest, and it is hoped that someone with the requisite proof will have the courage to expose them, regardless of what heads may fall.

In the meantime the Great West is prospering, most of the settlers

own their land, have money in the bank, and look forward to another big crop this year. The land of No. 1 hard wheat, where the climate makes it almost a crime to die of anything but old age, is filling up fast, but has still lots of room. It is the country where nearly every man has an actual stake in the soil, and follows steadfastly the doctrine that "land is the true basis of all wealth."

## London's Exposition of Sweated Industries

BY E. DOUGLAS SHIELDS IN WORLD-TODAY

The misery that exists in the homes of sweated industry was brought directly before Londoners by an exposition which was held a few months ago, in which the misadventures were reproduced. Forty in factories were represented and in such, men, women, and children, from under the masses, carried on their work before the spectators' vision. At the same time lectures were delivered giving the explanation of these terrible conditions.

A FEW months ago The Sweated Industries Exhibition was organized and carried out in London by the Daily News, one of the leading Liberal journals. The heart of the prosperous West End of London was a more appropriate milieu for this exhibition than appeared on the surface, for it could probably be proved with little trouble that the luxury, the palatial shops, the hundreds of men and women able to spend a morning in studying the shops and their windows and in making purchases, were paid for, supported, made possible by these very allied men, women and children on exhibition in the Queen's Hall, Regent street, at the Sweated Industries Exhibition.

Forty industries were represented, comprising matchbox-making, shawl-fringing, artificial flower-making, boot and eye carding, shirt, skirt, trouser-making, etc. One could walk down

the hall and see the "sweating" going on under one's eyes, but under ideal circumstances compared with the actual homes of the people. One of the chief features of this exhibition is its catalogue. It is prefaced by articles by leading specialists in various departments of social betterment in England, every one of the industries exhibited being dealt with in detail, many accompanied by photographs of the workers in their own homes, and "unfaked." There follows a full description of each stall in the exhibition, with the earnings, hours of labor, expenses for materials, time spent in fetching the work, and sometimes the personal history of the worker. To stand and watch a woman carding trouser buttons, to look at her strong, patient face and uncomplaining expression is also to refer to the book and find that she is paid three shillings per gross of buttons carded, and that she and her

brother between them work for fifteen hours each day in the week, and earn between three shillings and sixpence daily. Their rent is three shillings sixpence a week for three rooms, and when the writer asked them how they managed to find three rooms in London for so small a rent, the woman said smiling, "Oh, we live in Birmingham." In London their rent for three rooms would be from five shillings to seven or more. A young girl making cigarette cases is an instance of the evils of subdivision in manufacturing. The man who supplies cigarettes to the firms does not make the cases, and he himself is so sweated in fact, that he is forced to sweat those who make the cases. Thus it comes that a girl can only earn sixteen or eighteen shillings a week by work that lasts from six o'clock in the morning till one at night. The girl at the stall was typical of her class, and in fact of any class of sedentary workers, and overworkers. Pale, flabby, her whole body ready to relax or, rather, collapse into the inertia of fatigue. In spite of her skill she takes two hours to make a thousand cases, and for these she gets fourpence halfpenny. Her earnings are from eight to ten shillings weekly, and she is one of the best paid of the home-workers.

One stall was occupied by a woman making pinafores—white ones with trimming. She is paid two shillings a dozen for making these and by working twelve hours a day can earn ten shillings weekly. Her rent is three shillings and sixpence for one room, and it takes her from one to three hours to fetch her work from the shop. This woman is better off than most, as her relations allow her a small sum weekly. It was delightful to notice her unselfishness. Her

only subject of conversation with the writer until asked specially about herself, was "the old lady—a nice old lady too—over seventy years of age," who had been making commemorative wreaths—heaven save the mark!—and was earning one shilling and ninepence for a dozen wreaths, each containing a gross of white flowers. In order to earn seven shillings weekly this old lady had to work twelve hours daily. It is therefore not surprising that she was ill. Another woman about her age was there at a stall, but she had only come for the exhibition time. When asked why she had stopped work, she said with bitterness, "My daughter, with whom I live, says I might as well do nothing as work for nothing." The suggestion was made that probably she was able to earn her two shillings a week by helping in her daughter's household. But to a woman who has known the sweets of independence it must be a hard thing to become dependent on a daughter probably either sweated herself on the wife of a man who is.

It was simply appalling to move along the part of this exhibition given over to specimens of sweated work, and look at boots, shoes, children's clothes and sole the overwhelming extent of the robbery that is being perpetrated. A child's coat beautifully made, trimmed with silk, lace and other trimming, was made for ninepence, and it took twelve hours to make; a woman's skirt jacket and skirt, trimmed with silk braid and other things, cost one shilling to make; a youth's coat, sixpence; silk belts from sixpence to three shillings sixpence a dozen, according to the pattern. Safety pins are "capped and closed" at one shilling sixpence per 100 gross. Capped and closed safety

at the exhibition was kept busy answering the questions of visitors. Their favorite one is, "What is the use of this? (i.e., the exhibition). Nothing can be done. Of course it is as well to have ideals and all that sort of thing, but do you really mean to say you think these things will ever be different?" This man persistently said: "There is no absolute solution of the problem except the carrying out of the golden rule." Nevertheless, the promoters of the exhibition have had every day lectures by leading men and women on the problem, and these along with the articles in the handbook will form a valuable addition to the works of reference on such subjects.

And now we come to the question, "What remedies are proposed?" Home industries are a necessity for families where the woman has children dependent on her support. They enable her to maintain some vestige of home life and home training. The proposals dealt with better pay, shorter hours, sanitary homes or work places, and have been embodied in a bill which has already been brought before the House of Commons. This is after the pattern of those in Victoria, Australia, and the main object of the bill is to provide for the establishment of wages boards, the bill saying: "The Secretary of State for the Home Department may, if he thinks fit on application being made to him and on inquiry being held as hereinafter pro-

vided, direct that a wages board be appointed." Clause two runs: "Application for the appointment of a wages board for any trade in any district may be made to the Secretary of State by any trade union or trades council which represents persons employed in the trade in the district, or by any six persons who are either employers of labor or employed in the trade in the district." This board, drawn from both employed and employees, would have power to fix a minimum rate of pay for any particular class of work and worker. The bill also provides for penalties for infringement of its regulations.

It is also proposed that there should be a registration of all homes in which industries are carried on, that these should be under the inspection of the factory inspector, and that firms should be debarred from supplying work to any one whose name and address is not on such a list. It would be almost impossible to regulate the hours of work in homes, but it is probable that better pay would cause them automatically to diminish. Investigators have shown that the woman supported by her husband but supplementing their income by home work, being better nourished and capable of more strenuous work, earns more in a shorter time than a woman who may be absolutely dependent on her own earnings and who may have children to support as well.

## Fatigue and its Consequences

BY LUTHER H. GULICK, M.D., IS COOK HOUSEKEEPING

Dr. Gulick points out how fatigue tears down our personalities bit by bit. Our higher attainments, such as patience, modesty, charity, the sense of justice, etc., go first. Seeing the how rapidly it is that fatigue should not be a constraint on our being as that we should be called on to act when our bodies are in a state of fatigue.

THAT great Italian physiologist, Angelo Mosso, has given an account in his book on fatigue, of the arrival of flocks of quails on the seacoast of Italy on their northward migration from Africa. The distance across the Mediterranean is three hundred miles or more and the bird covers this distance in less than nine hours, flying at the rate of eighteen or nineteen yards per second.

When the quail sights land its strength is almost exhausted. It seems to have lost the power of recognizing objects, even though its eyes are wide open. Every year vast numbers of birds dash themselves to death against trees, telegraph poles, and houses on the shore. Those that have met with no accident lie motionless on the edge of the beach for some minutes as if stunned. They seem to have become incapable of fear, and sometimes even let themselves be caught by hand without trying to get away. When they finally awaken to their exposed condition, they pick themselves up suddenly and run for a hiding place. But they do not fly. It is days before they will use their wings again.

We can see effects of a somewhat similar kind in ourselves when we are exhausted. I remember a certain ten-mile bicycle race in which I was a contestant. I had fastened my watch to the handle bars in such a way that I could keep my eyes on it during the race. Before I had finished the fifth mile, I found that it was impossible for me to read the watch

hands. I saw them plainly enough, and after the race was over I could recollect how they had stood at certain points in the course; but at the time I had lost all faculty of getting any meaning out of them.

An incident of this kind suggests how deep the effects of fatigue strike in. It is easy to show by experiment that fatigue slows down the circulation, dulls the nerves, lessens the secretion of the glands, decreases the power of digestion, reduces the ability of the system to recover from shock or injury, and makes the body peculiarly liable to disease.

In other words, fatigue lowers all the faculties of the body. The effects on the other part of a man are just as important. It puts a chasm between seeing and acting; it makes a break somehow between the messages that come in to the brain from the outside world and the messages that go out. It destroys will-power. In every direction it decreases efficiency, forcing the personality down to a lower level.

Fatigue is a destructive agent like sickness and death. It is a condition which is the nature of things we cannot avoid; but it is important for us to know what it means and how to deal with it if we want to keep out of costly hindrances.

When we are tired out we are not ourselves. A part of us has temporarily gone out of existence. What remains is something which belongs to a more primitive state of civilization.

Our personalities are built up in strata, one layer added to another.

At the bottom lie the savage virtues and vices of our remote ancestors. The code of morals of cliff dwellers and hunting tribes still holds there. At the top lie the higher attainments of an advanced society—the things that have taken hundreds of centuries to acquire. In men patience is one of these, modesty is another; chastity, and a fine sense of justice and personal obligation belong in the list, too.

Now when fatigue begins to attack the personality, it naturally undermines these latest strata first. When a man is exhausted, he finds it difficult to be patient. That is not his fault. It is because fatigue has forced him back a few hundred generations. His self-control is at a low ebb. The smallest annoyances are enough to make him lose his temper.

The same holds true of all the list of recent charter acquisitions. Many temptations are more violent and harder to resist when a man is fatigued. His moral sense is dulled. He loses the vividness of his distinctions between right and wrong, honesty and dishonesty.

We degenerate from the top down. The last thing acquired is the first lost. Therefore bodily vigor is a moral agent. It enables us to live on higher levels, to keep up to the top of our achievement. We cannot afford to lose grip on ourselves.

The only thing to do with fatigue, then, is to get rid of it as soon possible. As long as it is with us, we ought to realize that we are not our normal selves and to act in accordance. Important questions must not be decided then. It is a bad time to make plans for the future. A man has lost his faculty of seeing straight.

It is often said that the best way

of getting rid of fatigue is a change of occupation. This is usually true, but not always. A moderate degree of muscular fatigue will not keep a man from taking up something which will use his brain, and while his brain works his muscles will rest. But there is a degree of muscular fatigue which makes headwork impossible.

The converse of this is also true. If a man's brain is used up, hard exercise is nothing but a sheer drain upon the system, and not in any sense a form of rest. The central battery has run down. The energy supply is exhausted. To force any thing more out of it is to kill the goose that laid the golden eggs.

Unfortunately a good many men have the conviction that they must keep exerting themselves all the time. They call every moment wasted which is not spent in activity of some kind, either physical or mental. Such men are taking the quickest means to burn themselves out. You cannot live well and keep happy under a constant and tyrannical sense of effort. There must be times of play, times to let up the tension and to do easy and natural things which don't require conscience and exact attention.

Horace Bushnell, the great Connecticut minister, recognized this when he said: "Let's go sin a while." Sinning has the advantage of being easy, and there are times when the easy thing is the right thing. A man who takes no time off for one kind of play or another, but who keeps the anxious, conscientious look on his face day in and day out, may be on the road to heaven, but he will find that the sanitarianism is a way station.

Each man has his own special manner of reacting under fatigue—

what physiologists call his "fatigue-curve." One works along steadily and evenly right through the day without any alteration in his efficiency worth recording, except that it shades off gradually during the last hour or two. Another man is unusually slow in getting warmed up to work; but once in action he maintains a higher level of productivity than the first man, and he may be able to hold the pace longer, besides. A nervous man can usually throw himself with great vigor into his work. He is under way in a minute and sweeps quickly ahead of all competitors. But the chances are that his energy will not hold out long. He taps it too fast. After several hours or less, he is likely to feel jaded and tired. His head needs a rest before he can put it to work again.

Each of these types is familiar and there are as many variations as there are individuals. Yet men rarely take this into consideration in blocking out their day.

I have spoken of fatigue as one of the destructive agents. That does not mean that there is any harm in being thoroughly tired out at night after the day's work, if only a man knows how to look out for himself.

Other things being equal, the system will soon repair the waste, and by another day the man will be ready for energetic work again.

The time when fatigue becomes a really dangerous agent of destruction is when a normal amount of rest does not do away with it—when it piles up day after day, so that a man comes from his work tired and goes to it equally tired. Such fatigue as this keeps him living on a low level of efficiency. He never gets up to his own possible best. This may be because he works too hard; but it is more likely because he doesn't know how to look out for himself.

An athlete who is training for the two-mile run cannot cover the whole course every day. The physical cost of the exertion is so great that a single night isn't enough to make good the waste. A man who is training for the fifty-yard dash can do several heats every day.

How much rest a man needs depends upon the character of his work and on the personal make-up of the man himself.

Overfatigue is fatigue that does not disappear before the next exertion. Overfatigue piles up against the day of wrath. This must be guarded against.

No man is in true health who cannot stand in the free air of heaven, with his feet on God's free turf, and thank his Creator for the simple luxury of physical existence.—T. W. Higginson.

# The Morality of Money-Getting

BY WILLIAM H. F. FAIRBANKS IN YOUTH'S COMPANION

In simple language, the President of Brown University, explains the difference between getting money by saving it and getting it through speculation or gambling. His story has readers to follow the path of honest work and labor faithfully in their chosen field. He also explains what is dishonest and how best to work.

NO citizen has the right to coin silver dollars or gold eagles, or to print banknotes. Coinage is the prerogative of the Government alone. According to the old English law, only the King could issue money, and the power which the King once exercised now belongs to the Government in every civilized land. The man who "makes money" in this sense is a counterfeiter, is regarded as a criminal by all honest men, and is, if captured, at once sent to prison.

We do not make money when we borrow it. Some careless people, if they can borrow one hundred dollars of a friend, at once begin to feel rich and to spend freely. They forget that the reckoning day is coming, and that every penny must be returned.

The man who borrows a shovel has not made a new shovel, and the man who borrows a dollar is not creating a new dollar. Whether he will make or lose depends on how he uses what he has borrowed.

So the man who wins in betting or gambling is not making money. If two boys make a bet on a baseball game, when the game is over one boy takes the money of the other boy, according to the agreement. But there is no more money in the world than there was before, so no money has been "made." One boy has seized the money of the other, and so has got something for nothing. But no one has actually made money.

If two men gamble with cards, at the end of the game a certain amount of money comes out of one man's pocket and goes into the pocket of the other man. But the world is no richer than it was before. No one has really made money. One man has simply been compelled by his own foolishness to give up his property to another. But there is no more gold or silver or flour or cloth or education in the world than there was before. The man who wins by gambling has not made money, but has come very near to stealing it.

But how different is the work of the farmer! He may have, for instance, a lot of land which he decides to plant with corn. He buys a plow, hires a pair of horses, procures the seed at the village store, plants his corn, and watches over it all through the Spring and Summer. He invests in the operation perhaps one hundred dollars, and his own watchfulness and labor. In August, when the corn is ripe, he sells his crop for two hundred dollars, and puts the profit of one hundred dollars in the bank.

That farmer has really made that hundred dollars. He has added just so much to the wealth and health and happiness of the world. He has become richer without making anybody poorer. He has himself gained by the operation, but the man to whom he sold the corn has gained also. The man who has sold him the seed has gained, the man who sold him the plow has gained, the man

who rented the horses has gained, and everybody concerned in the planting of that field is better off than before.

The farmer may well be proud of that hundred dollars in the bank, for in enriching himself he has enriched every man who had anything to do with that corn-field.

The same thing is true of a shoemaker. Not many of the old shoemakers are left, for the great factories have changed the business completely, and one man no longer makes a whole shoe. But wherever we find a genuine shoemaker of the old type, we are likely to find a money-maker as well.

He buys the leather, the thread, the wax, the tools, and by applying his own skilled labor to these things he produces a pair of shoes worth ten times as much as the raw materials. But the shoemaker and the farmer add to the wealth of the world by actually creating what did not exist before.

Such production is at the basis of civilization. All our homes, schools and churches would be impossible if millions of men were not thus producing wealth. The maker of a watch or a sewing-machine takes rough raw materials, which were of little value in themselves, and transforms them into things so useful that we cannot do without them.

The man who makes thousands of machines each year may become immensely wealthy, he may be many times a millionaire. Yet he has enriched the whole world at the same time by enabling thousands of men to secure what they most desire. Edison has made money by inventing the electric light; but every one of us has become richer by that invention.

Another way of creating wealth is

by transportation of goods. The value of a thing depends largely on its position. A cake of ice in Alaska has little value, but in Florida it is well worth having. A bushel of corn gains immensely in value when brought to the mill. The thousands of freight cars that are transporting grain across the country are all making wealth by carrying the wheat and corn and oats where they are wanted.

Many a farmer lets his apples lie on the ground and decay, simply because he has no means of getting them to the people who need them. The freight-agent and the expressman are adding to the wealth of the world by the transportation of goods.

Other men make money by producing true and beautiful forms or ideas in music, art or literature.

The famous pianist, Paderewski, is paid several thousand dollars for a single concert, but he gives far more than he receives. Sir Walter Scott was a working man, a professor, just as really as the blacksmith or the carpenter. Millet, the great French painter, paid probably three francs for the little piece of canvas on which he painted one of the great pictures of all time, the "Angelus."

We see, then, that there is only one legitimate way of making money, and that is by creating wealth. That wealth may be in the form of potatoes, or cotton cloth, or novels, or music; yet it blesses not only the man who makes it, but the world at large.

The man who becomes rich without enriching the world, without rendering any service to his fellow men, is a swindler, whether he cheats a poor farmer with a "gold brick," or cheats the shrewd financiers of Wall Street with "watered" stock.

All attempts to get something for

nothing, to accumulate dollars without rendering service, are immoral. The only possible way of making money honestly is by giving the world some object or some service which it did not possess before.

From this point of view, we can distinguish real business from mere speculation. The grocer who buys a carload of sugar, and then sells it in bags to several hundred customers, is serving the community, and ought to have some profit out of the transaction. But the man who agrees with a broker that he will pay the broker if sugar falls, and that the broker shall pay him if sugar rises in value, is simply speculating; in plain English, he is betting on the price of sugar.

Genuine business is always a form of social service. The aim of the true baker is to feed the hungry; of the true clothier to clothe the naked; of the true physician to heal the sick. Of course, if the baker and clothier and physician do their work skilfully, they will make a profit; but this is incidental to their real aim, which is the service of society.

We can see what is meant by the common saying that "labor is the source of wealth." Labor applied with intelligence and character is always the chief source of wealth. But labor without thought behind it is thrown away.

Would any of us be willing to shovel sand back and forth on the beach day after day and month after month? It would be a degradation to perform work which has no object and demands no intelligence. Such labor is the source of poverty and stupidity. But toil mixed with thought always counts; and the greater the thought, the greater the value.

One man takes a lump of clay and

fashions it into a brick, eight inches long by four wide by two inches deep. It is worth little, because little thought has gone into it. Another man takes the same amount of clay and shapes it into a beautiful, decorated vase, rare and costly. Into it he puts intelligence, skill, memory, imagination, affection, the things of the spirit; and the spirit gives the clay its value. It is labor of the head and the heart that is the chief source of wealth.

The superintendent of a mill may seem to be doing nothing of any importance. As the weavers go into the mill in the morning they see him sitting at his quiet desk behind the glass doors, and they envy him as a man who draws a big salary without labor; but he may put forth more mental energy in one day than a hundred weavers put forth in six months.

He is responsible for all the men in the mill, for all losses, accidents and surprises. He is studying the markets of the world, studying new machines, new processes, new inventions. He must keep informed concerning raw materials, must know within an eighth of a cent the cost of every yard of cloth and where it can be sold—and a mistake on his part may render the whole mill a source of loss and misery to thousands of people. Does he not earn his salary?

The superintendent of a railroad, the pastor of a church, the captain of a steamship, the principal of a high school are all working far harder than any of the men under them, and without this labor of superintendence the railroad, the church, the steamship and the school would be utterly useless.

What a noble thing modern business would be if all young men go-

ing into it could view it as a kind of public service!

In these days of stock-johing and "frenched finance," we are tempted sometimes to think that business is utterly selfish, that its motto is simply, "Each man for himself, and devil take the hindmost."

But this is not true. Thousands of young men are going into business to-day with high, clear purpose to serve their fellow men. Thousands of our industrial leaders are not only honest, but they shrink from any bargain which is not a benefit to both parties. Of most business men it is true that their word is as good as their bond. Our modern "credit system," it built on our faith in one another.

A young man who goes into business to-day has a splendid opportunity to serve his generation.

He may go into it with the same spirit with which Senator Hoar went to Congress, or with which Pasteur went into his laboratory. Both Pasteur and Hoar received reward for service rendered; but they lived for the service and not for the reward.

The code of ethics that we now recognize as binding on the statesman, the scientist and the artist is slowly but surely coming to be the code of business men as well.

In spite of all the rogues and cheats, we are steadily moving toward the time "When no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame, but each for the joy of the working." And the real joy of working is the pleasure of making something useful or beautiful, and so enriching the world.

Life is a sheet of paper white,  
Whereon each one of us may write  
His word or two, and then comes night—  
Though thou have time  
But for a line, be that sublime;  
Not failure, but low aim is crime.

—J. R. Lowell.





story is much more American than English in its atmosphere. In the end, in the year 1889 Beit and Rhodes being at the time young men of twenty-seven, the De Beers Mining Co. was formed, with a capital of £200,000 on which two years later a dividend of 3 per cent. was paid. To-day the De Beers Consolidated Mines, Limited, has an issued share capital of £4,475,000, in shares of £2 10s. each, of which 790,000 are 40 per cent. cumulative preference and 1,000,000 deferred shares, together with about £4,500,000 of debentures. Besides its vast undertakings in Cape Colony, the De Beers Co. holds the preemptive rights to any diamond mines discovered in the territories of the British South Africa and South-west African Companies, and its monopoly has hitherto been so well maintained that regular dividends of 40 per cent. were distributed for several years prior to the war, and are now being paid at the increased rate of 50 per cent. on the deferred shares. Beit was one of the two remaining life governors, the other being his partner, Mr. (now Sir) Julius Charles Wernher. At the present time the market value of the De Beers undertaking is between £42,000,000 and £43,000,000, and the company earned in 1900-01 a net profit of £2,888,000.

Of Beit's munificence the world has heard little. He preferred to do good by stealth and hush to find it fame. He gave a park worth £300,000 to Johannesburg, which was his largest known gift in his lifetime. He gave another estate—the Frnnkewald—to Johannesburg as the site for a university, which by his will he has endowed with another £200,000. He gave £25,000 as a thank offering for his recovery to the Institute of Medical Science Fund of the

London University, and he and his partner munificently endowed the Technological College, which is to be the Charlottenburg of South Kensington. He gave liberally to hospitals. He did not contribute to free libraries, but he made the largest gift that had been made for many years to any English university when he endowed a chair of colonial history at Oxford with an income of £1,319 per annum. His private charities were large but unostentatious. Whatever he gave he gave with a kindly sympathy which doubled the value of the gift.

Beit's will follows afar off the will of Cecil Rhodes. As Mr. Rhodes bequeathed Grootu Schuur to Cape Town, so Mr. Beit bequeaths his park, Borsler Jager, to the city of Hamburg. As Rhodes created a special body of trustees to administer the £1,200,000 which he left for the extension of railway and telegraph communication in Rhodesia, Beit limited the number of his trustees to three—his brother, O'Farrell, his partner, Sir Julius Wernher, and his lawyer, Mr. Hawley. Like Rhodes, Beit left no money for religious purposes. "Educational, public, and charitable purposes" — the phrase is wide enough to cover everything, including religious endowments, if the trustees thought fit.

Altogether it is probable the bequests in the will represent £2,500,000 devoted to public purposes, of one sort or another, of which £1,750,000 goes to Africa.

But to John Burns and to many others of his way of thinking Alfred Beit was a kind of devil. He was a kind of vampire-octopus draining the lifeblood of South Africa. He was the typical landlord. He was the mag-

nate at whose bidding the republics had been annexed after the homesteads of a nation had been given to the flames. He was Herr Beit, German-Jew, millionaire—what more need he said? To which I can only reply that while I regard the war with a detestation as deep as any man, and while I deplore as bitterly as any one the deplorable results of that great crime, I do not think that Mr. Beit from first to last did any-

thing which he did not honestly believe would be for the benefit of the British Empire, of the world at large, and in the long run of the Boers themselves. That he deceived himself is possible enough. We all do that at some time in our lives, perhaps many times. But that Alfred Beit was as honest and straight and pug-nosed as a man as any I know of, that I feel certain, and I do not forget that I know John Burns.

## St. Pierre, the Smuggler's Paradise

BY P. T. MCGRATH IN THE WINDY WOODS

Situated off the South coast of Newfoundland, St. Pierre-Miquelon, being a French possession, offers unusual opportunities for the smuggler to slip his illicit trade. The smugglers are well-known and notorious, and the realization of their trade is well known to the authorities. The population of the islands is only about six thousand; but the area is a matter of only a few square miles. The islands were ceded to France by the Treaty of Paris in 1814 and are used as a shelter for the French fishing fleet.

THE little French colony of St. Pierre-Miquelon has its own features of importance, but they cannot compare with its remarkable record as a contrabandist emporium. Nominally the headquarters of the Breton fishermen, it is really the distributing point for thousands of dollars' worth of valuable commodities illicitly introduced into the neighboring countries. Opium, perfumes, wines, liqueurs, and other high-class French goods are smuggled into Gloucester, Boston, New York and Philadelphia by the American fish-vessels on their way home from the Grand Banks; brandies, rum, and merchandise are carried up the St. Lawrence and distributed among the Quebec villages; while tobacco, sugar, foodstuffs, wearables and fishery outfits are traded with the Newfoundlanders for bait, firewood, or garden stuff. St. Pierre being a barren rock,

Were it not that scores of convictions and many voluntary confessions—not to mention the activity of the American, Canadian and Terranova (Newfoundland) revenue police—attest the magnitude of this traffic, the reader might be pardoned for doubting that it is so extensive, but the commerce of St. Pierre is two hundred and eighty dollars per head, while that of Canada and Newfoundland is but seventy dollars.

Nature might almost be said to have designed St. Pierre for smuggling purposes, so admirably is it located to conduct the traffic. It lies but a day's sail from the Banks, where a thousand vessels—French, American, Canadian, and Terranova—seek for cod, harboring at times in St. Pierre for needed or illicit supplies. Within sight of it is the Newfoundland coast, where countless creeks and coves are peopled with hardy fisherfolk who regard St. Pierre smuggling as a special dis-

pensation in their behalf. A little farther away is Nova Scotia, with similar facilities and an equal propensity for the business. Up the St. Lawrence is the Quebec coast, peopled by French Canadians, predisposed to unlawful trade with St. Pierre because of kinship in race and speech. To the south is the New England seaboard, whose prohibition towns absorb "St. Peter's rum" in quantities that suggest grave doubts of the efficacy of the temperance law enforcement. The high duties imposed by all these countries upon spirituous liquors is another incentive to the traffic, for champagne that costs five dollars a bottle in New York or Montreal is obtainable in St. Pierre for a dollar.

Therefore St. Pierre is to-day the greatest smuggling centre in the world, with as perfect and comprehensive an organization for conducting this unlawful traffic as that of a modern trust. There is a regular smuggling syndicate, with headquarters in the town and agents along the seaboard of the countries it serves; with a fleet of schooners, a code of signals, and a central fund for the conduct of their campaigns. The audacity and extent of the transactions are somewhat staggering. The American Government was defrauded for years by corn juice, or alcohol being imported to St. Pierre "in bond" in shiploads, and then, after being concocted into "whisky," smuggled back into the "down-east" seaports. The Canadian Government was victimized by rum being got in the same way from Demerara, and after being "doctored" smuggled into Cape Breton and Gaspe. The Newfoundland Government was duped by its coast being made the theatre for shipments of varied stocks, as the lonely seaboard

afforded exceptional opportunities for the distribution of such material.

But, not satisfied even with this wide range, the audacity and ingenuity of the Pierrois smugglers were such that they also tricked their own ministry by bogus claims for bounties on fish brought in Newfoundland. France regards her fisheries in these waters as a naval nursery, and, to foster a large prosecution of them and secure abundant and suitable material for naval reserves, pays a large bounty upon all fish caught by French vessels. The skippers accordingly traded liquor with the Newfoundland fishermen on the Banks for cod, and coolly collected the bounties on this! The same game was further worked by these astute schemers in carrying stocks of fish to Nova Scotia for sale, obtaining certificates from the purchasers that they had bought twice the quantity they actually did, and securing the bonus thereon.

These far-reaching frauds were eventually discovered through the combined efforts of the Newfoundland revenue chief, Inspector Rielly; the Canadian Inspector Jones; and the French Commissioner of Customs at St. Pierre, M. Joseph Ferry. The result was a series of captures of smuggling craft—so sudden, so certain, and so complete as to demoralize the ringleaders at St. Pierre. Then, concluding their was a traitor in their midst, they laid traps to locate him, and, finding M. Ferry was the one, they made St. Pierre too hot to hold him. The worst riot in the island's history was caused by this incident, for in St. Pierre the smuggler's name is legion. Ferry's house was wrecked by an infuriated mob, and he himself had to seek refuge in the gendarmerie to escape with his life. That night a notice was posted

around St. Pierre, heavily bordered in black, inviting all and sundry to the "funeral" of M. Ferry, who was to be hanged in effigy at noon next day in front of the Customs House, when the pall-bearers would be Rielly, Jones, Dreyfus and Zola. And solemnly hanged and burned in effigy Ferry was, at the appointed hour, in the presence of an assemblage of all the shie-hodded Pierrois, while Ferry himself was being carried across to Newfoundland in a tag requisitioned by the Government, who feared that the stout walls of the gendarmerie would be unable to protect him.

It is estimated that these frauds cost the French treasury seventy thousand dollars a year, and what the annual loss to the United States, Canada, and Newfoundland was in these halcyon days of the traffic can only be conjectured, but it must have been at least a million dollars annually. These figures are startling, but Canada still admits to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars and Newfoundland fifty thousand dollars per annum, and the United States still probably loses one hundred thousand dollars per annum. In every harbor that the American fishing vessels visit, from Eastport to Philadelphia, to sell their cargoes of fish or renew their outfits, they unload quantities of these smuggled goods. Champagnes are put ashore in lobster cases, wines in travel-bags, silks in rolled sails, opium and drugs in canisters, and other articles by means of a thousand and one expedients. The invariable practice of the vessels is to enter St. Pierre when homeward bound to procure "wood and water," and lay in contraband meanwhile.

Merchants of St. Pierre, apparently reputable fishery outfitters, have become millionaires and are now living a life of ease and pleasure in

Paris on the profits obtained, not from their recognized industry, but from smuggling, while handsome fortunes are still realized out of it. In St. Pierre, though the smuggler's business is growing riskier and less profitable every year, it is still one of the mainstays of existence, and perilous would be the state of the place if this traffic were put an end to. Hence the Pierrois are furious against the new treaty, because it provides for a British Consul to be stationed among them, and this will probably be a deathblow to the traffic. Hitherto France has always refused to re-quire a consul there, lest he should learn too much about the waning prosperity of the little province in consequence of Newfoundland's enforcement of her Belt Act against St. Pierre; but when a settlement was being arranged last spring Newfoundland and Canada insisted on this proviso and France gave way.

An idea of the magnitude of the smuggling may be gained from the fact that St. Pierre maintains a regular fleet of freighter-vessels plying to St. Malo, taking fish loadings to France and bringing back cargoes destined to be clandestinely introduced into the neighboring English-speaking countries. One of these vessels, the brig *Russia*, went ashore near the Needles, Isle of Wight, on Easter Sunday, 1902, supposed to be laden with fishery salt. When she broke up, however, there were washed on to the beach many hogheads of what the coast-folk found, on brushing, to be the rarest of French liqueurs, and enjoyed immensely until the authorities came and impounded the remainder—fifty-five casks containing from eighty to a hundred gallons each.

A big smuggling trade is done along the shores of Quebec Province. It is

mainly in intoxicants, and is so widespread that a few years ago the Canadian distillers, from the harm caused to their business, proposed to the Dominion Government to bear the cost of a modern steam cruiser to patrol the coast there and put down this outlaway. One of the largest depositories of smuggled liquors in those times was near Ste. Anne de Beaupre, a shrine on the St. Lawrence River, visited annually by thousands of pious Catholics. The place was extensively for breeding poultry, and the liquor was carted about the country in hen-coops. Another place was a large potato farm; the liquors were stored beneath the collars, and vended with every sack of the tubers sent out. The Island of Orleans was an equally noted resort because of the facility it afforded for transshipment among the schooners, but now it is being occupied by wealthy Montrealers as a summer resort, and the smugglers have had to move elsewhere.

That, however, is easy, for they enjoy the active countenance of the whole coast. The "Quebecker" thinks this trade no wrong, and the smuggler is a hero to him, while the detective is despised. Every settler, no matter how honest otherwise, is ready to buy smuggled wares, to help the smuggler hard beset, or to financially back a smuggling venture. It is not uncommon for men to club together and import mixed cargoes of spirits and merchandise by a Plover craft which lands it in some cove. Then old farmers and fishers going to market will be found with the stuff concealed in their carts and boats, and vending the goods as opportunity offers. All are at it, one to-day and another to-morrow, and hence almost any "habitant" will secrete goods for a neighbor and lie to the const-

guards to throw them off the scent, as it may be his own ease to want help another time.

The Canadian liquor merchant can place few orders east of Three Rivers, in Quebec, as the whole Gaspé peninsula is supplied by the smugglers, while nearly all the spirits consumed in Cape Breton and Eastern Nova Scotia pays not a cent of duty to the Canadian revenue. Legal dealers dispose of practically no stocks there, owing to the competition of the smugglers. Recently a Canadian cruiser chased a suspicious craft along the coast, and next morning the whole strand was littered with casks of intoxicants, which the vessel, a St. Pierre smuggler, had thrown overboard, fearing capture, when the cruiser appeared as she was making for her landing place.

A remarkable feature of St. Pierre smuggling is that the commoner grades of intoxicants are manufactured in the place, notably a cheap brand for the Quebeckers, the base being corn spirit imported in bond from the Middle States. To manage this traffic an official of the United States Consulate at St. Pierre was made an active partner by the smugglers a few years ago. He was provided with bogus Consular seals and papers, and when the alcohol, having reached Boston from Chicago, was loaded into vessels for St. Pierre, they, on arriving off that port, hoisted a private signal, whereupon he came out to them in a tug and supplied them with false bonding clearances for use on returning to Boston, to prove they had properly landed their cargoes. Instead, they made for some prearranged Newfoundland harbor, where they transferred their cargoes to the smugglers' schooners, which decanted the liquor into eighteen-gallon casks already containing a deleterious

mixture of rainwater, fusel-oil, drugs, and coloring matter, and in these receptacles the rolling of the ship speedily mixed the contents. Next these craft made for the Quebec coast, one of their favorite tricks being to show but part of their canvas or carry two sets of sails, so as to deceive the Canadian cruisers, a smuggler craft displaying a white set to-day, a parti-colored outfit to-morrow, and a brown spread the next day.

Another very successful trick is to have a decoy vessel, which, when a cruiser appears, makes sail hurriedly as if to escape so that the cruiser follows her and the real offender sails serenely on. These wild-goose chases are common, and are worked in various ways, the superior knowledge of the coast which the smugglers possess, and their utilizing of intricate channels into which the cruisers dare not venture, also materially aiding them. When the scene of the proposed landing is reached signals are displayed, and the agent ashore assembles a crowd of fisherfolk to land the cargo. If anything occurs to imperil success another cove is chosen, or the cargo sold to the Government. This most ingenious trick consists in notifying a conniving const-guard where the cargo will be landed next night. He is on hand, and seizes it. The liquor is sold subject to duty of one dollar eighty cents per gallon, and as it is usually fifty per cent. over proof, this means two dollars eighty-five cents, or, to allow for a bid, three dollars a gallon. The Canadian law gives one-third each to the informer, the seizer, and the revenue, so the former two, in league with the smugglers, pocket two dollars a gallon, leaving the Government but one dollar. Sometimes, of course, a genuine capture is made, but

the vessels are old and worth but little, and the profits of the traffic allow for occasional losses.

The smuggling that can never be stamped out, of course, is that done by the fishing vessels. Seldom does one harbor in St. Pierre, no matter what her nationality, but she lays in a stock of commodities, for illicit disposal on reaching home. These fishermen declare that St. Pierre has on sale the greatest variety of ardent spirits of any place in the world, from the vilest compounds to the rarest of vintages, all of which can be procured by the glass or the hog-head. There are two grades of drinking houses in the place—*ambroses* and *cabarets*—frequented respectively by the masses and elites, but when mobs of English-speaking Bankmen get ashore they patronize both with marked impartiality, and always resist expulsion at ten p.m., when the law requires these places to shut. So the gendarmes are summoned, and it is a favorite trick of the alien fishers, with their undisguised contempt for "Froggie," to pile these gorgeous officials in a heap in the public square and then decamp for their hosts. All the intoxicating beverages produced at St. Pierre have a larger percentage of alcohol than have legitimate products, and by the addition of noxious drugs are all the more injurious and harmful to human beings. The stuff demoralizes fishing crews on the Banks—most of the disasters, and they are many, which occur there being due to overindulgence in these beverages. The Pierrots will leave church in the middle of a sermon to obtain a drink and then nonchalantly stroll back again.

The host-hated man along the Newfoundland shore is the coastguard. One of these being caught by some smugglers on their craft, the skipper

ordered him to be thrown overboard, saying, "Tie a rock to his feet and finish him." He was "launched," but without the rock, yet his fright was such that he sought a new post next day. Another officer who had caught some smugglers in the act was knocked senseless by them and carried off to a deserted island miles from the coast, where he was marooned for forty-eight hours to meditate on the enormity of his offense in "interfering with decent people who were earning an honest livelihood," as the Irish schoolmaster of the village put it. A third, who was on duty on a vessel, was persuaded by the skipper to take a swig or two from a flask until helplessly drunk, when all her illicit cargo was landed and he was hoisted up with a block and tackle from her deck to the Government wharf on a Sunday morning, in full view of hundreds of people who had come from different coves to attend church—an exhibition which cost him his job.

Some years ago, when the Newfoundland coastal steamers called at St. Pierre in plying to and fro, a sleuth in the Customs service ventured into the engine-room of one ship, in search of a tank which he had been told the engineers had secreted there to contain smuggled liquor. He manipulated sundry taps without finding out anything, and then he turned one which emitted a jet of live steam that almost scalded him to death. Another detective was notified that a skiff was to land a cargo in a cove, and hastily rowed there. Seeing a suspicious boat which fled at his approach, he chased her for hours, only to find that her cargo was a barrel of fish oil!

In Newfoundland it is not judicious to press inquiries about smuggling, for you may trend on somebody's

corns. To understand the inside workings of the traffic you must visit the fishing hamlets and fraternize with the coast-folk. Then you will hear strange narratives of cargo-running and coast-guard-dodging, the veracity of which is beyond question. Few of the fisherfolk but have had more or less adventurous encounters with the preventives as they have slipped into St. Pierre with wood or bait or out again with smuggled goods, the friendly shelter of the blinding fog aiding them to dodge the cruisers through the narrow channels and the rock-strewn inlets along the shore. Their escapades are oftentimes wonderful, but their handy little smacks enable them to give the gleamers the slip, and they make into the creeks, unload their contraband, and hurry it to some secure hiding-place in the forests or hills. In the political contests of the colony "St. Peter's rum" plays a prominent part, and an experienced authority has declared that a cask of it is as good as a thousand dollars of public money. A few years ago a vessel with a supply was seized in a harbor in a district where an appeal to the electorate was in progress, and the coast-guard was coolly told: "Don't you touch that liquor; it's more than your job is worth. That's for X——'s election."

With the operation of the new treaty, which provides for a joint policing of the fisheries and the prevention of liquor-smuggling into Newfoundland, as well as for a British Consul at St. Pierre, the supremacy of the handitti who have carried on this traffic must vanish, and then the business will be the dim and unsubstantial of what it once was—the greatest money-making enterprise along the Atlantic seaboard.

## Landon and the Eagle Bank

BY J. H. GANTON, JR., IN FEARSON'S (AMERICAN).

Landon was exactly what he typically set himself forth to be to the few who ever penetrated so far into his confidence as to be involved with him financially—Master Manipulator of the Trembling Isles of Finance. When he undertook to secure control of the Eagle Bank for Mr. Pitkin, a retired woolen merchant, as designated to make it be credit out of the deal. The story of how he manipulated the stock is detailed.

IN the Street, where men are judged by results, Landon's success in carrying through the many and difficult deals put in his hands had earned for him a unique reputation as a manipulator. Particularly had his skill in floating the Amalgamated Nickel Company, with whose promoters he afterwards fell out, exposing them ruthlessly in the public prints, insinuating that he had been misled, although there were whispers of deep plays in all this, fixed his fame, and thereafter his services were in demand for the furthering of all sorts of possible and impossible financial transactions.

It was, therefore, perfectly natural that, when a group of capitalists headed by Jarvis Pitkin, a retired woolen merchant, decided that they wanted control of the Eagle Bank, they should turn to Landon to get it for them.

Mr. Pitkin, a man of sixty years and of insatiable vanity, and perhaps some real genius in the woolen line, was not as widely known in the Street as he thought comported with his abilities and wealth, and he had become convinced that all this would be different were he identified with the control of one of the Street's many banks. A live banker, he thought, undoubtedly was worth many retired woolen merchants.

He had no difficulty in persuading several of his former business friends and one or two brokers and minor private bankers of the Street, who were counting on favors to come, to

share a portion of the expense entailed in securing the bank.

The Eagle Bank was selected because it had a valuable clearing-house membership; because it was one of the oldest banks in the city, and yet again because it had been run with such extreme conservatism, a word which often is synonymous with dryrot, that its business was small and its control, presumably, correspondingly within reach. But as Pitkin put it to Landon it was, after all, a bank, and a bank was what he wanted.

With their first interview on the matter Landon conceived an amazing dislike for the retired woolen merchant, whose retail way of dealing with big questions quite put him out of patience. The climax came when Pitkin, after some hemming and hawing, came to the matter of the remuneration Landon should receive for his services.

Landon rolled away from his desk in his big chair, got out of it stormily and came around to the stammering Mr. Pitkin.

"Mr. Pitkin," he said, with much finality, "I must tell you frankly that you don't understand me and my methods—or those of the Street for that matter. You want me to get at least 5,160 of these 10,000 shares of the Eagle Bank's stock so that you may control it, and you don't want me to pay more than \$250 a share on the average. To-day those shares, for all we know, are scattered from here to Podunk, and in the hands of

people perfectly willing to keep them.

"I may have to put the institution into bankruptcy, or dynamite it, or carry off the vaults between two days, and yet you want me to tell you beforehand just how much I'll charge you to perform any or all these contemplated crimes—as if they were woolen goods and could be measured off with a yardstick.

"Now, keep calm, Mr. Pitkin. I meant no offence, really. I only made use of that familiar simile to convince you of the impossibility of fixing a price at this time. I like the looks of this job—it looks real hard—and I usually allow a discount on that kind. What I propose is just this:

"I'll get those 5,100 shares of stock for you somehow, and at the figure you name as your maximum. And when I put them in your hands I'll tell you frankly just how much it is worth to me. Then if you don't like the price we won't haggle a minute—we'll just call it nothing—wipe it off the books or charge it up to profit and loss. How's that?"

"I don't like it, Mr. Landon. It's not a business-like way."

"Granted, granted freely, Mr. Pitkin; but it's my way and it's the only way I'll go into this thing with you."

Mr. Pitkin hesitated. "I'll have to talk it over with my associates before I can definitely accept such terms," he said at last.

"All right, do so," said Landon genially. "And now, Mr. Pitkin, there's a seething roomful in there waiting to get at me. Good-day."

A formal note accepting his terms came to Landon from Pitkin on the following day. Landon filed the note with some care.

The stock of the Eagle Bank was not dealt in on the Stock Exchange—where few bank stocks are listed—but in the outside market it was traded in from time to time, and Landon learned the last sale had been made at \$185 a share. Through a bond house which he often employed in similar cases, Landon picked up here and there odd lots of the stock until the total ran up to 1,100 shares and through private negotiations with the estate of a former director he secured another block of some 4,000 shares, so that at the end of a month he had in his possession just about half of the 5,100 shares needed to control the Eagle Bank. The floating supply was cleaned up, and the time had come for aggressive tactics which should dislodge the big holdings.

In his secret and thorough investigation of the bank's affairs Landon had discovered three things: The bank had made a number of bad loans and was carrying these along from day to day, menacing its resources; again, most of these loans had been made to one of its own directors, Wallace R. A. Jones. The third discovery Landon looked on as personal, and he reserved it until the time which he had foreseen from his first interview with Pitkin, when it might be used vigorously and effectively in his own interests.

The second discovery interested him most now, however, for, with his knowledge of the intimate and somewhat embarrassing relations existing between Wallace R. A. Jones and the Eagle Bank, he felt that it was only a question of weeks before the bank fell into his hands. He knew something of Wallace R. A. Jones.

Mr. Jones was a type equally familiar in Wall street, the uptown

clubs and Newport. He had all the earmarks of wealth: a town house, a sumptuous yacht, on which he entertained royally during international races, and a place at Newport. He was a director in a dozen corpora-

month he was compelled to hustle, in all the distasteful meaning of that humble word, to meet the rent and other bills run up in sustaining a well-nigh untenable position. Mostly, as Landon's investigation disclosed,



"What's the news in Wall Street, Mr. Landon?"

tions, three of them, perhaps, sound, the rest of a fugitive character to which he had loaned his name for a large stock house.

As a matter of pure fact, Mr. Jones was on a par with the humblest flat dweller in that each

Mr. Jones had hastened to the Eagle Bank and there induced its misguidance, or worse, president to accept the stock of the nine wayward companies to which he had added the lustre of his name, as collateral for loans of real money.

Landon had had inklings of the utter hollowness of Mr. Jones, it being a part of his day's work to keep the run of frauds; but the depths revealed in the story of the bank's assistant note teller, from whom he gleaned all this, surprised even him, which didn't prevent him from handsomely subsidizing the worthy assistant note teller, with the usual large family and sick wife.

The following afternoon there was closeted with Landon the senior partner of one of the biggest note brokerage houses in the Street, a house which sold to banks and bankers millions of dollars worth of firm and individual notes each year. From him Landon learned, as he had anticipated, that Wallace R. A. Jones often brought his personal notes to the house to dispose of—a rather difficult task—and that at the moment even, which Landon had hoped, they had a Jones note for \$25,000 which they were trying to negotiate for him.

"How much did Mr. Jones tell you to take for it?" asked Landon of Millard, the broker.

"Oh, he'll take \$20,000," said Millard. "But what on earth do you want of it?" he added, struck by the oddity of any one wanting Jones' precarious paper.

"I'm making a collection of the autographs of great lumbags," said Landon soberly. "Here's a check. I'll take the note, and any others he gives you to sell, only mum's the word. I'll put this in the name of a dummy to cover it up."

"Well, you're doing it with your eyes open," said Millard, "and I can't refuse to make commissions; but I don't think they're good for much."

"I'll use 'em some way, Millard,"

Landon reassured him, "so send 'em along. The more, the merrier."

And Millard sent 'em along, \$25,000, \$15,000, \$12,000, \$5,000, then \$20,000 again, until the note broker looked on Landon as a sort of good natured waste-paper basket for Jones' notes.

After a month and a half of this false heaven for Jones, the first note, for \$25,000, fell due. Landon informed Millard that Jones must meet it or be at once exposed in his true colors to an unsuspecting world. "Tell him I'll grab his Newport place if he don't pay," was Landon's threat.

And then, at last, the wheels of this complicated machine were set in motion by the master manipulator. The little assistant note teller stole into Landon's office at the luncheon hour to say that Jones had just borrowed \$25,000 more from the Eagle Bank, on the same old wayward collateral, and two hours later Landon had received the full value of his \$25,000 Jones note and had credited the "Poor Pitkin Syndicate," as he dubbed it, prophetically, with the \$5,000 "velvet."

The note for \$15,000 fell due and Landon repeated these tactics, threatening this time to seize the Jones yacht, and again the little note teller stole in with his tale of Jones' loan from the Eagle, and again the note Landon held was paid.

And thus steadily, pitilessly, Landon sapped the bank of its little remaining strength until it, too, was in much the same shape as the hollow Wallace R. A. Jones. And then Landon dropped out of sight.

Two days later he turned up at the Port Orange Club in Albany lunching, quite at ease, with an acquaintance—for he had no friends. By what may have been pure chance,

Wellman, the state superintendent of banking, came into the club for luncheon while Landon and his acquaintance were still over their coffee, and the acquaintance introduced him to Landon.

"What's the news in Wall street, Mr. Landon?" asked Wellman. "You know we're provincial up here."

"I don't dare say I know it, either," laughed Landon; "I've been away from it for two days, out in Buffalo, and you know how fast they make news in the Street. The market is rather strong, according to the papers."

"Yes, it is. It looks bullish," Wellman agreed. "That increases the margins on collateral loans held by the banks and makes my days more restful," he added laughingly. "Anything new in the banking situation?"

"Usual gist of rumors," answered Landon easily. "I heard something about the Eagle—that's a state institution, isn't it?"

"Yes, that comes under my jurisdiction," said Wellman, interested. "What about it?"

"Oh, something about one of the directors getting into it on some shaky loans, but I dare say you know more about it than I do. I hear only the rumors."

"I hadn't heard a thing," said Wellman, frankly. "I rather wondered, though, why the Eagle's stock dropped so sharply in the outside market yesterday. It went down 80 points in the bid price."

"Did it though?" said Landon, politely curious, and rather pleased that his manoeuvre had told. "That seems to be out the rumors. I heard the bank had loaned one director almost one hundred and fifty thousand dollars and had \$50,000 more in bad loans. But I'm rather

ashamed to repeat this stuff to you, Mr. Wellman. Often it's only distilled malice."

"No, no!" urged Wellman. "I'm glad you've told me what you heard. I am going down to-morrow, anyway, and I'll drop in to see that everything is all right. You would be surprised, Mr. Landon, to know how many times the banking department has been enabled to save stockholders and depositors big losses through just such chance information as I have only now received from you. In fact, our first intimation of trouble usually comes in just that way."

"Indeed!" said Landon, politely skeptical. "I hope this time, for the Eagle's sake, that I am not the forerunner of such disaster."

At three o'clock the following afternoon, State Banking Superintendent Wellman faced the directors of the Eagle Bank, summoned hurriedly to a meeting in the banking parlors behind locked doors, and told them vigorously of their peril. Mr. Jones, for reasons no better known to himself than to his fellow directors, was not present.

"You have allowed loans of over two hundred thousand dollars to be made, \$150,000 of these to one of your own directors, Mr. Jones—a plain and flagrant violation of the law—which I find are absolutely worthless. They are impossible of collection, and as a result you have so impaired your resources that your surplus is wiped out and your capital encroached upon."

"There are only two steps open to me in the circumstances: one to close the bank at once and secure a receivership to wind up its affairs, and the other to allow you to make good these losses out of your own pockets. I am disposed to give you an oppor-

tunity to follow this latter course, simply because it will save money to both depositors and innocent stockholders by avoiding the expense of a receivership.

"I want you fully to understand the gravity of the situation, gentlemen, and also your responsibilities. This is Friday—I give you until Monday morning to make good this loss of \$300,000."

Two hours later Mr. Pitkins rushed breathlessly into Landon's office in answer to an urgent summons.

"Have you got the stock," he panted, "all of the 5,100 shares we needed for control?"

"Yes, Mr. Pitkins," Landon answered, coolly, "all the 5,100 shares and a bit more, for I've just had to take over whole blocks from frightened directors—three of them frightened because they have been called on by the Banking Department to make good a big loss, and one of them, named Jones by the way—unusual name—because he engineered the loss."

"What do you mean, Mr. Landon? You speak of losses. Is the bank in trouble? What is it, please?"

"Yes, it's in trouble; but since we made the trouble I guess we can unmake it, Mr. Pitkins," replied Landon, and then, grudgingly, for he loved to torture the retired woolen merchant, he laid bare to the latter the details of his three months campaign for the control of the bank.

"Now that \$300,000 deficit must, of course, be made good on Monday, Mr. Pitkins," Landon concluded, "but, as you can see from this statement, and as I have explained, I secured your stock so cheap and made such usurious profits out of Jones' notes that you can pay it and still be way inside your estimate of \$350

a share for the stock. That called for \$1,275,000, and, thanks to the directors' panic I conjured up, your stock has cost you only \$305 a share, or \$1,045,000 in all.

"If you add to that the \$300,000 you will have to pay on Monday, and some of that may be recovered in time, you are still ahead \$30,000, or \$38,000, including the profit on the Jones notes I bought.

"Really a pretty deal, Mr. Pitkins. And quite inside the law, since it was Wallace R. A. Jones who broke the bank."

"Yes," assented Mr. Pitkins, and then thoughtfully, "but I don't see why we should have to make up that \$200,000 loss. It was the old directors' fault."

"Whose fault?" asked Landon sarcastically. "You don't see why you should make good the loss? Perhaps the Banking Department can show you on Monday, Mr. Pitkins. You know it is your bank now."

"But seriously, Mr. Pitkins, if you are disposed to cavil over that point, what are you going to do when I name the value I put on my services in this matter?" And Landon gazed innocently on the writhing Mr. Pitkins, who finally, after much mauling, found courage to ask:

"What do you value them at, Mr. Landon?"

"Thirty-eight thousand dollars," said Landon; and then, smilingly, "exactly what I saved you, Mr. Pitkins."

"Thirty-eight—thousand?" gasped Mr. Pitkins. "Thirty-eight—"

"Just so," interrupted Landon brusquely. "No more—just now; no less—any time."

"Preposterous, Mr. Landon, preposterous! We will never pay it—"

Again Landon interrupted the stammering Mr. Pitkins:

"Under our agreement, as you will recall, Mr. Pitkins, your refusal to pay the amount I asked was to result in my giving you my services outright, wiping the whole matter off

But Landon made no answer. Silently he passed across the desk to the still pleading Pitkins the stock certificates and vouchers for the 5,100 shares of Eagle Bank stock. He thrust a receipt into Mr. Pitkins' trembling hands:



"Now! Now!" yelled Mr. Pitkins, "Now! I take it now!"

the books. That clause is therefore now operative, and you are released."

"But this is ridiculous, absurd, unheard of!" said Mr. Pitkins. "We must reach some agreement, Mr. Landon."

"Sign that, please, Mr. Pitkins. Thanks. Now we're square so far as my services go, and I'll ask you to pardon me for barrying you away, but it's late and I'm only a poor commutator, you know. Good-day."

On the threshold Mr. Pitkins lin-

gered—said with mingled hope and despair—

"I'll see you again to-morrow about this, Mr. Landon," and fled.

"I think you will," mused Landon grimly.

He laughed softly to himself as he stepped back to his desk and puffed up the phone.

"Ninety-eight hundred, John, Central."

And then, as the connection was made,

"Hello, Wall street office of the Union? Is this you, Cogswell? Good, I thought perhaps you'd got away for the day. Come up a minute. It's Landon."

And Landon put the 'phone down and picked up the smile again. He was still at it when Cogswell, the Wall street reporter of the Union, one of the greatest of the metropolitan dailies, came in.

"Something good, Mr. Landon, when you smile like that," was Cogswell's laughing greeting. He was Landon's favorite among the newspaper men of the Street.

"Oh, fair," laughed Landon, "it's a bank story this time. I hear that Jarvis Pitkins—you may have heard of him, retired from wool or calico—and a syndicate have bought control of the Eagle Bank."

"Good," said Cogswell, who was not a model reporter, for he never took elaborate notes.

"But the best is yet to come," Landon went on. "They got, so I'm told, about 5,100 of the 10,000 shares which gives them control all right; but as the bank's charter expires within three months and it takes a vote of two-thirds of the stock, or 6,667 shares, to renew it, the control is worthless. They've bought a pig in a poke."

"Can they get the other 1,567 shares, Mr. Landon?" asked Cogswell.

"Well—there is just a chance, a very slim chance. I'm told they will need an extension ladder to reach them."

"Pretty mess," commented Cogswell. "A woolen merchant—I should think so. That's a rattling good story, Mr. Landon."

"And straight as a string, Cogswell. You don't need to verify it. I'll give you the details, as they came to me." And he did.

"Mind, now," he cautioned the newspaperman at the end. "Not a word as to where you learned this. You know our agreement."

"I do," answered Cogswell. "You may depend on me."

"So long," said Landon.

Nine o'clock the following morning found Mr. Pitkins pacing up and down Landon's outer office, stopping now and then to read a line or more of a front page, column-long story in the copy of the Union he grasped, or to importune the small and hugely delighted office boy, to "see if Mr. Landon isn't disengaged now."

He had been diverting himself thus for twenty minutes, and still another twenty minutes passed before the small boy regretfully ended Mr. Pitkins' wanderings by ushering him into the inner office. Landon was sitting quietly at his desk. He nodded curtly to Mr. Pitkins.

"I am very busy, as you see, Mr. Pitkins, but I have granted you a minute, and you must admit this is pure generosity on my part. Now, what can I do for you?"

Mr. Pitkins waved the Union at Landon.

"My lawyer tells me this is true—that we do need 1,567 shares more to

extend the charter, and that as things stand the bank is worth less than nothing to us."

"I must congratulate you on your lawyer, Mr. Pitkins. He has found out in one day what it took me, I confess, a month to discover."

"A month?" said Mr. Pitkins in astonishment—then, rather incoherently, "which month?"

"The first I spent looking into the bank's affairs."

"Then you've known it all along!"

"Yes, all along," said Landon.

"You didn't tell me!"

"You didn't ask me to investigate the legal status of the bank, that's a lawyer's work. Then I rather suspected this information was worth more to me than to you. I seem to have been right—so far. But really, Mr. Pitkins, I can't take time to discuss all this. What do you want?"

"One thousand five hundred and sixty-seven shares of Eagle Bank stock, evidently," said Mr. Pitkins, bitterly.

"How much will you pay for it?"

"Can you get it, Landon?" asked Mr. Pitkins feverishly, his face radiant with hope.

"I have it already, Mr. Pitkins," and there was something in Landon's voice which quite dispelled the other's hopes.

"I'll pay you \$205 a share for it, Landon," Mr. Pitkins spoke eagerly. "And give you the \$38,000 besides," he added, touched at his own generosity.

"Thanks," said Landon, "but let's not talk of that \$38,000. I told you I had given you my services, according to agreement. Now, I'm only a stockholder of the Eagle Bank, and you are bidding for my stock."

"I'll give you \$250 a share for your stock," cried Mr. Pitkins.

Landon took his watch from his pocket.

"It is now nine o'clock, thirty minutes and ten seconds, Mr. Pitkins," he said quietly. "The price of my stock is \$260 a share, and it is going up \$1 a share each second—in fact it is now \$265 a share, Mr. Pitkins, \$266 a share, two hundred and—"

"Now! Now!" yelled Mr. Pitkins,

"Now! I take it now!"

"Thanks, Mr. Pitkins. You get it at two hundred and sixty-six dollars and fifty cents a share."

The frivolous, purposeless lives of this world are like ships at the mercy of wind and tide. Half one of them and ask, "Whither are you bound?" and the answer will be, "I don't know." "What cargo do you carry?" "Nothing." "Well, what are you doing out here on the ocean of life?" "Only drifting." Ah! but you don't know what a sorry spectacle you make—only drifting when there is so much to be done.—Samuel V. Cole.



# A Definition of Christian Socialism

BY DR. CHARLES H. PARKHURST IN MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

*Christian Socialism does not oppose individualism. Rather does it refuse to accept the type of selfish individualism which is so prevalent to-day. It would substitute for this selfishness and individualism, a sense of responsibility. It would regard property as a trust and the owner of property as a trustee. It would require him to use his property for the good of the community and not for the gratification of self. In short it would emphasize the great Christian doctrine of the brotherhood of man.*

WHAT we understand by Christian socialism is not communism; it is not the negation of wealth. It is not the denial of individualism, but it is the insistence upon individualism considered as means to a wholesome collectivism. It is a form of "trust," differing in this respect from institutions more generally known to us under that name that, while the latter appear to exist for the purpose of drawing the public blood, this has for its distinct aim to deepen the flow of that blood and to oxygenate it.

Nor does it at all carry with it the idea of a more prodigal expenditure on charitable lines. Much of what is beneficence in name is maleficence in fact. There is such a thing as giving money in the public interest, but equally is there such a thing as accumulating and retaining money in the public interest.

Christian socialism is no enemy to millionaires, provided the millions in their tenure are viewed by them as funds that are to be bestowed or withheld, invested or disbursed, with reference to general requirements; and provided, also, such funds have not been collected in defiance of general requirements; for the kind of socialism that this article is advertising is one that is as much concerned with the way a man makes his money as with the way he uses it, and so-called individualism in getting it is not made good by flamboyant collectivism in expending it.

When a person of extended means

makes big gifts for the conversion of the heathen, or for the endowment of schools and colleges, no man is in a position properly to characterize such gifts till he knows something about the scale of wages paid to his employees, and also until he knows whether the business which yielded so large revenues was maintained in generous rivalry with competing enterprises of the same order, or whether it was built upon the ruins of such enterprises. Cooking and eating one's neighbor's flesh, after the manner of the South Sea Islanders, is not the only kind of cannibalism in the world, nor the worst kind. I might forgive a Fijian for making a cold lunch off my body, but he is a more abandoned cannibal who, while posing as guardian of Christian civilization at home and abroad, stuffs his capacious belly with my means of livelihood, and sucks up my prospects of material success in order to tickle his own palate and distend his own paunch. Barbarism is prettier when it is left to show the natural grain than when it is coated over with evangelical shallop. It is not in the spirit of sweet fraternity to burglarize one brother as means of capitalizing some other brother, nor to be elyptostomely ruthless in order to be pyrotechnically hemastarian.

That leads on to say that Christian socialism, so far as it becomes a controlling influence in material affairs, will have a good deal to say about wages, and will take matters into its own hands, if a private sense

of the fitness of things does not become more concerned for the needs and rights of employees than appears generally to be the case at present. These things are going to be managed, by and by, on the basis of brotherhood; and when that is the case workmen will be paid on the scale of what their services are worth, not on the scale of the lowest market rate at which those services can be obtained. The law of supply and demand may be properly relevant to sugar, potatoes, and mutton; but when applied to men and women it degrades them to the level of live stock, and serves them with dispossession proceedings so far as relates to membership in the family.

As things are, the relation between employer and employee is not a relation between man and man, but a relation between workman and utensil. So far as all sense of humanness and fraternity is concerned the man that is hired is practically a tool, as much so as hammer and tongs are tools in the hands of a blacksmith—purely a machine for coining money, and no less a machine in his owner's eyes for all he is made of heart, brains and blood rather than of cogs, levers, and beltting.

Labor is as essential to business success as capital is, and should have half the profits; and the reason why it does not is that the capitalist's wealth is a weapon which the employer has nothing that he can bring forward to rebut. The man with abundance can afford to wait till the man with a pittance has used up his pittance and been starved into surrender. Money can buy legislation, poverty cannot. The poor man has less show before the courts than his affluent brother, and is in all ways the under dog. And socialism, whether

Christian or unchristian, is the attempt that the under dog is making to be the dog on top, or at least the dog alongside—that is to say, to be taken back into the family where he belongs.

This which has just been stated must not be taken to mean that men are never anything but tools is the estimation of their employers, but that that is all that they usually are. Nor would we be understood to in-dorse all the means that the laboring classes take to secure to themselves the rights that belong to them as brothers in the household; only we must remember that when people are fighting for what they conceive to be their rights, and have not muskets, they will instinctively resort to paving stones and pitchforks. It is not good form to hit below the belt, but a fighter will be exceedingly likely to hit anywhere he can when the struggle appears to him to be a matter of life and death.

Now the serious question that Christian socialism raises is this—why is it that there are so many poor brothers and sisters in the family who can scarcely get enough to eat, or the wherewithal to clothe themselves comfortably or even respectably, and so small a minority of brothers and sisters who have not only enough to eat and drink and wear, but enough to be wildly, illogically extravagant in the luxuries of life, and coarsely, rudely, insultingly demonstrative in their display of wealth?

The principal reason of it is that the larger number of sons and daughters have been practically ostracized from the household and excluded from all controlling participation in the production of the necessities of life and in their distribution. We are

here brought face to face with a touchy and difficult problem, but it must be confronted, and its solution is bound to come by one means or another. The existence of an impatient majority is not a condition which can be permanently tolerated in a country where intelligence is as widely diffused as it is in our own.

It is a statement that is self-founded, and that needs no argument to corroborate it, that the resources of this country are sufficient to warm, clothe and feed our entire population, and to do it comfortably and handsomely. Nor is that nearly all there is to it. In order to procure all the necessities of life in ample abundance, and many of its luxuries in a manner to meet the requirements of all our millions of people, it is not necessary that our working classes should toil any greater number of hours each day than they do now, nor nearly as many hours. The introduction of labor-saving machinery has wrought a tremendous revolution in the matter of production, but only in a minimized degree are the toilers themselves getting the advantage of such revolution. The fact that a man works in a cloth manufactory, and by the aid of looms or sewing machines is able to turn out goods enough every day to cover the nakedness of a hundred people, is no sign that he will not himself have to go naked, or at least ragged; and this notwithstanding all that Christian socialism has to affirm touching the matter of brotherhood.

Some very careful study has been given by economists to the matter of the amount of time required in order to produce in ample abundance all that is required for home consumption. Taking the population of Austria as twenty-two millions, Profes-

sor Theodor Hertka, the distinguished economist of that country, argued that "five million able, strong male members could produce everything imaginable for the whole nation in two hours and twelve minutes per day, working three hundred days a year."

I am not aware that the same searching investigation has been given to the situation in our own country, but the figures quoted are sufficiently illuminating for our purpose in a general way. Capitalistic manufacturers are constantly screaming for colonial expansion in order that there may be a market for their wares, so that the employee, for example, who works in a shoe shop on too small wages to be able to keep the bare feet of his own children off the frosty paving-stones may be helping to shoe some little Jap or Hottentot, and to swell the profits of his employer, who has hardly the interest in his workmen that he has in his awls, leather and shoe-pegs. Then, when the colonialists have all been shot and the market generally has become glutted and sales slow, the works are shut down and wages stop, so that at the very time when there are most shoes and when for the same reason there are the most woven goods and manufactured garments in the country, the poor people are nearest to being obliged to go naked. That is to say, when the drawers and closets in the house are all stocked with outer garments and underwear, the children, all but favored Thomas and Mary, are put into rags and sent out to shiver.

Now this situation is intolerable, and cannot survive. The great toiling majority are realizing that considerable of the trouble lies in the fact that they are admitted to no con-

trolling share in production and distribution, and that the fruits of industry are handled with no reference to the men, women and children who produce those fruits; and the tendency toward the concentration of control in the hands of a few has proceeded till the toiling classes are verging toward revolt. The tremendous growth of socialism here and abroad is one of the phenomena of the times that capital needs to take account of.

It would seem unfortunate that anything that can be done success-

fully, economically, and with an eye to the general interest, should be relegated to municipal or federal control. The danger would be that such disposition of the case would check individual enterprise and initiative and embarrass our material development. But however that may be, we are not a people where the majority can be permanently counted out, nor where eight out of ten will consent indefinitely to have their feathers plucked in order to line the nests of the other two.

## Little Things Count in Business

IT is the little items of expense, seemingly too small to consider, that eat up the profits of any business. The most successful business men are those who have lived on the basis of "look out for the pennies and the pounds will take care of themselves." In stopping up the little leaks they have made themselves financially solid, and have earned for themselves the title, "Captains of Industry."

No matter what the general magnitude of a business may be, it is well worth the while to look out for its minor affairs. This may be an age of large things in general, but it is, after all, from the handling of smaller deals that the greatest profits are derived. Small leakages are sure to slip by unnoticed unless the business is so organized that every detail, no matter how little apparent significance, can be properly checked.

## Early Struggles of Albert J. Beveridge

BY JAMES B. MORROW IN WORKERS MAGAZINE

The youthful senator from Indiana tells in his own words the story of the struggle he made as a youth to get a footing in the world. To many, it will be surprising that some of Beveridge's experiences were possible. The rough life of the West, the effort to win an education, the disappointments and all very realistically described.

BUT for a cutthroat from Boston and a gambler in the southwest there would be no Albert Jeremiah Beveridge to interview. He would be dead. And but for a laugh he might not be worth an interview. He would be a captain in the army.

These stories and others are told in his own words. I found three typewriters thumping out letters for Indiana. It might have been the office of a bank or manufactory. The thick door burst open, a swirl of long gray coat, a tattoo of dynamic footsteps, and then a brisk and hospitable greeting.

"At the age of 12 I began to do for myself," said Senator Beveridge. "I sold newspapers in the streets of Sullivan, Ind. Next I was a teamster on a new railroad. Scrapers were then turned by hand. I was small and the work almost killed me. In a short time I found employment as a hostler at a logging camp in a walnut forest. My wages were too wretched to remember. My food was horrible. I was 13 years old and life looked dreary to me. Besides, I grieved for my mother. I learned how to handle logs, to load and unload them, and really became an expert in that hard and hazardous labor. Logs piled together are as dangerous as dynamite—they are likely to crush you any minute. I can stack them up now on a bob-sled and drive a six-horse team through the woods where there is no road.

"Several years ago, while going from one Indiana town to another to

keep a stumping appointment, I saw some men loading logs at a little railroad station. They were in a perilous position. I jumped from my buggy and took command of the situation. 'What in thunder do you know about logs?' one of the men asked. But I was right and so he moved his chains and pulled the way I wanted him. He proved to be the Democratic committeeman in that township. He has been a red-hot friend of mine ever since.

"I was in the woods a year. At 14 I was put in charge of a gang of loggers and always had control of them except on one occasion when they went to town and began drinking and fighting. It was a rough life. The profanity was hideous. We swore at the horses and at the men, at the logs, and at everything else. I quit smoking after I got away from the camp, but I couldn't stop the vulgar and evil practice of swearing until six years ago. What little money I earned I saved. I had made up my mind to get an education and to be a lawyer. When alone, I made speeches to the walnut trees. Ever earlier, when I plowed in the fields at home, I addressed myself to imaginary audiences in the fence corners.

"Returned to my father's house I joined him in a little undertaking in wheat. We rented a field and put out our crop. There happened to be a drought that Summer and the sun burned me back to beggary. I lost my savings of a year and despondency parched my soul as the heat had

shriveled my wheat. My sixteenth birthday was near at hand, but I had not started to get an education and was without money or prospects. Rather early to be a bankrupt, wasn't it? But I was a mature man in some respects. About that time there was a West Point examination in Paris, two counties east of us. I was there, rehabilitated in hope and with sweet visions of the tented field and of glory won in the crash of arms. In the midst of the examination, while reading aloud from a book, something funny occurred and I laughed. The examiners marked me back several points for indecorous conduct. As it was, I only lost the appointment by a fifth of 1 per cent. A young fellow named Brown got the cadetship and I was his alternate. After my election to the senate, in 1899, I went to the Philippines and was introduced to Capt. Brown. He was a good officer and a fine man. I regret to say that he has since died. Thus a trifling incident changed my life. If I hadn't laughed I suppose I would now be Capt., or, possibly, Major Beveridge, U.S.A.

"Mournfully I went home. The whole world was black. I wrote to several colleges. I was penniless, but I would write, anyway. Perhaps—but I didn't care to speculate further. A kindly reply came from De Pauw, at Greencastle, in Indiana. But I was helpless without money. One day I met Edward Anderson, a lumber dealer, now a resident of Oklahoma, and he asked me why I looked so down in the mouth. 'My wheat burned up,' I replied, 'I failed to get to West Point. I am without money. I hoped for an education, and I am discouraged.'

"Where do you want to go?' he inquired.

"De Pauw University,' I said. "Get ready." Then he walked away; not another word was said. I got ready and went to him. 'Here is \$50,' and he handed me the money. 'And here is a promissory note I want you to sign.' I became steward of a college club at De Pauw. That helped some. No boy in the world could have worked harder. I hardly slept after I decided that I had to win nearly all the prizes in sight or quit. At the end of my college course I had \$230 in prizes, but I almost died in getting them."

"What employment did you have during your vacations?"

"The first year I went back to Sullivan and helped several farmers to harvest their crops. In one week I cut 210 acres of wheat with an old-fashioned self-binder. I have plowed every field near the town of Sullivan but the fair grounds. I was a book agent during my second vacation, selling 'Error's Chains,' a religious compilation costing \$8. I tramped the country far and wide. I slept at farm houses, where I made maps of the roads and a directory of all the men in each region, getting their politics, their religion, the names of their favorite children, and the general characteristics of their families.

"I was sound financially all through my second year at De Pauw. The publishers of 'Error's Chains' wanted me to be state agent for Indiana during my third vacation, but I asked to be sent into Iowa. I took fifty students along, putting each under a bond of \$500. I knew if I didn't tie them up they would get discouraged and go home. The bonds, I fancy, were worthless in law, but they looked terrible and answered my

purpose. My headquarters were at Des Moines. I wrote out suppositional dialogues for my agents in which I covered every possible objection any farmer or his wife might set up against our book. We spread 'Error's Chains' all over Iowa. Senator Allison says you can find a copy of that useful work in nearly every family that has lived in the state for twenty years or more."

"You were graduated in 1885 and then went to Kansas?"

"My health broke from hard work and I was in, need of money. I thought I would try Kansas. I journeyed to the edge of civilization, lived in a sodhouse, associated with cowboys, chased antelopes, and saw shooting and other rough and ready frontier demonstrations. I found work in Dighton, fourth county seat east of Colorado, which consisted of four or five houses made of sod and a hotel of the same material. The hotel contained three rooms, the partitions being fiercely colored calico hung on strings. My employer was D. G. McClellan, a land agent. He did the heavy work, the selling and so on, and I made out the papers."

"One day I returned from a trip to another town and found a poor devil in custody and an organized plan to hang him. He had been sleeping on the ground after a protracted session at a saloon. Near him was the stage driver's mule, anchored to the prairie by a piece of sod tied to the halter strap. He and the stage driver were not friends, and it looked to me like a put up job. At my suggestion the lynching was indefinitely postponed."

"The stage driver, a right bad man, stopped next day at the hotel for dinner. He began to argue the mule case, and became personal in his attentions to me. I took a lawyer's

view of the matter, endeavoring to show him that it simply was the word of one man against the word of another, and, therefore, no conviction reasonably could follow before a court. I was amateurish, I admit. I was neither a cowboy nor a real lawyer. The stage driver pulled his gun, but before he could work the trigger the women shrieked, and so he backed away, saying: 'I'll meet you outside. I don't want to agitate the ladies.' I stretched my dinner as far as I could, and then a murderer from Boston, whom I had nursed when he was ill, and a gambler accompanied me to the shack where I had my office. The stage driver trailed us, gun in hand. He was over me when I sank into a chair at my desk. I thought my last hour had come. I was unarmed. Besides, I couldn't have shot quickly enough nor hit the mark if a gun had been in each hand. But I didn't purpose to pass away without some kind of a protest, and so I threw a variety of logging camp language at the ruffian, ornamenting it with all the frills I had learned in the woods, and calling him the worst names in the unexpurgated vocabulary of iniquity."

"He slowly raised his pistol. Then I saw him blink and step back. At first I thought I had talked him to a standstill, had bullied him out of heart, stomach, and countenance, but it was not so. I hadn't seen him, but at my side sat the Boston assassin, with his revolver over his left fore arm, the muzzle of it tilted upward so that when the bullet left the barrel it would hit the stage driver under the chin and blow the top of his head off. That night the stage driver, under court orders from several persons as certain and speedy as himself, moved out of town on a run

and never came back to that district."

"Why didn't you remain in Kansas?"

"I wanted to see my college sweetheart, the young woman whom I afterward married, and to read law at Indianapolis. I went to Gen. Benjamin Harrison for a place in his office and happily was turned away. Joseph E. McDonald took me in. For six months I literally lived on one meal a day. My pay was \$20 a month, but I had to send some money home. By and by Senator McDonald made me his managing clerk at \$1,800 a year. I began to try law suits right after I was admitted to the bar, even going into the United States court, where I was counsel in an important case against Gen. Harrison."

"Then I got married. The next day I was back to my work. With \$75 in hand, I opened a law office of my own. The first year I made \$2,500; the second, \$3,500; the third, \$4,500, and thereafter much more. When elected to the Senate I had a large and profitable practice for a young lawyer. It was not my intention to take public office. My purpose was to stick to my profession and make some money. I thought territorial expansion would come some day, and that I should then, perhaps, enter public life. It beat my guess by fifteen years. Accordingly, I pitched in and ran for the Senate."

"What preparation should a young man have who takes up politics for a career?"

"Knowledge of his country's history and a liking for public matters."

"And a college education?"

"Well, there are two sides to that question. The young fellow without

a college education is not a hopeless case by any means. I don't know what it is, but there is something in a college course which takes from the student a part of his native strength and originality. You see, the clothes are all alike. Some of the coats fit, some drag on the ground, and others are ridiculously short in the back."

"But if you could go back you would travel the old road, just the same?"

"Sometimes I think I had to work too hard," Senator Beveridge replied. Then he turned the corner and took up another topic."

"When did you make your first political speech?"

"In a field, following a plow. I spoke for Garfield when I was 19 years old. When Blaine ran in 1884 I was sent to blacksmith shops and country schoolhouses, but I soon got into the cities. I was acquainted with a man on the committee, you know."

"In January, 1900, you delivered a speech in the Senate which filled twelve newspaper columns. You spoke it almost word for word as written, not depending on notes. Is it your practice to memorize your speeches?"

"Yes, see speeches. After my election to the Senate in January, 1899, I decided to go to the Philippines and get information at first hand. I went on the flying line, saw everybody, wrote out interviews by the ream, and coming back prepared the speech you mention and committed it to memory. In 1900 I replied to Bryan at the opening of the Republican campaign in Chicago. Two nights after I made a general political speech in Minneapolis. Next day I spoke on trusts at Columbus, Neb.

"Forty-eight hours later I opened the campaign in Kansas City, taking the markets of the world for a subject. Then I addressed the young men of Indianapolis. Going to Louisville I spoke to the people of the south. Ten days before the first

speech was delivered all of them had been given to the Associated Press. I carried the six in my head for some time, but I wouldn't do it again, even if I could be President of the United States at the conclusion of the performance."

## Mr. Roosevelt's Orthography

THE SPECTATOR.

As the writer of the following article, penes and there is nothing new about the reform Mr. Roosevelt is attempting to make in the spelling of English words. Not so many authors ago there was no standard spelling of words at all, and the great Shakespeare himself spelt his name in twenty-six different ways. Ever since those changes have been made in orthography.

THE newspapers have given very short shrift to President Roosevelt's proposal to establish a new system of spelling in official documents emanating from the White House, and whether the President, in the face of so much opposition, will think it advisable to press his reforms, is doubtful. What is a little strange in the chorus of angry surprise which has gone up over Mr. Roosevelt's announcement is the general assumption that he is advocating something new.

The list of words which are to be spelt differently in future has been pulled to pieces and examined as if Mr. Roosevelt of his own initiative had arbitrarily selected two or three hundred words to the spelling of which he had taken a personal dislike, and had announced that he was not going to stand any more nonsense from them, but in future would spell them precisely as he chose. What has happened is something very different. We have not been given in the messages which have reached us a full list of the three hundred words which Mr. Roosevelt has approved of as a preliminary selection; but out

of those which have been mentioned there is not one change which has not been fully debated before by dictionary makers, and probably there are very few which have not been actually used in printed documents — even perhaps in documents of considerable antiquity. One of Mr. Roosevelt's critics remarks that the President's plan "breathes that scorn of history which is natural in a nation of yesterday, but is unacceptable to the old historic English nation." There is a certain "scorn of history" in neglecting to notice that some of the methods of spelling suggested by Mr. Roosevelt are early English.

There is no intention here of championing Mr. Roosevelt's proposal, which looks as if it would lead in the long run to a good deal of inconvenience and expense without any corresponding saving of time or trouble for the moment. But it is as well to look at the facts a little more closely without condemning offhand a number of proposals which apparently have the approval of such authorities on the history of the English language as Professor Skeat and Dr. Murray. When people talk a little

rashly about abandoning the time-honored method of spelling this or that word or class of words, they are apt to forget, not only that there are plenty of words the spelling of which has been changed during the past hundred years without anybody proving much the worse for it, but also that standardized spelling is a comparatively modern institution. Practically speaking, it began with Dr. Johnson. Those who object most strongly to any sort of "finkering" or "tampering with the language of Shakespeare" may reflect that Shakespeare himself was so tolerant of change as to sign his own name in twenty-six different ways. The books which he read, and in which he saw the words printed that he used in writing his plays, were not consistent in their methods of presenting combinations of letters to the reader. Imagine him, for instance, comparing parallel passages in Purvey's Recension of Wycliffe's translation of the Bible and Tyndale's New Testament. The first would run: "But whanne Jhesus was come down fro the hill, mych puple suede hym. And loo! a leprouse man cam and worsephide hym, and seide: Lord, if thou wolt, thou maist make me cleue." Is Tyndale the same passage appears thus: "When Jesus was come down from the mountayne, much people folowed him. And lo, ther cam a lepre and worsephed him sayinge: Master, if thou wylt thou canst make me cleue." To which spelling, "puple" or "people," would the student incline who read those two passages for the first time, knowing that the parent word was the Latin "populus"? If the first two vowels in "people" are pronounced separately, instead of the "e" being lengthened and the "o" omitted, the resulting sound is prac-

tically the same as "puple." Would it occur to the student of the sixteenth century that of the two spellings, each of which probably sounded to him the same, one would some day be discarded as wrong, and the other selected as right, and then pronounced differently? Probably he would resent the idea of dealing so arbitrarily with the time-honored "puple." He would not realize the need for a certain arbitrariness in dealing with different methods of spelling until he came to attempt the making of a dictionary. In the same way, those who are readiest to condemn as "scornful innovations" or "Americanisms" various suggestions for an altered orthography are apt to forget how arbitrary the greatest of English dictionary-makers occasionally was in his choice between variant spellings. It was Dr. Johnson who added the "k" to "musik" and "rhetorick" and "physick," which before his day were more commonly spelt as we spell them now. "Labor" and "honor" and "favor" irritate many readers, why style them Americanisms. But it was Dr. Johnson who introduced the unnecessary, though, perhaps, rather graceful "u," and who wrote, in addition, "autbour" and "error" and "governour." The last spelling has only dropped out of the English prayer-book in the twentieth century. How many church-goers have noticed the change?

There are, as a fact, a large number of English words the spelling of which has been undergoing, and is now undergoing, a series of changes, yet which very few readers or writers notice are being changed, simply because the change is coming about so slowly. If the same change that is now going on slowly were sudden-

ly recommended, or commanded, there would probably be an outcry. Take, for example, the words "judgment," "skiffish," "dogmatize," "fulness," and "quartet." Contrast with them "quintette," "fulness," "dogmatize," "skiffish," and "judgment." Which is the old and which is the new spelling? Probably not one out of three ordinary educated men would care to risk his reputation on the orthography of all five. As to "kist" and "blush," which are two of the President's choices which have been subjected to much criticism, both forms are just as pleasant to see and hear as "kissed" and "blushed." But it was not President Roosevelt who invented them. They belong to all the poets, ancient and modern, and perhaps they are only objected to because they do not seem to fit in quite properly with the prosiness of modern existence. "When I kist her Jenny blushed" is clearly an opening for a lyric which would do credit to the most amorous; but it looks a little queer to write that "this smart feuilleton is now being published on page 8." As to other suggested changes, why should we oppose the dropping of the "a" out of the diphthong in "aesthetic" and "Acolian" when we already have "celestial" and "penalise" and "Egypt"? Even in some of the articles in which the strongest objection has been taken to the elimination of the "a," the writers, who would hate to be accused of dropping their "h's," have argued this way and that way about "diphthongs."

Here and there, it must be owned, the suggested revision of the spelling is hideous. "Catalog" would only be admissible if the cutting off of the "ue" made the word more like the Greek, but it does not. As for "program," it is formed on the analogy of "epigram"; but there is evidently a further change in store for it. It will follow the example of "rogram," and shorten itself into monosyllabic unseemliness.

The truth is that the orthography of modern English provides, or would provide, a subject for discussion among Englishmen and Americans of established literary reputation which might have valuable results. Nor, probably, would the keenest opponent of Mr. Roosevelt's proposals object to the summoning of an international conference to consider suggestions for changes in the conventional methods of spelling English words which might seem sensible or desirable. It would be satisfactory if on certain disputed points an opinion could be expressed which could be regarded as authoritative; more satisfactory still if certain ugly changes were by the same authority set aside. But Mr. Roosevelt's action, unfortunately, will not have the same effect as would the summoning of such a conference. In America, another president may reverse his decision; and as for England, Mr. Roosevelt would be the first to disclaim any idea either of comforting wearers of dunster caps or of dictating to philological professors.

## The Flagship: the Brain of the Fleet

BY ARSOLD WHITE IN WORLD'S WORK

Arsold White, the writer of the article, from which the following excerpt is taken, accompanied Admiral Wilson on his flagship during the recent naval maneuvers off the coast of England. He made careful observations of what he saw and is able to pick a clear picture of the work of an admiral and the place of the flagship in the fleet.

THE work of an admiral is hard-er in 1906 than in Nelson's time; at all events admirals could sleep peacefully at night in "1800 and war time," now there is no undisturbed rest for admirals by day or night. Harassed by destroyers, submarines, "wireless," floating mines and the cares of a great fleet, they know no rest. On the other hand, ships working under steam are far more obedient to the will of the strategist than ships propelled by sail. No accurate calculation could be made with so volatile an element as the wind, but the line of communication by "wireless," searchlight and semaphore is now so rapid and accurate, even in the case of distant ships, that sudden decisions involving great interests must be made a hundred times by the modern admiral when his predecessor would make them once. To sleep when you can is one of the first elements in a modern admiral's success.

The most important factor in a fighting fleet is the rapid and accurate impression of the mind of the admiral on other flag-officers and the captains under his command. A flagship, accordingly, is not only the admiral's palace and a fighting unit, but it is also a floating university. The flag-officer is to the rest of the fleet what the vice-chancellor is to the university, the headmaster to Eton or Winchester, or the Portland Club to the devotees of bridge. Day and night from the flagship streams a succession of ideas expressed in the form of orders, remonstrances, en-

gines, censure, requests (to admirals slightly junior to the commander-in-chief), and comment on the performances of the other units. The flagship expostulates, but never entreats. Between the flagship and the rest of the fleet there is a healthy and incessant rivalry which generates an electrical atmosphere that must be breathed before it is understood. To praise the flagship were impertinent in any landsman, but the discovery of its soul by the navy during the last four years has already doubled the strength of the fleet by improved gunnery efficiency, and within the last two months has quadrupled the control of the admiral over distant ships through improvements in the range and reliability of wireless telegraphy. This naval renaissance is mainly the work of flagships. In a life so strenuous, when every one is doing his best, the habit of competition becomes ingrained, and officers and men are inseparably habituated to work at top speed. Time is the essence of naval efficiency, and a quiet but immensely rapid delivery of orders is one of the small secrets by which time is saved. The commander of H.M.S. Exmouth, the flagship of Admiral Sir A. K. Wilson, V.C., speaks, when giving orders, at the rate of about 230 words a minute. The orders thus given are executed nominally at the double, really at the gallop. The holding of records by the flagship is the result only of minute superiority over other ships, and the maintenance of her prestige colors the lives of every man

and boy on board. Moments of repose are few, and when they come, as on Sunday afternoons, fatigue is universal.

In the olden days the admiral walked in solitary state on the weather-side of the quarter-deck with his secretary or flag-captain as companion; to-day the sacred quarter-deck of the flagship from dawn till sunset is devoted to the physical drill which is one of the things that has revolutionized the modern navy. Three years ago the navy repudiated the army system, and adopted the system in use in the Swedish army and navy. This system is based on the following general lines:

(1) The instructor in it must have a good knowledge of physiology and anatomy.

(2) He must consider the individuality of each member of the class under him.

(3) The exercises done in each period of physical training daily are arranged in a sequence based upon their physiological effects, and in such a manner that the exercises, mild at first, lead up to the strongest at about two-thirds way through the period of exercise, and the succeeding exercises tone the body down to a normal heart-beat and general normal condition at the close, leaving it refreshed but not fatigued.

(4) Each exercise is gradually increased in progression of strength, according to the growing strength, aptitude or activity of the class, from day to day, or from week to week, etc.

The general effect of the new training has been to increase the alertness and improve the health of the ship's company. Nobody is exempt from the training—the midshipmen torn out of their hammocks yawn, but the strange rhythmic dance, which is

the first movement of the day, quickly clears away the cobwebs from the brains of the young gentlemen who would fain lieve longer lying in the Land of Nod. As the quarter-deck is practically denied to the admiral, he takes his own exercise on the after-bridge, where he may be seen hitting his thumb in company with the flag-lieutenant and the chief yeoman of signals, gravely pacing to and fro, while long lines of battle-ships and cruisers keep station astern and on either beam. The fleet, in seagoing formation, steams in column-of-line ahead. Day and night a ceaseless conversation was carried on with the flagship by wireless and searchlight, which is found to be more effective even than the heliograph by day. An interesting illustration of the space of information that floods the wireless rooms of the flagship occurred on our homeward journey after the recent manoeuvres were completed. Every ship in the fleet, being anxious about its letters and its stores, was despatching wireless messages to the various ports to which they were attached, in order that correspondence, fresh provisions, and other naval needs might be satisfied on arrival. The rush of work in transcribing these unimportant messages impeded the execution of work of greater moment. Orders were accordingly transmitted to all the ships in the fleet to cease using wireless until further orders. Suddenly there was a great calm, and the flagship successfully and peacefully carried out the work she had to do. On its completion the fleet was notified that the various units might resume the use of wireless, and suddenly the insupportable din began again, dozens of messages saturating space with interrupted ether.

A modern admiral must be many things—a mathematician and a scientific engineer as well as a seaman. When the Montagu went on shore on the Shutter's Reef, Lundy Island, the flagship steamed round from Portland at full speed, and Admiral Wilson himself took charge of the salvage operations. Questions have been asked in Parliament which indicate some misapprehension as to the question of saving the Montagu. The loss of a King's ship to a naval officer is a calamity only comparable in civil life to the loss of a near relation. This is sentiment, the practical man may say; yes, but sentiment is the intangible and priceless element that has made the navy what it is. The Exmouth, Russell and Duncan at Lundy Island have been engaged in work just as hard, and little less dangerous than any likely to fall to their lot in time of war. When the funnels of the Montagu were removed the flagship took charge of the foremost funnel, and the Russell of the after one. They made a race of it, but the flagship contrived to remove her funnel in a fraction less time than taken by her sister ship. The photographs of the Montagu at high and low water show the class of work to be done. A more repulsive way of spending time than standing up to your knees in muddy slush, calculating weights and working out problems of buoyancy and stress, is inconceivable. Admiral Sir A. K. Wilson, who is sixty-five next March, has worked in wet clothes day after day and week after week like a lad of twenty. On one occasion he fell overboard from the pocket-boat in a heavy sea on his way from the Montagu, but, shifting into fresh clothes, was back again at the wreck within an hour or two. Even with the crushing responsibility

of the manoeuvres, when over 40,000 men were under his direct command, there was scarcely a day during the four times we crossed the Bay of Biscay when Admiral Wilson did not find time to work at the Montagu problem, although for two consecutive nights during the long chase of Admiral May he never removed his clothes.

It may be well to point out that the recent naval manoeuvres, if they prove anything, show that England is relatively so much stronger than any other naval power that the Government are well advised in dropping one Dreadnought from the construction programme, if for no other reason than that we shall have four Dreadnoughts ready to fight before a single foreign Dreadnought is launched. Some authorities regard the Lord Nelsons as equal to or better than the Dreadnoughts. If their view is correct, England will have ten Dreadnoughts at sea not very long after the Hague Conference has ended in smoke. The practical lesson of the manoeuvres is the most interesting comment upon the Hague Conference, for the defence of England's sea-borne trade will probably be the conundrum to be solved in the next naval war. The key to the situation consists in the fact that so long as England possesses a larger fleet than the enemy it is to the interests of Great Britain to court an action on any and every occasion, wherever possible. If equals are taken from unequals, the remainders are not only unequal, but the stronger power is stronger and the weaker power weaker than before the exchange took place. Since the supply of commerce destroyers possessed by any foreign power is limited, it stands to reason that the sooner each commerce destroyer can be

brought to action the more rapid will be the establishment of our supremacy at sea. In the olden time, when a ship went into action, the renewal of masts and sails and the plugging of shot-holes were sufficient to restore her to the fighting line; to-day an average injury to a fighting ship puts her out of action for months, as the forging of armour plate and structural alterations imply lengthy operations.

To sum up, the lessons of the manoeuvres are threefold; first, that the importance of the flagship, which is the brain of the fleet, is greater than is generally believed. Centralization can go no further than in the organization of a modern fleet. Writing with the diffidence of a civilian on the apparatus of modern war, I venture to think that too little provision is made in our navy for the death or disablement of the admiral. The devolution of command according to seniority is a dangerous method to adopt, and, as Trafalgar showed, it is by no means certain that during an action the fleet units will know of the catastrophe on the flagship. For this reason a spare admiral with a dormant commission,

who will succeed to the command in the case of the death of the commander-in-chief, and who is fully cognizant of his plans and dispositions, should be carried on board the flagship.

The second lesson of the manoeuvres is that for a fortnight or three weeks after the outbreak of naval war, England will pass through a period of great anxiety, of some disaster, and possibly of panic. It is essential to warn the public that this period of anxiety and loss is strictly limited, but that any attempt to tether the battle-fleet to English coasts will inevitably result in the triumph of the enemy and appalling losses to British commerce and prestige.

The third lesson the manoeuvres have taught us is that the possession of a great admiral of strategic genius is a gift of the gods. In the dread day of battle, when the Empire stands or falls according to the wisdom and tranquillity of one man, England will wake up to the fact that hitherto she has not trained her admirals, but has promoted them from the captains' list without system or forethought.

I cannot repeat too often that no man struggles perpetually and victoriously against his own character; and one of the first principles of success in life is so to regulate our career as rather to turn our physical constitution and natural inclinations to good account, than to endeavor to counteract the one or oppose the other.—Sir H. L. Bulwer.

## The Financial Aspect of Horse Racing

BY LORD HAMILTON IN BADMINSTON

The writer points out what a disproportionate share is taken of the money expended by owners of horses and the returns from racing. He also outlines a remedy for the losses which are thus incurred. The article is intended for the information of those interested in horse racing, and of whom there are a large number.

RACING ought, of course, to be an amusement. But the state of the modern turf and the unremitting attention which is exacted by the conditions of modern races have made it more or less of a business; a business, moreover, which is as exacting in its demands as most, but which does not hold out the prospect of pecuniary success which is the prize for application in every other.

It is a matter of complaint against the London County Council that it costs their steamers a penny in expenses to earn a halfpenny in fares. This, if true, is certainly not a profitable way of carrying on business. But, compared with the conditions under which owners of racehorses carry on theirs, it seems almost sound finance. It costs owners of racehorses—taken as a body—nearly five pounds in expenses to win a sovereign in added money. The method of arriving at these figures is a simple one, and the estimates on which they are based are of the most conservative nature. In making the calculation only horses actually in the trainers' hands are taken into account, and only the bare necessary expenses of these horses are considered. Nothing is reckoned for cost of yearlings—whether bought or bred—till they go to the trainer, nor for depreciation in the value of the horses, though it need hardly be said that these are items which hugely swell the figures.

It is calculated that on the average

throughout the year there are some 4,000 horses in training in Great Britain. It will be generally allowed that £200 is a very low figure at which to place the keep per horse for the year (omitting entry money and forfeits, but including training, traveling, jockeys, veterinary and other expenses). These 4,000 horses will, therefore, cost at least £800,000 per annum to keep in training.

The stakes run for in Great Britain in 1905 amounted to £495,082. Of this sum it is calculated that the owners provided at least two-thirds, and the race funds at most one-third. In making the first calculation nothing has been charged for entrances, sweepstakes, and forfeits, so now nothing is credited for that part of the stakes which is provided by owners. The figures deal with the whole body of owners, and therefore two-thirds of the stakes can be left on one side, as they go out of pocket of one owner into that of another. The remaining third is what is really run for. This amounts to £165,027. It is thus seen that it costs owners of racehorses £800,000 to run for £165,027—a proportion of £4 18s. 11d. of expenses to each £1 of prize money.

It is well known that there is an enormous wastage among the ranks of owners of racehorses. Men come on the turf and run horses for a year or two, but with a few exceptions they very soon give up the game. Some of them no doubt bet indiscriminately, and are naturally soon beaten by the bookmakers. Many,



however, race without betting at all, while others indulge in a reasoner, and apparently not unsuccessful, support of their own horses. But all alike find after a few years that it is costing more than they thought, in spite perhaps of their having enjoyed what their friends assure them is exceptionally good luck. The consequence is that they drop out one by one.

There is a method by which the balance might be fairly held between incurrence and racehorse owners. It cannot be claimed that it would make the added money balance the expenses but it would at all events make it certain that the owners got a fair share of anything that was going. The possibility of the adoption of such a course was suggested to the writer by a gentleman of great experience in public affairs, who once raced extensively himself, and still takes great interest in all that concerns racing. This method would consist of an adaptation to the needs of the turf of what are known in parliamentary committee rooms as "the gas companies clauses." The principle of these clauses is that a monopolist gas company is not allowed to charge more than a certain sum per 1,000 cubic feet for its gas nor to pay more than a certain amount per cent. as a dividend on its share capital. But if it sells its gas cheaper it is allowed to pay a proportionately higher dividend.

It would be fair enough and easy enough to introduce such a principle into any new racecourse licenses which may be given, and it does not seem that there is any equitable reason why the existing licenses should not be revised and such a clause inserted. There would be difficulties no doubt, but a careful consideration of

each individual case on its merits ought to provide a fair working arrangement. The method of doing it would be roughly this in the case of a new license: The company would have to produce a statement showing the amount of its proposed share capital, and of any debentures which it was proposed to raise. It would have to satisfy an accountant that this money was to be actually expended in acquiring or making the course and stands, and in providing a suitable working capital. The accountant being satisfied on these points, a maximum yearly payment towards debenture redemption would be agreed upon. A standard dividend of (say) six per cent. would then be fixed. It would be provided that the company was obliged to give a certain sum (say £10,000) in added money yearly, and that unless that sum was exceeded no higher dividend than the standard should be paid; but that for every additional £1,000 given in added money another half per cent. might be paid. The terms of the license to be subject to revision in either direction every five years. It would also provide that in the case of companies which gave free stabling or other advantages to owners, these should be assessed at a certain yearly sum which might be considered as part of the company's contribution to the stakes. In calculating the contribution made by the company account would only be taken of money actually paid by it. In the case of the catchpenny stakes, common at certain meetings where owners run for a sweepstakes of £10 each starter, with £200 "added," and where the conditions carry a clause as to a 24 "entrance" concealed in their tail, like the sting of a wasp, only the money which the

race actually cost the racecourse proprietors would be taken into account. These "entrances," for some mysterious reason, always go to the race fund, whether that fact is expressly stated or not, and are often equivalent to the whole of the so-called "added money."

In the case of a course which had races under National Hunt as well as Jockey Club rules, a special tariff

would have to be settled, probably by arrangement with the National Hunt committee, as to the contribution which was to be made to races under their rules. It might also be arranged that when a company made an improvement in its course, which was allowed to be a benefit to owners, an agreed sum might be added to the capital on which dividends might be paid.

## The Wives of English Statesmen

BY HAROLD SPENDER IN THE CHRONICLE.

*As the reader points out the suffragettes of the present day, who are making such scores in English public life to-day, are attempting to do in a different way what the wives of English statesmen are endeavouring to do in the quiet of the latter life. The activities of Mrs. Gladstone and Mrs. Bismarck will be read with interest.*

THE suffragettes who clamored outside the Prime Minister's house when his wife was in mortal sickness probably meant no harm. They acted in ignorance. But now that Lady Campbell-Bannerman has gone, the contrast comes back to the mind rather vividly, as an illustration of the different ways in which women may engage in public work. There, on the one side of the door, was the wife of the Prime Minister, who had labored obscurely for years in the interests of England by serving her husband, and was then, as truly as any man who ever occupied that house, dying for her country. On the other were women who believed in the same causes and pursued the same aims, but had adopted weapons which made a dramatic contrast.

The Prime Minister was, I will venture to say, converted to women's suffrage far more probably by his suffering, devoted wife than by the cries of the suffragettes. And in spite of the deplorable indifference to the

causes of women on the part of men—aye, and women too—which is just as responsible for the suffragette agitation as the suffragettes themselves, the contrast still suggests the question whether 'women' are not more likely to reach their ends by the milder route.

The greatest missionaries and propagandists, at any rate of women's rights, are those who, in the actual conflict, by the hearth and within the home, assert and vindicate women's claims to be the helpers and friends of men in their political fights. There is no need to wait until women have secured the suffrage. Most politicians are already married, and depend for their strength on the women at their side. Married or unmarried, all men are glad to have the help of women in their work, here, now, and to-day. The best advice that can be given to women who want the suffrage is Carlyle's: "Do the duty that lies nearest to you." Already, in local associations, education committees,

boards of guardians, and parish councils, they have no mean public sphere. Here, if sensibly taken, is the means of graduation for one generation at least. But it is not in the board room or council chamber that the battle will really be won. There is a story that woman's suffrage was first achieved in New Zealand—its first home—by the heroic policy of the wife of a prominent statesman in refusing to allow her husband to go to bed until he promised to give way on the question, "Si non e vero, ben trovato." It indicates the fact that women's suffrage, if it is to be won at all, is to be won in the home.

As a whole, the record of English political wives is a good one. We need not go back to the unhappy case of Henry VIII., who, if we may believe Froissart, was really entirely staked against in that vicious and protracted affair of his matrimonial troubles. Henrietta Maria was an unhappy influence over Charles I. from the religious point of view; but we must never forget that she gave up her jewels—a woman's greatest sacrifice—and that she stood by him bravely in a very dangerous time. The influence of women over Charles II. was too multitudinous for any discriminating judgment; but there is no reason to suppose that he would have been any better without them. The wives of the Georges—except perhaps the wife of George III.—do not shine out with any particular brilliancy; but Queen Mary, Queen Anne, and Queen Victoria all vindicate John Stuart Mill's belief that women are better governors of mankind than men.

But let us come to the modern age. The most vivid memory I have of Mrs. Gladstone comes back to my mind in the form of a little picture.

It was just after a violent combat between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Balfour during the Home Rule debates. Standing on the pavement in Palace Yard, waiting for their carriage, were Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone. Mr. Gladstone was still gesticulating vehemently, and I could hear him denouncing Mr. Balfour's conduct in stentorian tones to his wife. But she, good woman, cared for none of those things. She was just standing and gradually edging on Mr. Gladstone's coat. With each rise of the arm she edged on another inch of cloth. Slowly the coat won the day. Mr. Gladstone's oratorical vehemence was gradually checked, and by the time the carriage had come up I witnessed another example of Rousseau's great saying: "Man is born free, but everywhere found in chains."

Another story of Mrs. Gladstone was told me by the wife of another statesman, who often found herself sitting not far from the Grand Old Man's wife in that corner seat of the Speaker's Gallery which she loved so much. It was that famous night in the early eighties when the Speaker ordered the suspension of the whole Irish party because they refused to leave their seats during a division. Mr. Gladstone had to move the suspension in a long speech. It had not been expected that he would have to speak that evening, and Mrs. Gladstone had come unprepared. Suddenly she rose from her seat and walked up and down very excitedly talking to a friend. The burden of her speech reached all ears: "He has not got his egg-filip—he has not got his egg-filip—what shall I do?" Then the full tragedy dawned on the ears of my listening friend, Mrs. Gladstone's carriage had gone, there was no means of fetching the filly. "May I

lend you my carriage?" said my friend, who happened to have hers handy. "Certainly! Certainly! Thank you very much!" The carriage went off; the egg-filip was fetched; and a few minutes after a very ugly looking bottle, wrapped in a piece of dirty newspaper (with the air of a bottle of embrocation) was handed down the Treasury Bench. Mrs. Gladstone almost leaped with delight as she saw Mr. Motley fill her husband's glass. "He has got it!" she cried; "he has got it!"

Such was Mrs. Gladstone—the type of many of the best English political wives.

Everyone knows the story of Mrs. Disraeli—the widow whom he wooed with such importunity that she finally surrendered from mere weariness of being wooed. "I suppose I must have him," said she, when the maid came to tell her that Mr. Disraeli was downstairs and would not go away. "Isn't she in?" Disraeli had inquired, "then I will wait until she comes." He had calmly sat down to the siege, and probably would have waited there if the widow had refused to come for a week. Once married to him, the whole world knows how she served him, placed all her fortune at his disposal, helped him with wise counsel, encouraged him in good fortune, and consoled him in

bad. It was another case of the self-effacing wife. "You don't know the meaning of the word gratitude," said "Disraeli" to Bernal Osborne when he scolded at him about his wife in what we should in these days regard as a rather unseemly fashion. After she died, at any rate, Disraeli was never quite the same man. "Home?" he is said to have replied absently, to his coachman, "I have no home."

Such are the typical English political wives—women who merge their own lives and careers in those of their husbands. There are a few others, like Caroline Lamb, the lady whom Mrs. Humphrey Ward took as model for the heroine in "The Marriage of William Ashin," the Honourable Mrs. Norton, who did not betray the secret of the Corn Laws to the Times, and Lady Blessington, who acted as Aspasia to Count d'Orsay. These are women who played their own part on the stage of politics, and played it in their own way. There has been another type, the lady who has combined the parts of helpmate and great social lady. But they are not very frequent in English political life. The more common type, after all, is that of Lady Campbell-Bannerman, whose only conspicuous political act was that she travelled up from Scotland to prevent her husband from taking a peerage.

Let every man be occupied, and occupied in the highest employment of which his nature is capable, and die with the consciousness that he has done his best.—  
Sydney Smith.

## The Right Tools and the Right Way

SMITH'S WEEKLY.

The man who knows the right tools to use for any given work and who understands how to handle them is in the right way. This is as true of the man who works with his head as it is of the man who works with his hands.

WHEN Mr. Rider was nearly thirty he had saved \$150. Then he started a little grocery store in Leeds with two assistants. Mr. Rider was very shrewd, very business, very hardworking. Mr. Rider had that spirit in him which would have made him successful in most things he undertook. So he succeeded in the grocery business.

At the end of a year he had bought the shop next door to enlarge his own premises. He then advertised for two new assistants. From the mass of replies he picked out the two young men whom he thought would best suit him, and told them to come in next Monday morning. They came, of course, glad that they had found work.

Early on this Monday morning Mr. Rider had had delivered to him several boxes of fresh eggs. He sent his two new assistants into the basement to unpack them. One of Mr. Rider's new assistants, call him No. 1, was discharged that day. That happened this way.

When the two new assistants went into the basement they took off their coats and looked at the egg boxes. No. 2 thought to himself, "Well, eggs have got to be handled with caution and care. There are big nails in those boxes. I'll go upstairs and ask the boss where he keeps his tools." So No. 2 went upstairs.

Meanwhile No. 1 had got to work. He had a big jack-knife in his pocket. He opened the biggest blade and made a start on the nearest box. In about

ten minutes he had lost his temper, and had nearly lost a finger of his left hand. He had smashed his knife, and over two dozen good eggs. Mr. Rider happened along just then, saw the trouble, and in his shrewd, human way told No. 1 that he didn't think he was going to make a good grocer, and so he had better get out without delay.

This little story teaches us that you cannot pull out a champagne cork with a hairpin. If you try to do that you are working with the wrong tools. Of course, if you are on a desert island, and have a bottle of champagne and a tin of sardines, and are starving, and have lots of spare time ahead of you, and nobody near by to criticise your actions, it's a good thing to utilize your imagination in an effort to accomplish the almost impossible.

But in business it's quite another thing. No schmoegeer who had any real sense would try to open an oyster with a fork. A bricklayer would not try to lay his mortar with a big shovel. A gardener would not try to fell a tree with a pickaxe, the same as that fool person on the cover is doing. All such attempts spell failure with a big F.

If you are going to be a success in life you have got to use the right tools, and use those tools in the right way.

Not so long ago a man was having a bungalow built at the seaside, and he got talking to the builder about labor, and asked him what method

he adopted for choosing good workmen. The builder said: "If a man applies to me for work, I engage him for half a day's trial. I can tell by the way he takes his tools out of his bag, the way he puts them together, and the way he handles them, whether he is an experienced workman or a poor one. If he goes about these things the right way I keep him on. Because it's my fault then if he does not do his work properly."

Thoroughness is one of the best tools in carving out success. Peter the Great wanted to build a navy for Russia. He knew nothing about ships or shipbuilding. So he became a shipbuilder himself, Louis XVI. of France wanted to understand the blacksmith's art. If you go to the Louvre in Paris to-day—it is on a par with our British Museum—you will see the anvil on which he used to work.

I believe, I hear, and I think are bad tools in business. I know is the best tool.

Sir Joshua Reynolds was one of the most distinguished painters of his day. In answer to the question how he attained the excellence he did, he replied, "By observing one simple rule—always to make each painting the best."

There was a story told of a member of Parliament many years ago, that he once sneered across the House to a statesman: "I remember when you blacked my father's boots." "Well," was the retort, "Did I not black them well?"

And let me now give you an extract from Samuel Smiles: "The value of knowledge to any man certainly consists, not in quantity, but mainly in the good use to which he can apply it. Hence a little knowledge of an exact and perfect charac-

ter is always found more valuable for practical purposes than any extent of superficial learning. The phrase in common use as to 'the spread of knowledge' at this day is no doubt correct, but it is spread so widely, and in such thin layers, that it only serves to reveal the mass of ignorance lying beneath. Never perhaps were books more extensively read, or less studied; and the number is rapidly increasing of those who know a little of everything and nothing well. Such readers have not inaptly been likened to a certain sort of pocket-knife which some people carry about with them, which, in addition to a common knife, contains a file, a chisel, a saw, a gimlet, a screw-driver, and a pair of scissors, but all so diminutive that the moment they are needed for use they are found useless."

But the best tool you have to work with is your brain. Your brain rules every other single item of your anatomy. Your brain will help you to thoroughness of work. At least it will if you cultivate it. Shut your eyes and think back twenty or thirty thousand years. Think what the world was like then. Men like you were puny, little, no account creatures, even if we admit that man then existed. He grubbed in the earth with his fingers for his food. His manners were filthy. He was little better than a beast. Every animal hunted him. He shivered in Winter because he was born without fur. He fought at a disadvantage when the eagle or the lion, or the buffalo, or the elephant met him, because he had no talons, no big, cruel teeth, no horns, no tusks. Nothing at all with which to protect himself.

But God gave him brains, and left

him them to the cultivation of them. He gave him tools and armor and defensive weapons—in brains. Man was slow to use them. The art, for its size, is about a million times bigger in intelligence and sense than any man that ever lived. But man grad-

ually cultivated his brains and lifted himself upwards. He exterminated some of the fierce animals. He is still exterminating them. He does not now compete with them. He is their master. Brain power alone did that for him.

## Effects of Civilization on Climate

BY S. LEONARD BASTIN IN MONTHLY REVIEW.

It is idle to deny that mankind is a formidable force while at any rate, to work its operations to natural laws, any mark which may leave well be, it comes, purely discretionary, to be effected considering the passage of time. All the facts remain that the human race only continues to build its own against the forces of nature over a comparatively long period.

ONE of the most interesting points which arise out of the consideration of man and the natural world is the question as to whether the developments of civilization may in any way affect the climatic conditions prevalent in the different countries of the earth. The subject is not by any means new, neither is it one concerning which there is universal agreement. Indeed, it is an oft debated matter upon which many authorities find themselves at variance. By some it is positively asserted that the relatively tiny efforts of man cannot have the least power to bring about meteorological change; and, whilst one fully appreciates the insignificance of human endeavor, yet the evidence which can be brought forward in favor of the theory of artificial interference with climate serves to show that the idea is not such a fanciful one as some would have us believe. There is no doubt that when the possibility of artificial climatic change was first mooted a great deal of exaggerated statement was brought forward, and in recent years there has been a strong tendency to dis-

credit the theory as a whole on the ground that so many of the original assertions have been proved to be entirely fictitious. The question is very fascinating and one of peculiar interest to the citizens of the vast British Empire, which in its many parts, covering one-fifth of the globe, is subject to every conceivable form of climatic condition.

Is it conceivable that man by his works may affect the climatic conditions of large tracts of land, whole countries in fact? In the first instance we can hardly do better than take England as an example. It is well known that during the last two centuries there has been an immense reduction in the amount of marsh land in this country, notably in the Fen district, if a particular instance is desired. Now damp soil is always colder than dry, and as may be imagined the amount of moisture in land has a very decided effect upon the temperature of the atmosphere. Conceive a huge area of land many miles in extent, which from a very wet state has been artificially drained for purposes of cultivation into a dry condition. It must be admitted

that it does not seem a very far-fetched idea to hold that such a change would bring about a very definite, and probably permanent alteration in the climate. This is what has actually taken place in England, for it is a proved fact that the temperature in this country is appreciably higher than it was several hundred years ago. Although accurate observations have not extended over a sufficiently long period to establish the fact with mathematical exactitude, we know that Glaisher in his time computed that the mean temperature at Greenwich had risen two degrees in the preceding hundred years. Very old people are frequently heard to remark that the Winters are not so severe as they remember in their childhood's days, and whilst giving every allowance, the observation is made so often and by such a number of different people that one cannot help attaching some weight to the statement. Severe Winters do not appear to visit us so often as was the case formerly, and certainly British Winters are later in coming than they used to be, for it is very rarely that any prolonged spell of cold is experienced until the New Year. The old-fashioned Winter often commenced in December, or even in November, as is very evident from the records which have been handed down to us. A typically modern Winter was that of the year 1885, when the rigors of the season were scarcely felt until February, and were extended well into March. There seems to be a clear reason for this. The well-drained lands of Britain are so thoroughly warmed by the Summer sun that it takes a longer time in the icy grip of Winter to take hold of the country; even when at last Winter does appear the increasing

power of the sun as the season draws away towards Spring exerts a powerful influence in the modification of the cold weather. The vast "tundras" which form so large a part of the northern portion of Siberia doubtless exert a powerful influence on the climate of that desolate region. On account of the exceedingly marshy character of the land, it is so thoroughly chilled that even in the height of Summer, on days when the sun is oppressively hot, the soil is frozen hard within a few inches of the surface. Doubtless if these great bog lands could be drained of their superabundant moisture it would lead to a diminution of the severity of cold experienced during the Winter months.

The point as to whether the presence of large tracts of forest land may in any way influence climate is one around which there has been an immense amount of controversy. It has been definitely established that the presence of large numbers of trees in tropical regions, notably in South America and Africa, has a tendency to reduce the temperature of a locality. This fact is readily to be understood, for it is only reasonable to suppose that country thickly covered with jungle is not so exposed to the burning rays of the torrid sun, and as a consequence the land does not get so heated. One of the principle causes of the intense heat of deserts is the fact that the ground is entirely unprotected by vegetation and absorbs the heat of the solar orb without interruption. The destruction of a large tract of forest in the tropics would be calculated to result in a marked increase in the temperature of the district. In their capacity as shelterers from strong and cold winds, trees are by no

means to be despised. Large belts of forest land will often afford protection in this respect to considerable areas of country, as settlers have found out to their cost after deforestation has been carried out. It is said that in the State of Michigan, where formerly peaches were cultivated to a large extent, since the disappearance of the forest land their production has been rendered impossible owing to the disastrous effects of the cold winds in the Spring time.

Most important of all, however, is the question concerning the probable effects of forests upon rainfall. In spite of a great deal of conflicting evidence upon the subject it may be concluded that large numbers of trees (not mere isolated groups), do have a real influence upon the amount of rain which is experienced in a district. Trees, as is well known, increase the humidity of the atmosphere by the evaporation of moisture from their foliage, and it is only natural to suppose that this is precipitated again in showers. It is generally believed that the destruction of the forest land in Central India has led to a diminution in the annual rainfall, and the same thing has been felt to an alarming degree in some of the smaller West Indian islands. In America it is positively asserted that the cutting down of the virgin forests has resulted in long spells of drought. It is observed as well that storms are of greater violence, seeming to point to the fact that the trees had an equalizing influence upon the climate. So concerned are the inhabitants at what they deem to be the consequence of deforestation that they are taking steps to replant all available pieces of land with saplings. An observer in South America has noticed that the clouds

generally hang over the forest land. He says:

"In the Corderilla at Bogota, clouds with rain falling from them can be seen hanging over the forests, while near by over ground which is covered with shrubs, or is used for agriculture, the sky is blue and the sun is shining. It appears further that this open country has been deforested, and that with the change in the covering of the soil the climate has also changed to some extent."

In another and very important way in the tropics where dews are heavy, forests largely enhance the precipitation of moisture. During a thick morning mist an immense amount of water condenses on the millions of leaves, and this with a steady drip falls to the ground beneath, forming a very good substitute for rain. One instance may be cited where the water supply of a large establishment is almost entirely derived from moisture dropping from trees—that of the garrison of a naval station in Ascension Isle. It is mentioned by Abbe in "Forest Influence" in the following terms:

"The principal water supply for the garrison of this naval station is gathered several miles away at the summit of Green Mountain, the upper part of which has always been green with verdure since the island was discovered; almost all of this water comes from night showers and steady dripping of trees enveloped in cloud fog on the windward side of the mountain."

As may be imagined, if the trees be not too thick in growth to obstruct the light grass and small, tender herbs will flourish under the branches in such a way as would not be possible in the open country. This knowledge might be turned to good

account by agriculturists in tropical regions where it is often so difficult to grow green food for cattle.

To sum up the whole matter it is impossible to deny that man and his works do influence climate to a greater or less extent, the spread of civilization in a new land has a real effect on the annual tale of weather. The study of the subject is in its infancy, and research in the matter is beset by peculiar difficulties owing to the fact that definite evidence is long in coming and not easily obtainable. That special attention to this particular branch of meteorology will be given in the future there can be no doubt, and with the more reliable data which the student will then have at his command some valuable

conclusions may be expected. At the present time the fact that extermination of swamps and drainage of land tends to raise the temperature of a district, is worthy of serious attention. Many parts of the world would become more readily habitable both for animals and plants if the land could be released from the iron grip of frost during the Summer and the Winter season rendered less severe, even though it was only a mean annual increase of a few degrees. Of course, with our present resources schemes of this kind could not be carried out by one generation; rather will they be the outcome of the gradual spread of civilizing influences brought into being by the energetic nations of the earth.

## Golden Rules

Don't work any harder any day than you can recover by sleep at night.

Eat simple foods, walk to your business if you can, and walk home again.

Exercise and sleep, and take plenty of time for your recreation.

With what time is left make as much money as you can, and be content with it. Don't overdraw your nervous capital. You ought to sleep as soundly and be as well when you are seventy as when you are thirty.

And nothing else counts, excepting that every day you take care of your health.

# A Journey into the Interior of Peru

BY G. REYNOLD KNOCK IN ORIGINATED JOURNAL.

As the world becomes better and better known, readers will be deprived by degrees of these most entertaining accounts of travelers' journeys into unknown lands. Such a story as that related by Mr. Knack will live its chance. So, while there is still an opportunity let us accompany the writer, as he proceeds into the almost unknown regions of central Peru.

TO reach the interior of Peru, and the rich mineral-bearing zone upon the eastern slope of the Andes, the traveler must, from the Pacific littoral, invariably cross the summit of the Cordillera, for this vast natural barrier runs parallel with the coast and leaves no pass, speaking generally, at a less altitude than 14,000 or 15,000 feet above sea level.

The Department, or State of Huancavelica, which I visited in November, 1904, is one of the richest of the mineral-bearing regions of Peru, but it is difficult of access, due to its mountainous nature and to the fact that no roads, worthy of the name, have yet been constructed to give outlet to its products or communication with the coast. My way lay by the port of Pisco, about one day's steamer journey south of Callao, and past the town of Ica, a few miles from the port, with which it is connected by a railway. Ica is the centre of a fertile agricultural district, where cotton, sugar cane, wine, brandy, etc., are produced. The crops here, like all those of the agricultural regions upon the coast zone, are grown under irrigation, for, as is well known, the whole of this vast stretch of continent, from Ecuador to Chile, is a rainless region. Vegetation exists by virtue of the streams of water descending the western slope of the Cordillera—streams which have their origin in the ceaseless thawing of the ice-cap, and the heavy rains of that lofty region. For the Andes,

having deprived the western zone of its rainfall by reason of the climatic conditions brought about through its agency, has, in part, remedied the defect by giving origin to these torrential streams.

My first day's journey lay across the usual sterile desert zone between the coast and the foothills of the Cordillera—deserts over which the wearied horseman toils from sunrise to sunset. There is a group of extensive Inca ruins upon the desert, which I examined in passing. The principal feature is a large courtyard some hundreds of feet in length and width, with a series of doorways opening therefrom. Between these doorways, which are symmetrically spaced, are niches, and both are of the tapering form so often seen in Inca architecture. The walls are of adobe and rough pieces of stone, the whole being made into a smooth surface with plaster formed of mud or clay. The general face of the walls has been colored with red paints, and the niches with yellow paint or pigment. Parts of this coloring still remain; notwithstanding the centuries that have passed over it. The pigment may have been formed of iron oxides, or possibly vermilion from the cinabar mines of the interior.

Regarding these ruins upon the coast zone, it has been a matter for observation that they are not built like those of the interior—of cut stone—and they still exist only by reason of the rainless climate and the climatic conditions, which tend

towards exceedingly slow disintegration.

At midnight I arrived at Humay, a hacienda upon the Pisco River, from which its extensive vineyards are irrigated. This place, although peaceful and picturesque, has not left a pleasant impression upon me, for during the night my room was invaded by swarms of mosquitoes, whose stinging was the cause, undoubtedly, of the "terefanas," or intermittent fever from which I suffered afterwards.

Upon leaving this point I knew little of the hardships I should be obliged to endure for the remaining four days of my journey to my destination. The road by which I had been directed passed through a portion of the country void of towns or villages, and consequently of food of any kind, notwithstanding that I had been informed that such was available. The arriero who conducted my pack-mule and served as guide was almost constantly drunk with aguardiente, and, as far as I could observe, took no other nourishment (!) during the last three days' travel. On two occasions I searched his saddle bags and confiscated and destroyed the bottle of alcohol he carried, but he again obtained supplies of this from acquaintances among the Indian shepherds on route. These people were also drunk, even early in the morning, and there is no doubt that the effect of alcohol is beginning to ruin the inhabitants of these regions, as I have elsewhere observed. Due to the effects of the fever, I could not touch the coarse and scanty food of these shepherds' huts; at night the cold was intense, for we were now at a considerable altitude, and I had foolishly neglected to bring my cot

or a mattress, desiring to travel rapidly without impediments.

There was nothing for it but to get out of the situation, and although I could scarcely mount my mule I was obliged to keep on, driving in front of me the drunken arriero and the pack-mule. Towards the close of the last day a violent attack of vomiting came on me, and I fell rather than got down from the saddle, and lay upon the plain utterly exhausted. The altitude was 16,000 feet above sea level, the air exceedingly rarified, and a bitter blast swept across the plateau. I thought for some time that I should never rise again from the spot, and it was only by an effort of will that I did so. But I managed to swallow two or three spoonfuls of condensed milk, and, muzzling with the aid of the arriero, who was now sober and penitent, I continued onward, and near midnight arrived at my objective point—Santa Iza.

Situated here are the silver mines of Quispisa, or Santa Iza, which have produced great quantities of that metal. They contain extensive bodies of ore, which will be made available upon further working. Hydrographically, the region is interesting also, for there are two large lakes of true Andean character here. The higher, known as Lake Otococha, is 16,000 feet, and the lower, Lake Choclococha, 15,600 feet above sea level. They are separated only by a distance of a few thousand yards, the upper being dammed up with a natural dam formed by a moraine of soil and gravel. A noteworthy feature of this lake basin is that, although it is upon the western or Pacific side of the summits of the Andes it nevertheless is drained into

the eastern or Amazonian watershed, by means of the River Pampas, which breaks through the Cordillera and so into the Apurimac River and headwaters of the Ucayali and Amazon. Close at hand, to the west, and at slight difference of elevation, are other smaller lakes, which give rise to the Pisco River flowing to the Pacific. Here, then, is another of those numerous instances which are met with in the Andes, where the water-parting of the continent is defined by a lake, a part of whose waters in times of abnormal flow may positively belong to the one or to the other of its adjoining watersheds. There is no fish-life within their waters, a common characteristic of the lakes in these high regions. Each is 5 or 6 miles in length and about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in breadth, whilst at a depth of 250 feet, I was informed, bottom was not reached in the middle. Their blue surfaces reflect the snow-capped range to the east, but in the rainy season are lashed into fury by the terrific thunderstorms of this altitude.

The whole of this region, from Castrovirreyra on the west to Ayacucho on the east, is exceedingly rich in minerals, including silver, copper, gold, as well as salt, and in places coal, all of which, when the country becomes more known and opened up, will be valuable elements of industry. The highest elevation at which I arrived was 17,500 feet, just below the ice-cap.

After a sojourn of about two weeks in the neighborhood, I continued my journey in a north-westerly direction. But my troubles were not yet over, for I was again attacked by the "tercias," and rendered unable to go on. These intermittent fevers have the characteristic of quite sud-

denly depriving one of one's strength, and there was nothing for it but to give up the idea of reaching the next village and to sleep out upon the "puna," or plateau. Fortunately, the temperature fell but little below freezing point. During the night the arriero—not the former one—let the mules escape, and was obliged to follow them, leaving me alone and unable to get up for the whole of the following day. The sun blazed down and I was consumed with thirst, and nevertheless unable to reach the shimmering blue lake which lay within 100 yards of me! At length I beheld afar off an Indian approaching with some llamas, and I hailed him. But, after the manner of his kind, he was afraid, and instead of coming towards me he quickened his pace and soon disappeared. I suffered greatly from thirst, and with the sun and the fever was almost delirious, and still no signs of the arriero. I managed to reach my saddle bags and took a mouthful of extract of coffee, which revived me a little, but what I wanted was water. Again I saw another Indian, towards the close of day, and as he came within hearing, I called him, but this time, however, in Spanish, which might have had the same effect as before, but in the few words of Quechua which I was able to employ. "Shani! yacsi-ta-pami!" ("Come here! bring some water!") I shouted; and the poor Indian, gathering probably some confidence from being addressed in his own tongue, came up to me, and, following my directions, brought me water from the lake. I rewarded him with a silver dollar, and he stayed by me until nightfall, when the arriero returned with other animals from the hacienda.

After a loss of various days I ar-

rived at the City of Huancavelica, 14 leagues from Santa Inez, and which can be accomplished in one long day's hard riding. The country passed over was the usual treeless puna, alternating with lakes, swamps, rocks, and streams, and generally covered with grass, which gives pasturage for herds of cattle and sheep. The climate is exhilarating and the views magnificent, and in the intervals when the fever did not trouble me, I enjoyed the ride and the unfolding landscape.

At Huancavelica are the famous quicksilver mines, which are generally mentioned in all geological treatises. The history of the mines would fill a bulky volume. They were discovered in 1596, and were administered under a Spanish viceroy, and since that period have produced approximately 60,000 tons of mercury from the cinabar ores, which exist in an enormous lode, or "farallon," to use the Spanish term. In 1786 had work caused the mine to collapse, and it is stated that five hundred Indian miners remained entombed therein. Huancavelica was visited and described by both Buñon and Humboldt, as also Raimondi. I penetrated into some of the vast subterranean caverns which have been excavated to extract the ore, and made an examination of the general conditions of the region, in order to draw up a report thereon. The workings are about 3,400 feet above the level of the cathedral and city of Huancavelica, which latter is at an elevation of 12,800 above sea level. The Huancavelica River flows through the city, emptying lower down into the Mantaro, which in its turn falls into the Apurimac, before mentioned, and so into the fluvial system of the Ucayali and Amazon.

The Mantaro River, almost alone of Peruvian rivers, runs in this part of its course to the south-east, or directly opposite to their general north-west direction, over nearly 3 degrees of latitude to where its course abruptly changes near Huanuco. The climate of Huancavelica is cold, but temperate. Alfalfa and cereals are not produced, owing to the altitude, and the principal industry is that of cattle, but was formerly, and some day must again become, mining. The general geological formation is limestone and sandstone, and hot springs occur, and are used as baths.

Leaving this remarkable place, my way lay across a lofty "puna," some thousands of feet above the town; for, notwithstanding the marvellous wealth in minerals that the region has professed, no road has been made beyond the primitive mule trail to the outside world. Such was the Spanish method of mining, from which no benefit accrued to the community, who toiled and died to enrich an arbitrary and distant monarch. The arms of Spain carved on the stone at the portals of the mine, with figures of saints, and ruined churches, are the principal remaining vestiges of this regime.

Descending rapidly from this plateau, the track passed into the valley below. The change from these dreary and inclement altitudes to the warmer climate of this valley was very agreeable, especially in my still weak state. The piercing wind gives place to a balmy breeze, and the dry grass of the puna changes to other vegetation. I pass a tree, and recollect—"Thalaba and the Sledge!"

"Behold! the signs of life appear, The first and single fir!"

It is not a fir; there are no firs

on the Andes, but it is a real tree although a wind-beaten specimen, drawing its scanty nourishment from the rocky soil, and stretching its attenuated boughs athwart the path. A tree! the first I have seen for weeks. It has green leaves, and, moreover, a bird carols in its branches. A little lower down a patch of celandines and dandelions bring to my senses a waft as from England's lanes. Here, also, are glorious masses of yellow acacia, and other flowers and shrubs on either hand, through which my mule brushes as we descend. But what is this — this sweet familiar perfume which suddenly greets me? Familiar, although for the moment I cannot recognize it. I look about, and, behold! there it is—a low hawthorn bush in flower. Its leaves are somewhat different in form from those of English hawthorns, but there is no mistaking the well known dark-green hue and glossy sheen of the leaves, nor the little white flowers and the sweet subtle perfume which carries the mind momentarily to another land. It is "may"!

I pass through the villages of Achambilla and Huando, ascend and pass a high-ridge, and again descend by steep and rapid zigzags down the sides of its canon to the River Mantaro, or Jaña, before mentioned, and sleep at the Town of Iscuchaca, 10 leagues of a broken, steep, and tortuous road from Huancavelica.

Iscuchaca is somewhat of a strategic point. A stone bridge crosses the river, and the place was generally promptly taken and held by various revolutionary forces in times past, as it commands the road to the interior of a large and important part of the country. I found the greatest difficulty in obtaining any-

thing to eat along the whole of this route. The Indians are of a surly and suspicious character, and will sell absolutely nothing to the traveler. In Iscuchaca I had expected to find an inn and some comforts, but the place was dominated by a Chinaman, who was the "gobernador," as well as the owner of the inn. This individual, due to some caprice which I was unable to explain, absolutely denied me food and shelter, and even several Peruvians of respectable appearance who were standing by failed to offer such or indicate where it could be secured, notwithstanding that they knew I was a stranger, a traveler, and that night had fallen and a heavy rain set in. This is the only place in Peru where I have experienced such a lack of hospitality, and I retain an unpleasant impression of the place. But I found shelter at length in the hut of a humble but honest individual, who, moreover, obtained alfalfa for my animals, which was the most important, for they had eaten but little for several days. There was no food in the house, and it was too late to purchase anything in the place, and all that I and my *arriero* could obtain was a cup of weak tea and a piece of dry bread from my saddlebags, the only food of which we partook until the following night upon arriving in Huancayo.

On the next morning at daybreak I shook the dust off my feet of Iscuchaca. My road now lay along the bank of the rapid river for some distance. Leaving that I crossed another high ridge and plateau, and at length descended into the large and fertile plains of Jaña, and slept in a fairly comfortable inn within the important city of Huancayo, 18 leagues from my last stopping place.

This plain, through which runs the River Mantaro, or Jaña, that I had been more or less following, is one of the finest agricultural regions in Peru, and crops of every description are produced. Not far away are extensive and valuable mines of good coal, as well as of copper and silver.

From Huancayo to Jaña, my next day's journey, the road is flat, and passes through numerous towns and villages, which, with their cathedrals, squares, and trees, present a restful and old-world appearance. The altitude of Huancayo is 16,686 feet, and that of Jaña 11,874 feet, the distance between the two cities being 10 leagues. The small Indian shops all along this route seem to contain little but bottles of "aguardiente," or rum, and a great deal of drunkenness is encountered among the Indian laborers.

On the morrow I began my last day's journey in the saddle. The road left the pleasant valley and wound up on to a high, cold plateau. Fourteen leagues lay between Jaña and my objective point, Oroya, the terminus of the famous Oroya Railway, where I should take the train for Lima. It is a remarkable thing that the inhabitants of Jaña and of the numerous towns of the valley have been content to live through the many years since that railway was

constructed without making any attempt at a road for vehicles which would give them cheap and comfortable communications therewith. The existing trail is simply a track over the limestone strata, where the wearied pack trains stumble ceaselessly, in the same condition almost as when the Andes were upraised from chaos. However, this is now being remedied by the construction of a branch railway from Oroya.

The altitude of the latter place, where I arrived in the late afternoon, is 12,178 feet above sea level, and the railway thence rises at the summit of the Andes to the west to 15,642 feet, the highest in the world, and doubtless the only existing instance where the traveler is carried from the limit of the perpetual snow-cap to sea level in a few hours. Near Oroya great activity is being displayed upon the Cerro de Pasco mines, which are said to be the largest copper deposits in the world.

The region which I traversed is but little known outside the country. It is a region of great resources, and will undoubtedly be the scene of an early development, for the dawn of an era of progress is upon the old empire of the Incas, awakening it from its years of stagnation, and giving it a place among the progressive nations of its hemisphere.

The courtesies of a small and trivial character are the ones which strike deepest to the grateful and appreciating heart. It is the piquant compliments which are the most appreciated; far more than the double ones which we sometimes pay.—Henry Clay.



## The League of the Little Hats

BY ELEANOR ATTERBURY IN COSMOPOLITAN

One of the most sensible reforms of recent times in Paris is the adoption of the *appelé* hat by women. These women are accustomed to wear their hats as the *ladies*. The reform will be gradually noted by some men. It is even said that the prefect of police has been observed to take the big hat a menace to law and order.

"THE League of the Little Hats is growing daily. It is no longer a movement; it has become a revolution, and the month of October has been chosen for the inauguration of the new idea." This is the latest news from the source of the world's fashions—Paris. When the theatres are reopened for the season, male spectators will have real cause for rejoicing. For it must be understood that in the French capital the custom is for ladies to wear their headgear during the play, and in some seasons of exaggerated modes more man went, not to view the stage but a forest of straw, flowers and feathers, the setting for a gorgeous aviary, since whole birds—beak, plumage and claws—were there as well.

In America, some years ago, pity descended into the charitable heart of woman, and the hat at the theatre was abolished. Nevertheless it is still largely retained in the lecture and concert hall, and is practically compulsory in church, in spite of the fact that it is a great pleasure to watch the dexterous fingers of a Paderewski, or to get an uninterrupted view of the orator, preacher, or singer. Therefore the story of the League of the Little Hats may be a hint and a warning to the fair sex of this country.

The women of Paris had no desire to renounce a cherished ornament, and they were clever enough to effect a compromise when it became known that theatrical managers were think-

ing seriously of forbidding the wearing of hats in their houses. An alternative which seemed hard enough was finally offered. "The hat must be small or there will be no hat at all," was the edict. And, thanks—so the Parisienne feels—to a number of women who by their name, rank, and elegance are able to control the styles, there will be a hat, but it will be small.

Apart from the theatre problem, another danger which bade fair to assume formidable proportions was beginning to threaten the large hat. The Parisiennes were somewhat astounded to learn, last Spring, that a number of prominent men were organizing to banish headgear of undue proportions at all times and from all places. Conspicuous in the movement was M. Lepine, the prefect of police. Just why this official should consider the big hat a menace to law and order in the community was not altogether clear, but the weight of his name was sufficient indication that some reform was necessary.

The Comtesse Greffulhe, born of the noble and powerful family of La Rochefoucauld, took the initiative. She laid the matter before several of her friends, and they in turn appealed to others whose acknowledged elegance would probably permit them to institute a dress reform. Finally the most renowned milliners were consulted. It was agreed that the small hat might be forced into next season's styles, and, adopting the idea, all turned their attention to inspir-

ing and designing models of theatre hats which would meet objections. These were then put on public exhibition, and all Paris felt before them—to gaze in appreciation, to criticize, to suggest improvement, and, finally, to adopt them.

There was, of course a degree of opposition—skepticism in some quarters, open hostility in others. Certainly a large hat is more becoming than a small one. It throws softening shadows over the face, and gives it a much-sought-for "character." In the glaring light of theatre-halls, amid gilt decoration and furnishing of strong color, it may easily be seen that small hats and *honnêtes* would make but little effect.

Nevertheless both skeptics and opponents renounce their smiles and their jeers when they had been to the Rue d'Astorg, and had examined the marvels destined to replace the vanished glories of the big hat; and it was noted in some cases that the very ones who had proclaimed their attachment to last season's headgear were among the first to invest heavily in the little hats of the coming Autumn.

Such is the history of the League of the Little Hats—a really sensible reform in feminine attire effected by the combined efforts of women of fashion and the milliners. Of course no one woman could have accomplished this, and the League of the Little Hats points to what is probably the only satisfactory method of obtaining any desired reform in dress.

One difficulty in the path of reform in women's dress has always been that practical dressmakers and milliners have rarely been heeded or consulted. Many attempts have failed because the proposed costumes has

lacked the necessary element of beauty, which the skilled designer of clothes would be able to give. The organizers of the League of Little Hats had the wisdom to do nothing without the help and advice of the most famous milliners in the world. Yet in this instance the exquisite taste of the Parisian women of fashion was shown by the fact that their own designs rivaled in popularity those of professional makers of hats. At the sale in the Rue d'Astorg the most-sought-for models included the designs which the Duchesse de Guiche, the Marquise du Maine, the Marquise de Jaucourt, the Comtesse Edmond de Pourtales, the Comtesse Lafont, the Marquise de Mun, the Comtesse Greffulhe, and Mme. Strauss had planned and furnished.

The Parisian milliners have been busy all Summer preparing innumerable new models, with which even now their shop windows are blooming. Blue tulle is a favorite material, as is also the diadem of gold lace. Wreaths of small roses are on many a charming creation, and the unweaned ostrich plume, in possession of which the wearer can have the terrors of dampness, is used often and with beautiful effect.

The hats were purchased at excellent prices, and so great was the demand that one model sold thirty times. In order to commemorate the inception of the League, the entire proceeds of this, its first sale, were turned over to a prominent charitable organization—La Société Philanthropique. This was, moreover, a tribute to the founder of the League, for Comtesse Greffulhe is also one of the most generous and interested patronesses of the philanthropic society.



HEREDITY AGAIN!

Nurse: He gets on beautiful air. He takes after you, he does. He's got your eyes exact, and he do take to his bottle so!

—Windoor.

## Humor in the Magazines

**A**N American tourist on a visit to Glasgow a short time ago, on emerging from the railway station was accosted by a lad with the familiar shout of "Carry your bag, sir?" The gentleman, handing the boy the bag, requested to be shown through Glasgow.

Crossing George Square, they came opposite Sir Walter Scott's Monument, and the boy said proudly:

"That is one of the largest monuments in Scotland."

"Oh," said the Yankee, with an air of indifference, "we have three-cent cigars as big as that in America."

They boarded a car going east, and just as they alighted at the terminus, a long circular piece of iron on a

locomotive drawn by twelve horses came up the street. The American, in surprise, asked the boy what that was for.

The boy, remembering what the Yankee had said about the cigars, and, with a resolve to be even with him, replied:

"Oh, a new hotel has been built in the Trongate, and that's the kitchen poker!"

A witness was once being examined before a Parliamentary committee, with this result:

Barrister B. (to witness): "And on Wednesday, the tenth, you called on Mr. Snooks?"

Witness: "I did."

Barrister B.: "And what did he say?"

Barrister C. objected to this question. B. argued that it could be put, and cited several precedents. The juniors hunted up all the cases. C. replied at length, and stated his precedents. The arguments lasted two hours. The committee retired to decide whether the question should be put or not. After an absence of about an hour they returned and stated that it was their opinion that the question might be asked. Up then rose Barrister B., and said:

"And on Wednesday, the tenth, you say you called on Mr. Snooks?"

Witness: "I did, sir."

Barrister B.: "And what did he say?"

Witness: "He wasn't at home." Tableaus!

♦ ♦

That Was All.—Tourist (in the Highlands, miles from anywhere): "Do you mean to say that you and your family live here all the Winter? Why, what do you do when any of you happen to be ill? You can never get a doctor!"

Scottish Shepherd: "Nae, sir. We've just to do a natural death."

♦ ♦

From the First.—Lawyer: "Were you present when the trouble began between the prisoner and his wife?"

Witness: "Yes, sir. It was two years ago."

"What happened then?"

"I attended the wedding."

♦ ♦

"It is a mean, grasping world," mused Ernest Easygo, as he ruefully contemplated the fact that he had served his employer faithfully and well for seven whole years without getting a rise.

"Twenty-seven and sixpence a

week," he muttered, "and a wife and three children, and me on the wrong side of thirty. It's scandalous!"

From under a lodger he extracted a copy of the Betting News, which he shoved into a remote corner of a drawer out of harm's way. Then, fired with heroic determination, he slid off his stool and marched into his employer's private office.

"I was wondering, sir," he began, "whether, maybe, you'd overlooked the fact that I've been here several years and have never had a rise. If you only knew, sir, the struggle I have to keep my wife and family, your heartstrings and your purse-strings—"

"That's quite enough, young man," said the governor, reaching for a ruler. "Every time I've decided to discharge you, a bit of silly sentimentalism has reminded me of your poor wife and babies, and so I've continued to suffer your presence here. There, Mr. Easygo! Go and think that over, and try to realize that I've a heart as well as a head."

♦ ♦

Little Joannie had been taken a round of calls by his mother, and at the house they had visited last he had made some remarkable statements in boasting of the grandeur of his own home.

"Now, Johnnie," said his mother, sternly, as they sat in the omnibus on their way home, "you should never tell fibs, and if I catch you doing it again I'll punish you very severely. Now, sit well back in the seat and draw in your legs, and try and look as small as you can when I tell the conductor you are only three."

♦ ♦

"I suppose," said a sympathetic neighbor, "that you will erect a

handsome monument to your husband's memory?"

"To his memory!" echoed the tearful widow. "Why, poor John hadn't any. I was sorting over some of his clothes to-day, and found the pockets full of letters I had given him to post!"

♦ ♦

"I was weeding an-aw-account of a woman being booked to death by a beastly cow, doncher know," remarked young Dudeleigh. "Weally, I cawn't imagine a more howbolic a-fair-can you, Miss Castique?"

"No, Mr. Dudeleigh," replied Miss Castique, "unless it is being bored to death by a call."

And when she illustrated her remark with a large, open-faced yawn, young Dudeleigh suddenly remembered he had an engagement elsewhere

♦ ♦

"Good morning, Mr. Ryetop," greeted the waiter in the big city hotel. "I hope you enjoyed that old Scotch I left in your room while you were out."

"It was pretty fair," drawled Farmer Ryetop, rubbing his parched lips; "but, be gum, that thar siphon you sent up had the strongest stream of fiz water I ever tackled. Why, I want to make one of these here high-balls, and the blamed thing came near blowin' me through the window."

The waiter looked puzzled.

"Siphon? Why, I didn't send up any siphon!"

"Yes, you did. It was red and bound with brass bands."

"Great Scot! Why, that was the automatic fire extinguisher!"

♦ ♦

In a certain large business house the chief is a very busy man indeed,

and at the same time a very peppery individual. So large is his concern that it is quite impossible for him to keep in touch with the many details of his business, and one of the departments he leaves to his manager is the payment of his clerks.

But about a month ago one of his young men bearded him in his den and broached the subject of an increase in salary. His wages had stood at £150 a year too long to please him.

"All my clerks are paid what they are worth to me," snapped the old man, "and I look upon your application as a piece of impertinence! What salary are you getting now?" A happy thought struck the clerk.

"Two hundred and fifty a year, sir," he said.

"Um?" replied the old man. "Well, that is all I have to say to you. Send in the manager!"

The manager entered shortly afterwards.

"Make Brown's salary £300 a year," said the "governor." The manager was about to offer an explanation. "Do as I tell you!" thundered the old man. "I'll teach the young upstart to dictate to me what salary to pay my people!"

♦ ♦

At a recent cricket match, "Married vs. Single," the former took first innings, and chiefly by the aid of some blud hits by one of the players, named Jones, made a score of 84. Just as the bachelors were about to commence their innings news of a local railway accident, in which some of the passengers had been killed, reached the field.

"I'm in a bit of a quandary," said Jones to the curate who had organ-

ized the match; "my missus was in that train."

"Dear me, I'm sorry to hear it," was the reply. "You are anxious to get away, of course?"

"Well, no, sir, it ain't that. I was only thinking if anything has happened to my May I ought to be playing for the single chaps."

♦ ♦

"Come, mister, no one can sleep here!" said a policeman the other evening, who found a man lying on the grass under a tree in the park, and roused him.

"But I have a good excuse," replied the man.

"What is it?"

"See that house over there? Well, please to do me the favor to go and ring the bell and ask if William Dockey is at home."

The officer went to the house, ascended the steps, and rang the bell. A head was thrust out of an open bedroom window, and a female voice demanded:

"Now, who is there?"

"Madam," replied the officer, "is William Dockey at home?"

"No, sir, and I don't expect him until daylight!" snapped the woman, and at the same moment a howlful of water descended on the officer's head and half drowned him.

"Well," said the man on the grass, as the dripping officer came up, "you see how it is, don't you? I'm Dockey. That's Mrs. Dockey."

"I think I understand," replied the officer. "You can remain where you are."

♦ ♦

A good story is told of a very mild North of England vicar, who had for some time been displeased with the quality of the milk served him. At length he determined to remonstrate with his milkman for supplying such weak stuff. He began mildly:

"I've been wanting to see you in regard to the quality of milk with which you are serving me."

"Yes, sir," uneasily answered the tradesman.

"I only wanted to say," continued the minister, "that I use the milk for dietary purposes exclusively, and not for christening."

Progress in life wants taking coolly. Attaining success is often something like catching a train. You will see one man walking at a good pace that he can keep up till he gets there. Another runs till he cannot progress at all. Vast numbers of people are always getting pumped out!—Lord Beaconsfield.

# Other Contents of Current Magazines.



In this department we draw attention to a few of the more important topics treated in the current magazines and list the leading contents. Readers of *The Busy Man's Magazine* can secure from their newsdealers the magazines in which they appear. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

## AMERICAN HOMES AND GARDENS.

Several fine residences are illustrated and described in the September issue. The brown tints make the pictures appear to excellent advantage.

The Summer Home of Ambassador von Mayer. By Barr Perce.

The Modern Bungalow. By F. D. Nichols.

Garden of Arvonwood Court.

Ox Pasture Hill.

The Entrance to a Country Place. By John A. Gade.

The 125th Anniversary of the Surrender of Cornwallis. By Allen Dossin.

A New Apple Tree Pest in California. By Enos Brown.

Old Time Porches of Salem. By Mary H. Northend.

Modern Dahlias. By Clarence M. Weid.

Plant Specialists. By George E. Walsh.

## AMERICAN INVENTOR.

The September number of the *American Inventor* contains the following useful articles:

The Art of Steel Plate Engraving and Printing. By A. F. Collins.

Kinesograph Current Curves with Glow Light Oscillograph.

Some Researches in Nerve Physics. VII. By Albert F. Shore.

Shifting Sands. By William S. Berge.

The Handling of the Trans-Atlantic Mail. By Our Berlin Correspondent.

A New System of Visual Communication.

The Crookedest Railroad in the World.

## ARENA.

A lengthy list of contents appear in the September *Arena* and these,

with the many cartoons reproduced, comprise an interesting number.

Shall Lynching be Suppressed and How? By W. D. Sheldon.

Economics of Jesus. I. By George M. Miller.

A Cartoonist of Jeffersonian Democracy. By B. O. Flower.

An Artist's Message on Conventional Christianity.

The Spanish Waterloo of South America. By Prof. Non.

The Cause and Cure of Our Marine Decay. By W. W. Bates.

Stock Gamblers as Managers of Railroads. By S. H. Allen.

Our National Library. By Frank Vrooman.

Liberty, Law and Labor. By F. H. Gaffney.

## ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

A good all around number is the issue for September of this excellent periodical. There are no particularly outstanding features but a general level of excellence is maintained throughout.

A Manufacturer's Point of View. By Jonathan Thayer Lincoln.

Three American Poets of To-Day. By May Sinclair.

The Soul of Paris. By Verner Z. Reed.

The Missionary Enterprise in China. By Chester Holcombe.

The Novels of Thomas Hardy. By Mary Moss.

Confessions of an Obscene Teacher. City Water and City Waste. By Hollis Godfrey.

The Power of Bible Poetry. By J. H. Gardiner.

Brag. By Wilbur Larremore.

Some Books of Science. By E. T. Brewster.

## BADMINTON.

This handsome sporting magazine contains several excellent articles in

its September number. Not the least interesting feature is the series of snap shots of sporting scenes entered in the monthly photographic contest.

Sportmen of Mark. XI. Duke of Rutland. By Alfred E. T. Watson.

The Financial Aspect of Racing. By Lord Hamilton.

Pigeon-Shooting in Egypt. By J. C. Grew.

The Hunting Outlook. By Arthur W. Coaten.

Game-Shooting and Shooting Schools. By Eustace H. Stone.

Early Summer in the Western Highlands. By Major Hughes-Onslow.

Nerve in Cricket. By Home Gordon.

The Race for the Herkimer Trophy. By Kate Hughes.

Sport in the Desogal Highlands. By Herbert H. Nelson.

The Sikh Quoit and How to Use It. By F. H. Lee.

## BRITISH WORKMAN.

Several readable little articles will be found in the September issue of the *British Workman*.

Men Who are Working for Others. VIII. Mr. John Kirk. By H. Davies.

The Romance of Work. By Noted Carpenters.

China Tea. By A. E. Bonser.

A Factory in an Orchard.

Mothers of Distinguished Men. By Samuel H. Virgin.

## BROADWAY.

An illustrated description of the new Grand Central Station in New York is the first article in the September *Broadway*. The art feature is a series of beautiful photographs of matrons and maids of society.

The Future Terminal Facilities of New York. I. By Charles H. Cochrane.

**The Strangest Religion in New York.**

By J. A. Dobson.

**The Summer Charities of New York.**

By Mabel P. Daggett.

**The Month in New York.****The Promise of the Season to Come.**

By Lillian Bell.

**CANADIAN.**

Always of particular interest to Canadians are the contents of this magazine, which is kept up to a high level. The September issue has the following table of contents:

**The Home of the Gondolier.** By Eric Waters.

**Camera Study of the Maskinonge.** By Bonnyessie Dale.

**How David Laird.** By Katherine Hughes.

**DeMille, the Man and the Writer.** By Archibald MacMeehan.

**Henrik Ibsen.** By Thorolf Larsen.

**Evolution of a Departmental Store.** By Norman Patterson.

**When the Dominion was Young.** By J. E. B. McCready.

**CASSELL'S.**

An illustrated article on the work of Arthur C. Cooke, the artist, is a charming feature of the September number. There is an installment of Max Pemberton's serial "The Llamased Ship."

**Biography of Anecdotes.**

**A Wreck that Proved a Gold Mine.** By W. A. S. Shum.

**Mademoiselle Donalds.** By Jean Victor Bates.

**M.P.'s as Motorists.** By H. F. Wiber Wood.

**Women as Humorists.** By J. C. Walters.

**The Abyss of a Battleship.** By C. Dundon Cross.

**CASSIER'S.**

An excellent table of contents is found at the front of the September number of Cassier's. The frontispiece is a portrait of James Gilchrist White of New York and the first article is a character sketch of him. Some Alcohol and Gasoline Locomotives. By George L. Clark.

**The Island of Santo Domingo.** By F. L. Garrison.

**Electrical Machinery for Mines.** By George Farmer.

**Locomotive Cranes.** By Percy R. Allen.

**Tests of a Gas Engine.** By George H. Barrus.

**Small Steam Engines.** By C. H. Benjamin.

**The Labor Problem in Great Britain.** By T. Good.

**The World's Copper Output.** By John B. C. Kershaw.

**Advertising in Connection with Electricity Supply.** By Arthur A. Day.

**CENTURY.**

The September Century contains some noteworthy art features, "Behind the Scenes," four drawings, and four pictures, "In the Anthracite Region." Special articles are:

**Getting into Khiva.** By Langdon Warner.

**The Gates of the Hudson.** By Chas. M. Skinner.

**Down on the Lahrador.** By Gustav Kohbe.

**A Religion Nearly 3,000 Years Old.** By A. V. W. Jackson.

**The Haystack Prayer Meeting.** By Henry R. Elliot.

**The Agricultural College and the Farm Youth.** By L. H. Bailey.

**A Negro Brain.** By R. B. Bean.

**CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL.**

Of interest to Canadians is a short article on "Electric Smelting," by

R. W. Wilson, which appears in the September issue. There are several good stories in the number.

**The Passing of a Great Title.** By Sophia H. Macleboese.

**The Valley of Brieft and its Romance.**

**Richardson's Show.**

**Welsh Coal.** An Industrial Romance. **Some Notes on the Lyre Bird.**

**Old Art Bronzes and Their Imitation.**

**Pensioners and Pensionnaires.**

**The Utilization of Waste.**

**Omniscientivorous Man.** By Ernest Protheroe.

**Electric Smelting in Canada.**

**COLLIER'S.**

**September 1.** "The Newspaper Peril," by Frederick Peterson, M. D.; "The Great American Fraud—Quacks and Quackery," by Samuel Hopkins Adams; "The Jubilee of the Best Loved Man in England," by Tilden Semper.

**September 8.** "Real Soldiers of Fortune," IV. Captain McGiffin, by Richard Harding Davis; "An Unsympathetic View of a Pan-American Vision," by J. Orton Kerby; "Children Without Childhood," by Martha S. Bensley.

**September 15.** "What the World is Doing," (illustrated), "Wage Earners' Life Insurance," by Louis D. Brandeis; "The Last West," by Richard L. Jones; "The Power Wagon," VI, by James R. H. Matis.

**CONNOISSEUR.**

Four color plates appear in the September Connoisseur, "Portrait of a Lady," by Rosalba Carriera; "The Musicians," an old Dresden group from the Dickens collection; "A Pair of Blue-de-roi Old Sevres Vases," and "Master Henry Hoare," by C. Wilkin. The literary contents are:

**The Dickens Collection of Porcelain.** By "Virtuoso."

**Old English Pipes.** By M. H. H. Macerney.

**Penshurst Place.** Part III. By Leonard Willoughby.

**A Paris Bordone at the Vatican Gallery.** By A. J. Rusconi.

**The Grenville Library.** By A. W. Jarvis and A. R. Tait.

**Milancee Lace.** By M. Jourdain.

**CORNHILL.**

A new serial by the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden," with the title, "Franklin Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther" opens in the September Cornhill. There is also a generous installment of "Chippings," by Stanley J. Weyman.

**A Scotchman at Mars-la-Tour.** By Baron Campbell von Laurenta.

**The Face of the Land.** By F. W. Cornish.

**Ruskin in Venice.** II. By Count Alvisio Zorri.

**House-Breakers in the Alps.** By D. G. H.-G.

**The Origin of Life.** By W. A. Shennstone.

**CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.**

For September the editor provides the following interesting list of contributions:

**England and Germany in Turkey.** By A. Traveler.

**The Saga and the Ballad.** By Henrik Ibsen.

**The Evolution of the Lord's Prayer.** II. By Mons. Bamea.

**The Preparatory Day School of the Future.** By Charles Simmons.

**The Baghdad Railway and the Turkish Customs.** By Alfred G. Bell.

**A Religion of Ruth.** By the Countess Cesarsesco.

**Home Industry and Peasant Farming in Belgium.** By Erik Givakov.  
**The Ecclesiastical Discipline Report.** II. By Canon Henson.  
**Foreign Affairs.** By Dr. E. J. Dillon.

### COSMOPOLITAN.

This magazine has of late developed into one of the best of the American periodicals. In the matter of illustration it is probably the most advanced of the ten cent group. For October it contains:

**Child-Wrecking in the Glass Factories.** By Edwin Markham.  
**Rise of the New San Francisco.** By James D. Phelan.  
**What Life Means to Me.** By Upton Sinclair.  
**Panama—the Human Side.** By Poultney Bigelow.  
**The Treason of the Senate.** By D. G. Phillips.  
**Wonderful New Inland Sea.** By Edgar L. Larkin.  
**League of the Little Hais.** By Eleanor Atterbury.

### CRAFTSMAN.

A description of the earliest known American civilization in Yucatan, forms a fitting opening to the September number of the Craftsman. It is accompanied by several illustrations in tint. Then follow:

**Some Art Colonies in Brittany.** By J. Quigley.  
**New Zealand's Political Experiments.** By Florence F. Kelly.  
**The International Exposition at Milan.**  
**Whitman as Carpenter Sees Him.**  
**Some Queer Laborers.** By C. F. Holder.  
**The Commercial Value of the Wild.** By Charles Barnard.  
**Parallelogram Park.** By H. A. Capron

### CRITIC.

With the September number the Critic disappears from existence. It is being succeeded by Putnam's Monthly. In the new magazine all the best characteristics of the Critic will be preserved, while its scope will be considerably widened. The first number will appear on September 35. In the September Critic appear:

**A Japanese Thoreau.** By M. Kumagusa.  
**Reinascences of a Franco-American.** II. By M. Chas. Bigot.  
**Some Literary Autographs.** By Joseph B. Ames.  
**A Concord Note Book.** By F. B. Sanborn.

### EDUCATION.

A number of valuable papers on educational subjects are to be found in the September number of Education. They are as follows:

**College Methods and Administration.** I. Some Details. By President Follans.  
**School Instruction in Religion.** By Professor Hanus.  
**Culture Conditions in Alaska.** By D. M. Stromstedt.  
**Phases of Modern Education.** IX. German Education. By Professor M. D. Learned.  
**Conservatism versus Radicalism in the Kindergarten.** By M. F. Schaeffer.  
**The Direct Method of Teaching Modern Languages.** By W. B. Aspinwall.

### EMPIRE REVIEW.

A paper by J. S. Hart, of Toronto, on "How to Extend Canadian Trade" is noted in the table of contents of the September issue. Other contents of the number are of a high standard of excellence.

**The Meeting of the Monarchs.** By Edward Dicey.  
**Mr. Haldane's Army.** (1). By Maj.-General Sir Alfred Turner. (2). By Captain Kincaid-Smith.  
**Do Small Grazing Farms Pay in Australia?** By Cripps Clark.  
**A Plea for Civic Rights for Women.** By Mildred Benson.  
**Magic Among Certain East African Tribes.** By Hillegarde Hinde.  
**Farm Life in Rhodesia.** By Gertrude Page.  
**The West Coast Sounds of New Zealand.** By E. I. Maury.  
**Sea Dyak Legends.** By Rev. Edwin H. Gomes.

### ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED.

For September, the editor offers a good bill of fare including several entertaining short stories.  
**The Art of Horace van Ruith.** By John S. Puredell.  
**Rifle Shooting as a National Pursuit.** By Field-Marshal Earl Roberts.  
**The Thames in Summer.** By Oscar Parker.  
**The Building of Westminster Abbey.**  
**The Story of the Airship.** By W. B. Northrop.  
**The London Stage.** By Oscar Parker.

### FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

A character sketch of Admiral Togo, by Mrs. Hugh Fraser occupies first place in the September Fortnightly. The other contents are varied in subject and include two stories and a poem.  
**The Triumph of Russian Autocracy.** By Dr. Angelo S. Rappoport.  
**The Burden of the Middle Classes.** By Shan F. Ballock.  
**Three American Poets of To-Day.** By May Shelineir.  
**The Taxation of Site Values.** By A. C. Pigou.

**Motor Cars in the Present and Future.** By Cygnus.  
**A Negro on Efficiency.** By H. C. Foxcroft.  
**Feasts of All Souls.** By J. G. Fraser.  
**Begwell's Love Story.** By Augustin FILON.  
**France, England and Mr. Bodley.** By Robert Dell.  
**The Command of the "German Ocean."** By Ereubitor.  
**The Future of Cricket.** By Major Philip Trevor.  
**Earthquake Areas—The Significance of San Francisco.** By Herman Schefesser.

### GARDEN MAGAZINE.

The October number is a special double number containing a complete guide to autumn planting.  
**The Best Tulips for Outdoor Planting.** By Peter Zuger.  
**The Best Dahlias for Outdoor Planting.** By A. M. Kirby.  
**All the Barberries Worth Growing.** By John Dunbar.  
**Planning the Home Fruit Garden.** By S. W. Fletcher.  
**Flowers Every Day From Christmas Till Easter.** By I. M. Angell.  
**Raising Your Own Evergreens.** By John Dunbar.  
**Growing Mushrooms on a Ping-Pong Table.** By Louise Shaw.

### GEOGRAPHICAL JOURNAL.

Of interest to Canadians is a paper by Dr. A. P. Low, director of the Geological Survey of Canada, on the work accomplished from 1900 to 1905, which appears in the September issue. Other articles are: Recent Survey and Exploration in Selsatan. By Col. McMahon. The Economic Geography and Development of Australia. By J. W. Gregory.

**Southern Peru: Notes on Two Expeditions.** By G. R. Enock.  
**Recent Changes in the Course of the Lower Euphrates.** By H. W. Cadoux.

#### HARPER'S.

The publishers of Harper's announce that a new serial by Sir Gilbert Parker will start publication in the October number. It will be entitled "The Weavers" and its scene is laid in Egypt. The contents of the September number other than fiction, are:

**A Little Mexican Town.** By Theo. A. Janvier.  
**Life and Sport in Nubia.** By Capt. T. C. S. Speedy.  
**Kentish Neighborhoods, Including Canterbury.** By W. D. Howells.  
**The Wonders of Cellulose.** By Robt. K. Danen.  
**Hunting Wild Bees.** By H. C. McCook.  
**One of Franklin's Friendships.** By Worthington C. Ford.

#### IDLER.

Stories as usual predominate in the September Idler. Two of the best are "The Ways of Captain Stryker" and "A Burns Recital."

**A Visit to the Geyser Falls.** By Sir George Wolsely.  
**The Idler in Arcady.** By Tickner Edwards.  
**Modern Homes.** By T. Raikes Davison.

**The Droece Claim to the Portland Millions.**

#### INTERNATIONAL STUDIO.

Six color inserts appear in the September Studio, embracing "The Grey Dawn," by Montague Smythe; "Sheep Shearing," by T. Rowlandson; "Evening," by Carlos Grette

and "Fish and Small Fry," by Maurice Delmold. Other contents: **The Watts Memorial Gallery.** By Mrs. Steuart Erskine.

**Recent Lead Work by Mr. G. P. Bankart.** By Aymer Vallance.  
**Note on the Landscape Paintings of Montague Smith.** By R. G. Halton.

**Some Recent Colored Etchings by Allan Osterlind.**  
**Modern Viennese Toys.** By A. S. Lovett.

**Some Northern Painters and Their Homes.** By George Brockner.  
**The New English Art Club's 36th Exhibition.**

**Technical Hints from the Drawings of Past Masters of Painting.**  
**Recent Designs on Domestic Architecture.**

**The Etchings of E. T. Hurler.** By David Day.  
**The Lace Collection at the Metropolitan Museum.** By Eva Lovett.  
**The Rochester Room.**

#### IRISH MONTHLY.

A new serial by Clara Mulholland, "Terrence O'Neill's Heiress," starts in the September issue of the Irish Monthly, which also contains:

**Influence of the Literature of Ancient Ireland on the "Mahin-gion."**  
**The Praises of St. Matthew.** By the Editor.

**A Few Words About Lord Kelvin.** By H. V. G.  
**Unseen Things.** By William O'Neill.

#### LIPPINCOTT'S.

The complete novelette in the September number is by Edith Morgan Willett and is entitled "The Chauffeur and the Jewels." It is a first-rate motoring story.

**Dissatisfaction in the Country Post Office.** By Henry A. Castle.

**A Night With Nature.** By Adele Marie Shaw.

**An Epitaph on Weeds.** By Charles C. Abbott.

#### McCLURE'S.

A second installment of C. P. Connolly's story of Montana appears in the September number of McClure's. An essay on Niagara, with illustrations in tints is also a feature.

**The Story of Montana, II.** By C. P. Connolly.

**Niagara.** By Eugene Wood.

**A Royal Romance.** By C. N. and A. M. Williamson.

**The Story of Life Insurance.** V. By Burton J. Hendrick.

#### METROPOLITAN.

The October issue is an excellent production, both from the artistic and literary standpoint. It contains stories by Anthony Hope, Ian MacLaren and T. Jenkins Harris among others, and the following articles:

**The Pond.** By Sydney Allen.  
**The Future of Life Insurance.** By Paul Morton and Charles Peabody.

**The American Museum of Natural History.** By H. E. Rood.

#### MONTHLY REVIEW.

This handsome periodical contains the following readable articles in its September issue:

**England, France and Socialism.** By Laurence Jervell.  
**Walter Pater.** By Arthur Symonds.

**Antonio Fogazzaro.** By Harriet Reid.  
**Cricket Sharpening.** By "Varsity."

**The Matiny at Vellore.** July 1896. By F. W. Kent.

**Clerical Feeling in French Canada.** By V. de M.

**The Quest of Prolonged Youth.** By Dr. Carl Snyder.

**The Effects of Civilization upon Climate.** By S. L. Bastin.

**The Human State.** By F. Carrel.  
**Jean Francois Millet.** By A. H. Fisher.

#### MUNSEY'S.

The most important contribution to the September Munsey is Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst's explanation of "Christian Socialism." There is another installment of "The Romance of Steel and Iron."

**Franz von Lenbach.** By Christian Brinton.

**Christian Socialism.** By Charles H. Parkhurst.

**The American Public School.** By Newton Dent.

**The Artist of the Camera.** By C. Howard Conway.

**How Time is Measured.** By Eugene Wood.

**The Welsh in America.** By Herbert N. Casson.

**Maxine Elliott.** By Matthew White, Jr.

#### NATIONAL.

A good list of fiction appears in the September National and the usual department "Affairs at Washington," by the editor, besides,

**Nast's Historical Paintings.** By Leigh Leslie.

**Six Great Editorial Writers.** By Frank Putnam.

**Editors at Minneapolis.** By Joe Mitchell Chapple.

#### NEW ENGLAND.

A number of thoughtful articles are to be found in the September issue of the New England, which has now come to be one of the best American periodicals.

**Northern Alaska To-Day.** By A. G. Kingsbury.

The Massachusetts Bench and Bar. By Steven O. Sherman.

Antwerp, the Hub of Europe. By Homer Gregmore.

A Foot-note on Poe. By Eugene C. Dolson.

A Tramp of the Grand Banks. By Kenneth MacHugh.

White Mountain Legends. By J. S. English.

The Call of the Skatle. By Laura Simmons.

### OUT WEST.

An article on the Los Angeles Public Library is the first contribution to the September number. The other contents are:

The Festa del Fiori at Roma. By Grace Ellery Channing.

In Moqui Land. By Theresa Russell.

The Voice of the Summer Woods. By Virginia Garland.

Orleans Indian Legends. By Melvina R. Denney.

### OVERLAND MONTHLY.

San Francisco still occupies considerable room in this magazine. The September number contains in addition:

Silverado, Scene of R. L. Stevenson's *Honeymoon*. By H. French.

The Triumph of the Automobile. By Arthur H. Dutton.

A Memorable Commencement. By H. M. Bland.

The National Disgrace—Child Labor. By Austin Lewis.

Tallac and Tahoe. By Eleanor F. Lewys.

### PACIFIC MONTHLY.

The September number is given over almost entirely to the subject of irrigation, and a large number of articles and many illustrations explain its development in the Western States.

National Irrigation as a Social Problem. By Senator Newlands.

The New York Stage: Its Power and Influence. By William Winter.

The Necessity for Irrigation. By Governor Pardee.

Work of the Reclamation Service in Idaho. By D. W. Ross.

Golden Rule Applied in Railroadings. By D. C. Freeman.

Land and Legal Matters of the Reclamation Service. By M. H. Benn.

Foreign Immigration and the Arid States. By Charles W. Eberlein.

### PALL MALL.

The latest sport of the rich, ballooning, is treated in an entertaining article that occupies first place in the September number of Pall Mall. There is also a well-illustrated paper on the life of the locomotive engineer.

Ballooning for Beginners. By P. H. O. Williams.

The Railway Nerve. By K. Snowden.

An Ascent of Mont Blanc. By M. Steinmann.

The Lure of the North Pole. By Commander R. E. Peary.

The Camera of the Relic Hunter. By T. W. Wilkinson.

Sleeping Out of Doors. By Carine Cadby.

In the Land of the Fakirs. By An Eye Witness.

### PEARSON'S (AMERICAN).

A new series of "Little Mother Stories," by Maud Ballington Booth, begins in the October Pearson's. There is also an installment of David Graham Phillips' serial and several short stories.

A Boss-Taker in Ermine. Judge Gaynor. By James Creelman.

The Kaiser's Escapade. By A. V.

The Romance of Aaron Burr. By Alfred Henry Lewis.

Protecting the World's Richest Man. By William R. Stewart.

### PEARSON'S (ENGLISH).

Very entertaining is the September Pearson's. The stories are unusual and fresh and the illustrations numerous and bright. Novel ideas are introduced in the articles.

Gustave Surand's Paintings of Wild Animals. By L. Vander Voer.

Lynch Law. By Ralph Noel.

Out of the Way Stations. By G. A. Sekon.

The Hunchbacks of Samsa. By F. W. Christian.

Comparisons are Interesting. By Marcus Woodward.

What will be the Future of Women?

The Life Story of a Quail. By S. L. Bensusan.

### READER.

To the Reader probably belongs the distinction of having the first article on the next United States presidential election. This appears in the September number.

The Next National Campaign. By Henry Watterson.

Yosemite. By Arthur Colton.

Letters to Heroines.

Our Own Times. Illustrated.

### RECREATION.

With each issue this publication shows improvement and the September number is an excellent issue.

When You Want to the Fair. By Roscoe Brumhagh.

Cruising the Fjords of the North Pacific. By D. W. Edings.

Some Aquatic Quail. By Edwyn Sandys.

Exploring Knorr Mountain. By M. V. B. Knox.

The Nomads of Romania. By Jessie P. Tyree.

Sport in Squirrel Shooting. By Ernest Cave.

High Hook at Avalon. By F. L. Harding.

The Vanishing Prairie Hen. By Clate Timan.

The Art of Camping. By Charles A. Brumble.

### REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

The September number appears with a blue cover, being a change from the former design. It has many readable features, not the least so being the quotations from other magazines.

The Governor of Iowa: A Sketch of A. B. Cummings. By Johnson Brigham.

Sir Robert Hart: the Briton who became a dictator in China. By R. H. Graves.

Alfred Beit, Diamond King, Empire Builder. By W. T. Stead.

Kodama and His Successor.

What Hampton Means by "Education." By Albert Shaw.

Schools for the Out-of-School. By H. V. Ross.

A Successful Factory School.

Education and Revolution in Russia. By A. Petrunkevich.

Tea Culture in the United States. By Rodney H. True.

The Pike Exploration Centennial. By Charles M. Harvey.

Printing and Publishing: The Barometer Industry. By W. S. Rosciter.

Investigating Municipal Ownership at Home and Abroad. By Edward W. Remin.

### ROYAL.

Bright and timely are the contents of the September Royal, with its quaint Dutch cover. There is a good collection of short stories and many pictures.



**The American Summer Girl.** By Alex. Kenesly.  
**Survivors' Tales of Great Events.** XX. Chillianwalla.  
**Living Wells.** By Harold J. Shepstone.  
**Some Experiences of a Bioscope Man.** By J. Mackenzie.

### ST. NICHOLAS.

The September number is full of delightful stories and pictures and simple instructive articles for the young. There are no fewer than three serial stories.

**Children and Their Pets in the San Francisco Fire.** By Charles Keeler.

**Geographical Bottles.** By Walter J. Kenyon.

**The Boy's Life of Abraham Lincoln.** (Continued). By Helen Nicolay.

**The Great "Y" and the Crockery "O."** By Charles D. Stewart.

**A Locomotive in the School Room.** By Charles Barnard.

### SATURDAY REVIEW.

**August 4.** "Exit King Edward—Enter Mr. Smuts." "Vote 8." "The Turn of the Lords." "The Straightforward Ministry." "Dr. Lankester's Address." "Tannhauser Under Difficulties." "Jean-Francois Millet." "The Tramp in Summer."

**August 11.** "Can South Africa be Saved?" "The Far East—Principles Osta." "The Dear Friends." "The Appeal of the Passive Resister." "The Parliamentary Session I." "Nooses of Conversation." "Butterflies at the Zoo."

**August 18.** "King Solomon at Pretoria." "The Stand of Pius X." "The Stores Commission." "The Higher Civil Service." "The Parliamentary Session" II. "Mr.

Wood's Programme." by Harold E. Gorst; "A Panjah Head," by Mrs. F. A. Steel; "Etapes," by R. S. Gundry.

**August 25.** "The Doctrine of Drago." "The Chilian Convulsion." "Wages and Foreign Competition." "The Parliamentary Session" III. "The Lohring Bat." "Some Notes on Blake." "Lundy Island."

**September 1.** "Red Rain or Reconstruction?" "The Future of the Netherlands." "The Irish Problem." "Mr. Roosevelt's New Epoch." "Grand Opera Projects." "Vanishing East Anglia."

### SCRIBNER'S.

In the September number of Scribner's, John Fox, jr., begins a serial entitled "A Knight of the Cumberland." A readable contribution is John Vaughn's article on the thirtieth anniversary of the invention of the telephone.

**Eastman Johnson, Painter.** By William Walton.

**Washington in Jefferson's Time.** By M. B. Smith.

**The Whitetailed Deer and Its Kin.** By Ernest Thompson Seton.  
**Henrik Ibsen.** By James Humecker.  
**The 30th Anniversary of a Great Invention.** By John Vaughn.

### SPECTATOR.

**August 4.** "The Education Bill in the Lords." "The Transvaal Constitution." "The March of the Russian Revolution." "A Fool's Paradise." "Local Expenditure and Local Estimates." "A Student of Felicity." "Animal Heroes." "Country Butler."

**August 11.** "The Report of the War Stores Commission." "English Pessimism." "Legislative Nihilism." "Liberty and Collectivism." "Chairs and Omnibuses." "The Lord's Freeman." "An East

End Bank Holiday." "Wet-Fly Fishing."

**August 18.** "The Education Judgment." "The Unrest in Musselman Countries." "Chinese Nationalism." "Government by Puppets." "Men of Science and Public Appointments." "Obsolete Examples." "An Ancient Quadrilateral." "Birds and the Gift of Night."

**August 25.** "France and the Papacy." "The Transvaal and Natal." "The Loss of H.M.S. Montagu." "Unemployment and its Causes." "Australian Naval Defence." "Silent Opinions." "The Romance of Excavation." "Art in the Village."

**September 1.** "Pan-Germanism, Holland and Belgium." "Socialism and Political Parties." "The Russian Writer." "The Stannard Case." "Poor Law Expenditure." "Mr. Roosevelt's Orthography." "Holiday Tastes." "The Domesticating of the Wilds."

### SUBURBAN LIFE.

The September number resumes the fight in favor of country life as opposed to that of the cities. Its contents illustrate how health and economy are both the result of suburban life.

**A Model Suburban Town.** By Thos. F. Anderson.

**A Lawyer's \$1250 Suburban Home.** By Frank A. Deque.

**Shall We Move into the Country?** By Fannie W. Brown.

**Neighborhood Garden Clubs.** By Frank P. Stewart.

**Bulbs for Christmas Blooming.** By Arthur T. Roby.

### WATSON'S.

The September number is characteristic of the aims of the publisher and is full of articles on populism.

**The Life and Times of Andrew Jack-**

**son.** III. By Thomas E. Watson.

**The Federal Courts.** By Edgar Lee Masters.

**The Railroad Hold-up.** By W. G. Joerns.

**The Democratic Party.** By Lucius F. C. Garvin.

**The Currency Trust.** I. By Flavins J. Van Vorhis.

### WESTMINSTER.

The two serials, "The Doctor," by Ralph Connor and "The Pioneers," by Theodore Roberts, which began publication in the August number of this magazine, are continued in the September number.

**Climbing with the Alpine Club.** By J. C. Herdman.

**The Land of Scott.** By Alexander MacMillan.

**Great Words of Religion. II.** Redemption. By Chancellor Burwash.

**Beauty in the Home.** By Margaret Laing Fairbairn.

**Rome's Unpainted Pictures.** By Frank Yeigh.

**Romance and Beauty of the St. Lawrence.** IX. By Robert Haddon.

### WINDSOR.

The art feature in the September Windsor consists of a number of reproductions of the work of Louise Jopling, with an appreciative sketch. A number of eminent administrators are touched off in the series of "Chronicles in Cartoon."

**Some Notable Cricket Bats.** By Home Gordon.

**A Tiger of the Sea.** By Charles F. Holder.

**Robust Health.** By Frank Richardson.

### WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION.

A new serial "The Mountain Doctor," by Juliet Wilbur Tompkins,

begins in the October number of the Woman's Home Companion. The other stories in the issue are good.

**Foolish Physical Culture.** By Eugene Wood.

**Child Slavery Reform—A Mother's Fight.** By Edward E. Hale.

**How the Fight for the Children was Won in Georgia.**

**For the Girl who Earns Her Own Living.** By Anna S. Richardson.

#### WORLD TO-DAY.

The September issue of the World To-Day is a most instructive number, with a long list of entertaining articles. The illustrations are as usual well worth inspection.

**Ships that are Passing.** By James G. McCardy.

**The Regeneration of Minneapolis.** By James Linn Nash.

**The Humor of Book Reviews.** By Elliott Flower.

**The Separation of Church and State in France.** By Abbe F. Klein.

**Prosecuting the Ice Men.** By Sterling Benson.

**Governing Cities by Commissions.** By C. Arthur Williams.

**Celebrating the Rembrandt Tercentenary.** By W. E. Griffiths.

**The Forests of the Philippines.** By Hamilton Wright.

**The Making of an Artist.** By W. M. E. French.

**Robert E. Lee, Homeless.** By Chas. M. Graves.

**Denver, a Typical American City.** By Arthur Chapman.

#### WORLD'S WORK (AMERICAN).

Character sketches of Tillman, Lincoln W. Bates, David Lubin and John A. Hill are contained in the September World's Work. Each is the story of a man who has achieved through work.

**The Boom in Real Estate.**

**Women Improving Schoolhouses.** By E. C. Brooks.

**England's Half-Way House to Panama.** By Charles T. Whitefield.

**Exploring for New American Crops.** By Isaac F. Marcosee.

**Can Men Now Rise from the Banks?**

**The Sculpture of E. C. Potter.** By Henry W. Lanier.

**An Engineer of World-Wide Successes.** By French Strother.

**A Negro's Life Story.** By W. H. Holtzclaw.

**Japan's New Position.** By Mary Crawford Frayer.

**Rapid Travel of the Future.** By John P. Fox.

**Why Preventable Railroad Accidents Happen.** By H. L. Stone.

**Tillman, Smasher of Traditions.** By Zach McGhee.

**Mr. David Lubin and His Work.** By Isaac F. Marcosee.

#### WORLD'S WORK (ENGLISH).

Some excellent photographs of the wrecked battleship "Montagu" are published in the September World's Work. The other contents are varied and numerous.

**The Flagship: the Brain of the Fleet.** By Arnold White.

**The March of Events.** By Henry Norman, M.P.

**The Future of the Crown Lands.** By C. Sheridan Jones.

**The World's Most Perfect Drainage System.**

**Our Insect Pests.** By Percy Collins.

**The Making of Corks.** By Evelyn Stuart.

**A Cornish Experiment in Cottages.** By Mrs. Havelock Ellis.

**China Transformed.** By Dr. A. W. P. Martin.

**A Gigantic Clayfield.** By Frank Burt.

**The Open-Air Markets of Paris.**

**Training the British Chemist.** By Ambrose Talbot.

**The Transit Problem in Cities.** By John P. Fox.

**Rearing a Nation of Artists.** By Robin C. Bailly.

**The War Against Cold Smoke.** By James Ballantyne.

**Augustine Birrell, an Appreciation.** By Arthur Page Grubb.

**The Gospel of Success.** By A. St. John Adeock.

**The Rembrandt Tercentenary.** By the Editor.

**The Sea Hath Its Pearls.**

**Reform in Sunday School Teaching.** By Prof. A. S. Peake.

**An Open Letter to Gavin Ogilvie.** By Eric Freeman.

**Every Man His Own Socrates.** By Charles F. Aked.

#### YOUNG MAN.

A stimulating number is that for September. Though small in bulk the Young Man contains a great deal of meat and it is of a good and elevating character.

## The Art of Leaving Off

IT is extraordinary how few people there are who know when to stop work, and how many break-downs are due to the fact that they cannot leave their business behind them at the office.

There is a limit to the human faculties, as there is to human endurance, and when that is reached it is well to stop.

How many have lost all they had acquired by a life of energy and toil, by just holding on too long, and persisting in business after they were disqualified for it. How many more wear themselves out prematurely, by not knowing how or when to leave off, in the active transactions of every-day life, carrying their burden with them everywhere and at all seasons.

When you have come in from the field, or locked your shop-door, to go home to your wife and children, leave your work behind you, and do not talk or even think about it any more. Let your Sundays be indeed days of rest and gladness. Take a little comfort as you go along, and let your household also get something out of you in the way of enjoyment—something more than food and clothing.

## The Busy Man's Book Shelf

Some Interesting  
Books of the  
Month Reviewed



A DISCUSSION in a New York paper during the last few months, as to the practicality of an all-essay magazine, called forth a good many opinions as to the value and interest of essays in general. On the whole it seems as if the tide had set back from the extreme of what may be termed spectacular journalism towards the sane and sober realm of the essay. This fact has been emphasized by the appearance of late of several volumes of essays, one of the most noteworthy of which is a collection of the contributions of George W. Alger to the *Atlantic Monthly*, in a book entitled "Moral Overstrain." (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) This book contains essays dealing with present day conditions in the United States. "The duty of not putting on the character of another a greater burden than it can safely bear" and its application to the varying phases of commercial life is discussed in the first chapter. The influence of sensational journalism on the admin-

istration of justice and the State Legislature is discussed in another chapter. Two of the most important subjects touched upon by the author are unpunished commercial crime and criminal law reform. The crime of fraud in business is more far-reaching in its evil effects than the old-fashioned crimes of murder and theft. On crime of a more intellectual kind the public hesitates to put the mark of disapproval, while the national moral sense is undermined. The arguments for a reform in the criminal law are marshalled with literary skill and ability. Startling illustrations are given of failure to convict criminals in lynch-law states. "We have long since passed the period when it is possible to punish an innocent man. We are now struggling with the problem whether it is any longer possible to punish the guilty." The book is of general interest at this time to public spirited citizens, either in the United States or Canada.

"The Treasure of Heaven" is the title of Marie Corelli's latest contribution to the fiction of the day. The story is in a measure allegorical, and is probably a little more sensible in its theme than anything Miss Corelli has yet attempted. There seems to be an honest intention on the part of the authoress to demonstrate that the possession of riches is not a help but a hindrance to the attainment of true happiness. The pivotal scene of the whole book is where the rich old hero of the story enquires how his beautiful ward, in whom all his hopes are centred, would regard a proposal of marriage from him. The girl's eagerness to accept, undoubtedly occasioned by the hope of gaining his money, is a bitter disappointment to the old man. He disowns her and flees away to seek happiness elsewhere. Leaving his money behind, he becomes a tramp, and it is in this destitute condition that he finally discovers what he is in search of in the humble cottage of a poor working woman. (William Briggs, Toronto).

As Italian atmosphere permeates the new novel by Mary Cholmondeley—"The Prisoners"—though the principal characters are English. In the early chapters the reader is plunged into the midst of a highly dramatic episode, which provides the basis upon which the story is worked out. A beautiful English girl, married against her will to an elderly Italian nobleman, takes farewell of her lover in the Italian palace, where she is spending her honeymoon. Just as they are saying good-bye a murder is committed near by and the hue and cry after the murderer comes in their direction. Without thinking of the consequences the girl urges her lover

to hide in her chamber, until the pursuit passes, and this he does. Unfortunately the avengers burst into the very room where he lies concealed and pounce upon him. The moment is a critical one. The young man decides to shield the reputation of the woman and hands himself over as the murderer. He is sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment. The remainder of the story concerns the future lives of the two and is powerfully handled. (Copp, Clark Co., Toronto).

To those who enjoy mystery stories—the kind where the hero is threatened with an unknown danger, which he is unable to fathom until the very last chapter—"Rindfolded" by E. A. Walcott will appeal strongly. The groundwork of the story is briefly this. A young man from New England goes out to San Francisco at the urgent call of an old college chum, to assist him in some difficulty. The two hear a striking resemblance to each other, so much so that when the San Franciscan is murdered early in the story, the New Englander is able to step into his shoes and successfully impersonate him. This he does in the hope of avenging his death. He is surrounded by mysteries and dangers and is for a long time unable to differentiate friends from foes. But in the end light shines in and the ending is satisfactory. (McLeod & Allen, Toronto).

Turning from the wildly improbable romance of San Francisco, let us pick up a milder piece of fiction, "That Preposterous Will," a modern English story by a new writer, L. G. Moberley. In a way, this story is equally improbable. By the terms

of his godfather's will, Alan Dayrell is deprived of any share in the old man's estate, unless he marries within three years a certain young woman specified in the will, who is to be the actual heiress. Now it transpires, when the lawyers look up this last-named personage, she turns out to be a common "slavey," working in a London boarding-house. This is the basis of the story. In working it out to its conclusion, the author shows by degrees the reasons that actuated Alan's godfather in making this preposterous will. The clever way in which the impossible is made possible lends piquancy to the story. (Copp, Clark Co., Toronto).

♦ ♦

"The Upper Hand," by Emerson Gifford Taylor, can be recommended as a good all around story, without any particular brilliancy in plot or workmanship. In it is traced out the course of righteous retribution on a man, who earlier in his life had committed a crime, by which he had got hold of some valuable property. Introduced as a hard and prosperous old mill owner, Alexander Warden becomes a pliant tool in the hands of a mysterious seafaring stranger, who calls himself Captain Bassett. This man sets himself to punish Warden for his wrong-doing and, despite all the efforts of the latter, he is powerless in the seaman's hand. An added charm is given to the story by the troubled love story of Warden's ward. There exists a mys-

terious bond between her and the stranger, which is only disclosed in the last chapter. (A. S. Barnes & Co., New York).

♦ ♦

At the present time there is a very decided movement among thinkers and writers in the Old World towards a reform of the Catholic Church, which will again place her in her rightful place as the universal church. The idea is grand and appealing to the human mind, and no wonder that these Liberal Catholics, with their projects of broadening and freeing the Church, are generally applauded. Among them none speaks out more fearlessly than the Italian novelist, Antonio Fogazzaro. His last novel, "The Saint," has been written with a purpose and despite the fact that it has been placed in the Index, it has created a strong impression on the Catholic mind. It is in a measure a sequel to his earlier story, "Piccolo Mondo Antico." In this book, Piero Maironi, the saint-to-be, is introduced to the reader. He is anything but a saint, living openly with another man's wife, his own wife being confined in an asylum. In "The Saint," the conversion of Piero takes place. He becomes the leader of the new reform movement, the teacher, whose holiness of life and doctrine point the one way by which the Catholic Church may be restored to its ideals. (Copp, Clark.)

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## Men's Attire

SEPTEMBER DRY GOODS REVIEW.

The modern system of dress allows of very little individuality. Growing body of intelligent opinion behind the principle which, later been made against it. Consistent on current fashions, and more predictable as well.

PROTESTS against the modern system of dress are becoming more frequent. One that we have noted takes the form of a bitter wall against the illogical condition of things which admits of a man exercising and developing his individuality in the realm of intellectual achievement, but which precludes him from revealing his artistic aspirations through the medium of personal adornment. Another criticizes "this fixity, this stolid immutability in men's way of dressing." The frequency of these outbursts has a significance, and these is a considerable and growing body of intelligent opinion behind them. The modern system of dress is the result of evolution, it is true, but to admit this is to confess that nothing like finality has been attained. Just as the majority of men will agree in their estimate of the artistic merit of present-day clothes as a distinctly negative quantity, few are found to advance any reasons worth consideration in favor of remaining stationary at the point which evolution has reached. This constitutes a solid basis for hope of future progress towards a form of dress less austere in aspect, less arbitrary in relation to the wearer, reasonably artistic and more truly comfortable. This progress cannot be hurried. It must be fostered quietly by men of taste and discrimination, and with something more than pretension to authority. In due time will be attained something of the

ideal toward which many are looking at the present time.

\*\*\*

A modern Beau Brummel, in the person of a French gentleman who is regarded as a leader of masculine fashion, has expressed the view that every portion of a man's attire should harmonize with the rest.

Even the umbrella and walking stick must be in keeping with the dress. An umbrella with a plain box-wood handle may be used with tweeds, but on no account with a frock coat. Moreover, a man who is wearing a gold scarf pin must on no account carry an umbrella with a silver handle.

Much the same applies to walking sticks, which should always be chosen with special reference to the clothes and ornaments worn.

The fastidious author of these rules certainly practices his own doctrines. He is said to possess more than a hundred walking canes, all of which he uses. Some of his sticks and umbrellas have handles set with precious stones, but these are only carried when he is wearing scarf pins set with stones to match.

\*\*\*

"Speaking of the woeful waste of money, we wish to interrupt the meeting long enough to give a few figures on an important matter that seems to have been entirely overlooked," said a speaker on a Kansas



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City platform. "We refer to the four buttons on the sleeves of men's coats. Now, there are probably 600,000 men in Kansas, and they probably have on an average two coats apiece. That makes 1,200,000 coats and 4,800,000, or 400,000 dozen sleeve buttons. The buttons cost about 29 cents a dozen, and at that rate the men of Kansas are carrying around on their coat sleeves in the form of buttons, that have no use on earth or in the sky, an investment of about \$30,000. And the estimate is most conservative. Fellow countrymen, in the name of economy, and thrift, and philanthropy, and business sense, and all sorts of other things, is there no way to stop this reckless extravagance?"

\* \* \*

The style of waistcoat being worn this Fall in New York is illustrated. It shows the smaller opening, which may be expected here next Spring and Fall—in moderation. The effect which this will encourage in respect to neckwear and shirtings has been referred to.

\* \* \*

Bright colors in neckwear have made their appearance, but as yet have little higher standing than that usually accorded a novelty which has not been endorsed by public taste. Manufacturers have put them out in sufficient range to constitute a good feeder, and are not viewing the prospect with any great apprehension. The movement is a very reasonable one, but the point at issue is whether or not the consumer is in a receptive frame of mind regarding it just at the present time. In any case there is no reason for anxiety, for the suggestion that is conveyed will act as an excellent forerunner to

what will materialize in the near future. As predicted in The Review, bright colors are bound to come in again, just as surely as one year follows another, and that they should do so is in direct conformity to one of fashion's foremost rules. The periodical desire for change is the key that opens the way for new departures, or reversion to conditions that have prevailed heretofore. Plain shades have had the lead for a considerable time, and it may naturally be expected that particular dressers



are getting lonesome for something with more life to it. They will turn to loud materials just as eagerly as they turned away from them, and bestowed the preference on the more sombre hues.

\* \* \*

Stiff bosom shirts cannot be said to be increasing in favor for Fall and Winter trade, although it is unquestioned that it is desirable a line of demarcation should be established between Summer and Winter goods.

The progress of the coat shirt is

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being watched with interest. The prediction is safe that it will in time crowd out the old style shirt completely.

\* \* \*

When ready-to-wear clothing attains to a certain degree of excellence the favor bestowed upon it will be such as to more than compensate for the expense and effort entailed by the improvement. When, in the eyes of the good dresser, it approaches custom-made clothing in some respects, questions of economy will swing a great deal of patronage over. If a man can have more suits in a year for the same price that he pays now, he is very likely to jump at the opportunity to secure them, or save the difference on the usual number. Then there is often heard the remark that suit styles change so frequently that the man who keeps his apparel right up to the minute would be satisfied with the ready-to-wear in many cases if no fault could be found with the cut. As it is now a custom-made suit costs so much that he is loth to

put it aside to conform to every change in style.

\* \* \*

There is no indication that greys in suitings will not measure up to the demand that has been predicted for them this Fall. There will, however, be the usual strong call for blacks and blues. For Spring, as already stated in The Review, greys with fancy overcheck have been bought heavily by the wholesalers. These are of a character that precludes, to a great extent, the chance of grey vogue becoming monotonous. Very little sameness exists between them and the plain shades.

In overcoatings for Winter black meltons will lead by a big margin.

Very little can be added regarding suit styles to what we said last month. One feature that strikes us as being open to slight moderation by some particular people is the cut of the waistcoat. The plates show the large opening unchanged. For cold weather this does not seem the most comfortable thing, and the fact will very probably be recognized in many instances.

Some people never learn to walk alone. They always lean on some other one. They will never come to a decision until they have asked the advice of a friend. They do not trust their own judgment. Such persons never reach their best possibilities of character or achievement. The only way to grow strong is in the use of one's powers.

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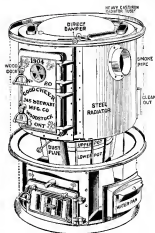
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